HE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN HAYES by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

NOV 10,
1934

Liberty

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WHOM WILL the REPUBLICANS NOMINATE for PRESIDENT?

By HOOVER'S Former Secretary, **THEODORE G. JOSLIN**

also in this Issue — EDITH WHARTON — HUEY LONG — FRAZIER HUNT — GRACE PERKINS

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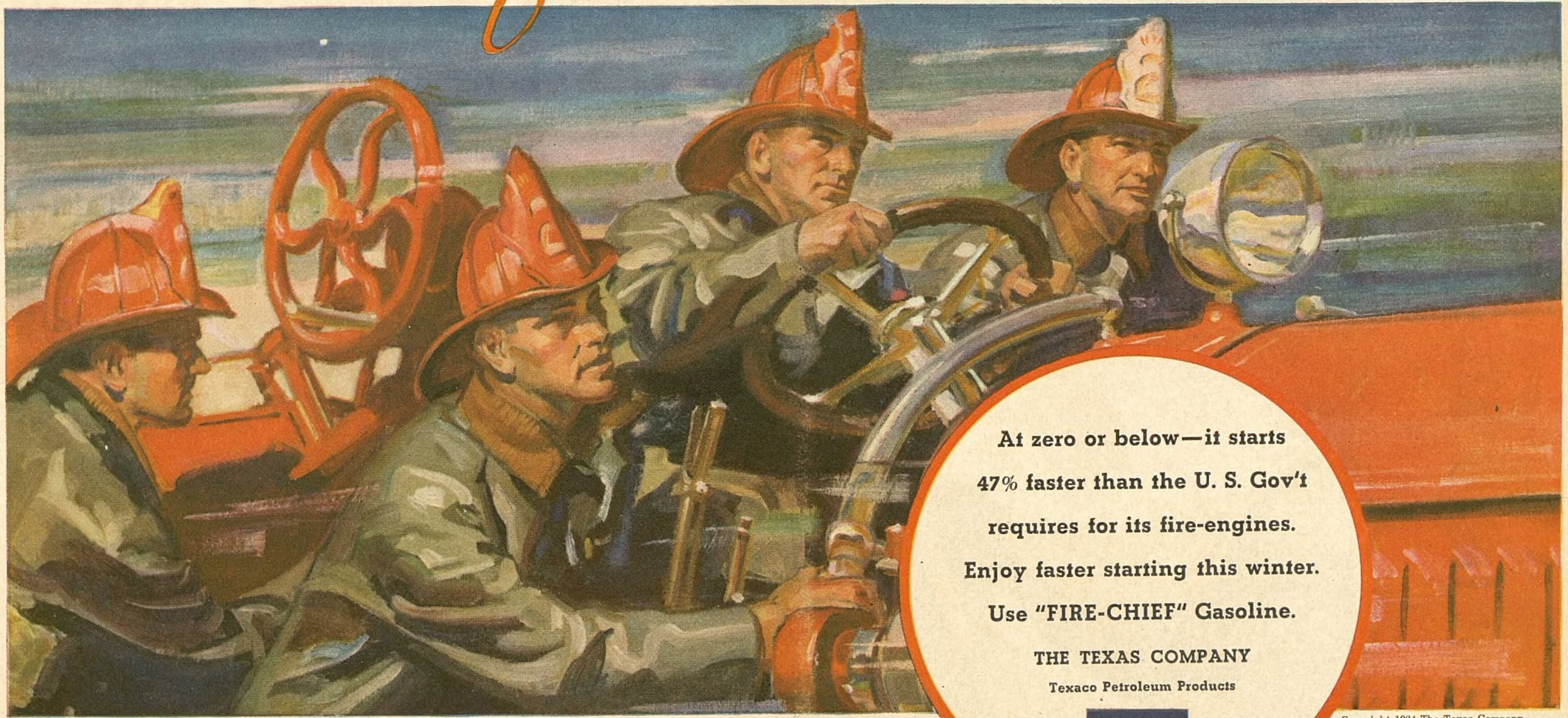

At zero or below—it starts 47% faster than the U. S. Gov't requires for its fire-engines. Enjoy faster starting this winter. Use "FIRE-CHIEF" Gasoline.

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A Crack City Editor but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" STARTED IT ALL

This man knows more about what's going on in his city than the police and the politicians together. If he ever sleeps, it's with one eye open.

Yet he was fast asleep about "pink tooth brush." Active and alert and modern as he is, he must have heard about gum massage. And he did. But he never did anything about it.

It's his own fault that now he's a Dental Cripple—which is a high price to pay for ignoring "pink tooth brush."

Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our national habit of hurried eating rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally they grow sensitive and tender—and sooner or later that tell-tale "tinge of pink" appears. And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

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Ipana contains ziratol, and this helps the massage to restore gums to health and vigor. Get a tube of Ipana today. Clean your teeth with it regularly. And every time massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Follow this health habit and you'll have firmer gums and brighter teeth.

Professional Opinion says:

- *By a British scientist*
  "The fault of present-day diets is the eating of too much soft, sloppy food, which compels no chewing."
- *From a recent dental work*
  "It is absolutely imperative that the patient acquire the habit of daily brushing of the teeth, and along with this the practice of massaging the gums."
- *By an authority on dental health*
  "One cannot help being enthusiastic when viewing the rapid improvement in the health of dental tissues under artificial stimulation (massage)."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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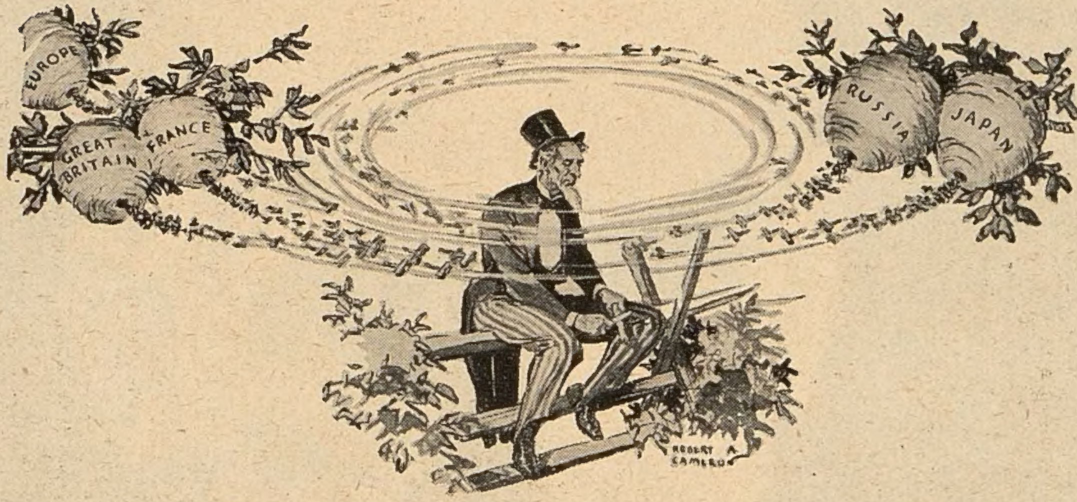
NOVEMBER 10, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 45

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NEGLECT OF AIR DEFENSE SPELLS NATIONAL SUICIDE



THERE is no possible equivocation. If we are such numskulls as to neglect the only intelligent method of defending ourselves, whatever fate may befall us will be well deserved.

Air maneuvers in the various countries throughout the world have proved in theoretical warfare that airplanes are invincible. In spite of the best defense furnished by the highly developed Italian army Rome was theoretically destroyed. Paris, London, Tokyo have had similar experiences.

In recent practice maneuvers on the Pacific coast in which the navy and naval air reserves were charged with protecting the West coast line, Los Angeles harbor, the air-reserve base, and the oil-storage tanks were all theoretically destroyed by an aërial attack, and the attacking planes were able to return on board the mother ship, the Saratoga, without injury.

And the next day in this war game the entire city of San Francisco was destroyed.

Changes of a truly colossal nature have been taking place throughout the entire world, but the most astounding of all is the development in armament as applied through aviation. The nations who are not able to see and take advantage of this new advance will have to suffer the consequences.

Although in spite of the depression we are still the richest nation in the world, we are hovering between fourth or fifth place in aviation armament. We should be supplied with an air force well equipped and of sufficient strength, with well trained reserves strategically distributed; a number of well equipped aircraft factories capable of filling the demand in an emergency; and last but not least, a large reserve of civil aviation schools with skilled instructors to help train new airmen.

Notwithstanding the talk of war which is so prevalent at the present time, we seem to be lulled into a false security. Whatever development that might accrue from a national interest in aviation would be of tremendous profit commercially, not considering its value in wartime.

But some of our officials seem to think that we have entered the millennium—that we can do our part in this new era by refusing all aircraft-export business. We would all like to be humanitarians if it were possible, but it is better to be alive with sufficient selfishness for self-protection than to be a dead humanitarian. And if we are not intelligent enough to look out for ourselves let us hope that we are not so foolish as to think we can find protection from other sources.

It is commercial insanity to restrict the sale of war planes to other countries. If they do not buy our products they will buy from other nations. And we badly need practice in building airplanes as well as factories and equipment, readily available in a national emergency. Every airplane we sell even to a potential enemy increases our much needed reserve of war-production facilities.

Practically all foreign nations are subsidizing their factories and encouraging the sale of airplanes in foreign markets. At least we should not be such nincompoops as to restrict such commercial interests.

In many European nations the citizens are encouraged to fly as a patriotic duty, and instruction is made readily available, frequently at government expense. This potential reserve of citizen flyers is one of the most vital elements of national defense. Unfortunately it is one requirement that is given little or no attention in this country.

Practically all of the middle-class people in England are either flying or learning to fly, and those not owning their own planes are flying in clubs.

Some means should be adopted as soon as possible—through cheaper planes, moderate-priced construction, etc.—for encouraging private flying. Russia, Poland, Germany, and many other countries have instituted comprehensive flight-instruction programs available to all their people. We are indeed thankful that President Roosevelt realizes the tremendous importance of this situation and has appointed a commission for the specific purpose of finding a remedy, although it is difficult even for the President or the commission to guarantee that the proper action will be taken as the result of their recommendations without the support of our citizens.

Every reader who realizes the appalling need of action in this emergency should communicate with his representatives in Congress and urge that they use their influence to raise our standards in aviation to a point where we can be adequately defended.

The writer feels so keenly on this subject that it seems traitorous to him for any one to hinder or restrict in any way the development of the air force necessary for our defense.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN HAYES

Something NEW About a Star Whom the World Mostly Pictures as a Mid-Victorian Angel —*It Seems She Isn't!*

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

HELEN HAYES is the most maligned star in the theater and motion pictures.

Even her nearest and dearest malign her.

"Helen," says her husband, Charlie MacArthur, "lilts."

O. O. McIntyre comments, "Helen Hayes is shyish."

That grand old trouper, Louise Closser Hale, once wrote, "Then *she* appeared. And the theater became all gold and silver, a place of enchantment."

Dramatic critics vie in shouting that Helen Hayes is not only the leading dramatic actress of the American stage and screen, but is a true daughter, wife, and mother.

Now all that is true, no doubt, and very well as far as it goes. But it doesn't go nearly far enough.

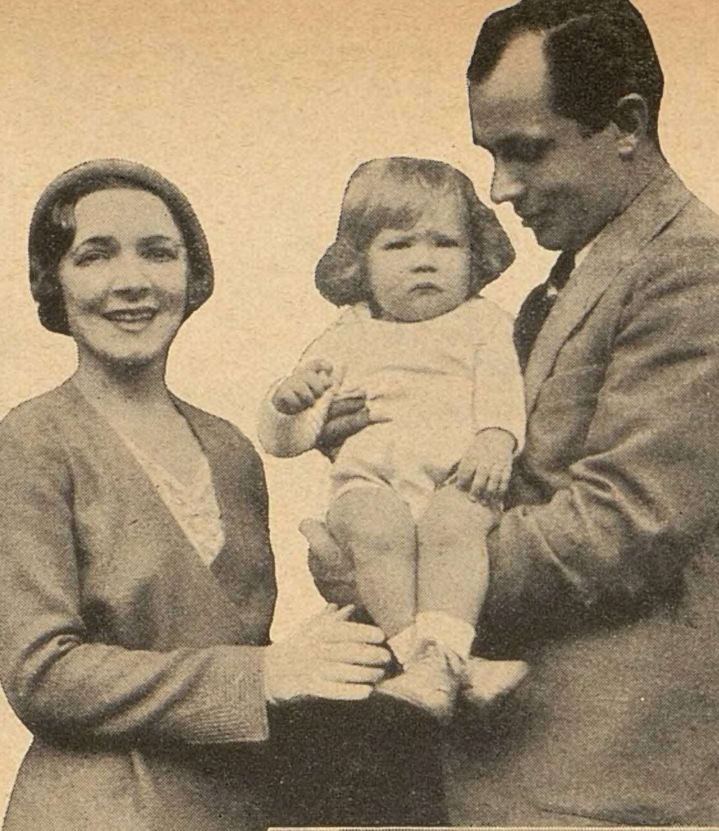
It is deplorable that so red-blooded and reckless a person as Helen Hayes should be constantly depicted as a mid-Victorian angel. And it is infuriating to any one who knows the truth about her romance—which skirted bigamy, alienation suits, and danger in every direction—that it should now be registered entirely in terms of parenthood, model kitchens, and Nyack farmhouses.

The picture of her as a sort of theatrical lady with a lamp, sweet but very unexciting, is familiar to all.

Yet no star has so valiantly, openly, and persistently defied and vilified the glaring stupidity of Hollywood studios. And I assure you that if any other star in the business had given voice to some of Helen's utterances, the women's clubs would have arisen in a body.

Let me, simply to illustrate what I mean, quote a published statement which she once gave on the subject of backgammon, a game at which she is past mistress and upon which she will recklessly hazard fairly large chunks of her hard-earned money.

"It is a magnificent game," said Miss Hayes. "They say that backgammon has taken the place of sex on Long Island. But backgammon will never take the place of sex, because it is more expensive. Especially now that sex has the advantage of being the one pleasure left that is



Helen Hayes with "act of God" baby Mary and Charles MacArthur, who as husband has never, never bored her.

At right: With her mother, "Brownie," back in the days when young Helen was beginning to rise like a rocket.

free. It's the one unfailing topic, of course. You'd think it was something brand new—but it can't be. Though our ancestors rarely mentioned it, they must have known about it, because here we all are. It's just that we're all beginning to admit for the first time that it's fun as well as productive."

Coming from either Mae West or Jean Harlow, that would have caused considerable commotion. But everybody just smiles at Helen and says, "The dear little thing hasn't any idea what it really means, you know."

Husband MacArthur, author of The Front Page and Lulu Belle, knows all about the dynamite carried around by his tiny Frau.

Helen and I were dining quietly at Gallagher's one evening, between a matinée and evening performance of her astounding triumph, Mary of Scotland. Relaxed over our beer, we were surprised to see the six feet of Mr. Charles MacArthur looming from the Gallagher sawdust. Surprised—because he hadn't been invited. There was a worried look in his bright hazel eyes. But he sat down and attempted to keep the conversation upon the pool being dug at the MacArthur-Hayes estates in Nyack. And he remarked quite frankly that Helen was always saying the frankest and most embarrassing things to people.

This, mind you, is that Mr. MacArthur who soon after his arrival in Hollywood conducted an all-night battle of the century with one of the movie moguls which left even the ceiling stained with blood; who once chased Charles Evans Hughes up Fifth Avenue shouting, "Yah, Secretary of State, what you doing here if you're Secretary of State?"; who used to ride around Chicago with that fascinating killer Dion O'Bannion singing Nobody Knows My Name.

If little Helen can worry such a man, there must be something pretty exciting in her approach to life. For while Charlie has mellowed somewhat since his success as a playwright, he is still the great and only MacArthur.

William Allen White says something to the effect that Theodore Roosevelt could trip over a match and make news, but that Woodrow Wilson could fall out of an airplane without it appearing dramatic.

Off stage, Helen Hayes belongs to the Wilson school.

HERE is an example: Some time ago the glamorous Marilyn Miller went aboard a luxurious liner to bid farewell to friends, forgot to get off, and was carried willy-nilly to Europe without benefit of toothbrush.

That made the headlines and was regarded as daring, romantic, and one of those things that only actresses do.

Yet Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur went down to see Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer off on an Italian steamer one day, decided at the very last moment that it would be fun to go to Europe with them, and sailed ten minutes later, leaving home, work, and child to be notified by wireless. And nobody thought anything of it. Helen did it with an air that put it immediately in a class of proper and ordinary things to do.

Her exquisite personality preserves her in the legend of a Barrie heroine, no matter what happens to her.

Which brings us to her marriage with Mr. MacArthur, the turning point in her life and career. As in whose life would it not be a turning point!

It was a marriage which brought her from a studious seclusion into the lunatic fringe of the most brilliant literary circle in America, into that select circle including Robert Benchley, Alexander Woollcott, Ben Hecht, Gene Fowler, and Dorothy Parker herself.

I remember one afternoon shortly after their marriage I was attending a tea given by a great lady author, then visiting in New York. The room was filled with celebrities, and the chief topic of conversation was the union of Charlie MacArthur and Helen Hayes. Nobody could understand how it all came about, and everybody agreed that it couldn't possibly last more than a year. The implication, pretty plainly, was that no woman could hold Charlie MacArthur, much less the gentle and unexciting Helen.

I mentioned this discussion to Helen some years later and remarked rather fatuously that we had all been wrong. "Because your marriage has lasted six years and it's been a great success, hasn't it?" I said.

Helen looked at me dreamily for a moment. "Oh, yes," she said, "it's been glorious. It's been like no other marriage. We are still so—excited about each other. Of course, I shall probably kill him in the end. In fact, I don't see how it can end any other way. But it's been gorgeous fun. Imagine being married to a man who has never, never bored you."

Before you can understand this love story, it is necessary to know more about Helen and Charlie.

You cannot know Helen unless you know "Brownie." Mrs. Catharine Brown of Washington, D. C., is Helen's mother. She is a small, rather stout woman, with humorous twinkling eyes and a fighting jaw. She is famous and adored in the theater for her forthright speech, her sense of humor, her uncanny judgment, and her capacity for beer and fun.

From the time six-year-old Helen began playing stock in her home town of Washington, Brownie was the generalissimo of the Hayes career. She herself had aspired in her youth to a stage career. Marriage and Helen put an end to her ambitions, which she then transferred whole and intensified to her daughter.

Helen and her mother were inseparable, and they were truly devoted. There were, as Helen says herself, no strong winds of masculine opinion in her existence. A passing romance or two, yes. She was once engaged, I believe, to Alan Rinehart, son of Mary Roberts Rinehart, but Alan had to go back to Harvard, Helen had to return to the stage—and summertime was over. Then there was, upon the authority of Helen's close friend, Louise Closser Hale, a young man who once attempted suicide because Helen would not marry him, but he was " pumped out " and lived to become an important leading man.

These things made hardly a scratch upon the surface of Helen's consciousness. Her friends were women. Her mother's friends were women. On the road, in New York, they attended teas, luncheons, and other feminine gatherings. Helen's fans were women to a large extent. She got few breaths of reality, never encountered life in the raw. A little queen, idolized, gently ruling the court of admiring femininity which fluttered about the bright candle of her success and her genius.

" What Charlie has done for me! " she once sighed. " I was actually a case of arrested development until I met him. I had never even begun to germinate an idea."

It wasn't as bad as that, of course. That is a woman in love speaking. But it is certainly true that she knew very little of life.

Yet within her seethed all the passion, the eagerness, and hunger for life, the greed for drama, the emotional capacity that have made her one of the world's great actresses.

And Charlie MacArthur?

Bugs MacArthur they called him back in the days when he was Chicago's most dramatic reporter.

Buck Private MacArthur, who roamed the Mexican border.

Private MacArthur, who did much to enliven the private life of the Rainbow Division in France.

In his book While Rome Burns, Alexander Woollcott quotes a member of the old Chicago Tribune press room: " There's hardly much I can tell you about Bugs. Except he was always playing rummy with the doomed men in the county jail death cell and taking their last nickels to keep himself in likker. And I remember the time he knocked out his managing editor because the petty tyrant forbade him to keep his bicycle in the local room. And he could recite most of the Bible by heart and was full of rough jokes like bringing people he said were smallpox patients into saloons and introducing them to the bartender, who would run into the street and leave Bugs in charge of the bottles. And all the while women cutting each other's throats so as to enjoy his sole attentions. He sure was a moody fellow."

The Bible quotations doubtless resulted from his early training, for he was a minister's son and destined for the pulpit. And it has always been true about the women.

I know a good many pretty intelligent women who agree with me when I say that I consider Charlie MacArthur the most attractive man I have ever met.

The story of the first meeting between this famous and strangely assorted pair is so charming that it will bear repetition. Helen, after a long day of Christmas shopping, by chance met Marc Connelly, author of Green Pastures, who declared that what she needed was relaxation, and bore her away to the studio salon of Neysa McMein. There her eyes fell upon a young man sitting cross-legged on the floor eating peanuts from a paper bag, and staring about the room with absent, wistful eyes. A young man with faunlike ears, rough curly brown hair, and a mobile smile.

Her heart, so she tells me, skipped two beats at sight of him and she was drawn against her will to go and speak to him. Shyly, being unable to think of a better opening, she asked him if she might have a peanut. And he looked at her, first absently, then directly, held out the bag and said, " I wish they were emeralds."

What could any girl do after that?

A few days later he drifted into her dressing room, flung his soft gray hat on one chair and himself into another and said, " Did I by any chance ask you to marry me the other afternoon? "

" No," said the stage's most famous ingénue regretfully.

" I just wondered," said MacArthur, and drifted out.

That finished Helen. She knew that she was in love. For the first time, passionately, and recklessly enough, since she knew very little of this young man and what she did know was not encouraging. Apparently it had finished MacArthur, too. Days of glory followed.

Helen says that to be courted by Charlie is an experience that she pities all other women for having missed.

In What Every Woman Knows, with Brian Aherne. It took her years to persuade "the moguls" to film this Barrie play.

M. G. M. photos

Then came a blow. He told her that he was married.

Little Helen, so protected since her convent days, so sheltered, had given her heart not only to an ex-newspaper reporter who wrote ribald plays and had a reputation for brilliant insanity, but to a married man as well.

Of course it wasn't as bad as it sounded. The first marriage was well on its way to what proved a very complicated dissolution.

MacArthur, in 1920, had married a newspaper woman, Carol Frink, and had parted from her before he met Helen. Carol had at one time sued for divorce, and then had decided not to go through with it.

Her bill of divorcement had contained some pretty drastic accusations. Helen, with her high standards of conduct, ignored them. This was her man. She loved him—she would believe in him. Nothing, true or false, could move her an inch.

There is no need here to go into the legal complications of that divorce and its aftermaths. Suffice it to say that they were many and tangled. But upon a day when, between one lawsuit and another, between withdrawals and appeals to high courts, Charlie MacArthur appeared to be a free man, he telephoned Helen. And Helen put on her hat and went downtown in a taxi and married him. The ceremony was performed in a small dingy office by a justice of the peace, and there were neither orange blossoms, veils, nor music. But Helen needed none of them.

Nor did it matter to her what might be the outcome if the Supreme Court upheld the first Mrs. MacArthur's plea to set aside the divorce, which she claimed had been granted without her knowledge.

To Helen nothing was important then except her love. She waded through it all with an illumined smile. Her heart was high.

FROM that day Helen, who had never appeared in the newspapers except in dull and discreet interviews in the Sunday dramatic section, found herself constantly on the front page. She had scarcely turned from her wedding vows when she was faced with a battery of cameras. The first Mrs. MacArthur filed an alienation-of-affections suit in which she charged Helen with maliciously and willfully winning the love of this man and luring him from his home. There was one difficulty after another.

It was Helen's first experience with anything of that kind, and she took it courageously and quietly. And as always, her own innocence and her exquisite personality protected her from any evil consequences. If Jean Harlow or Joan Crawford had been similarly accused, they would have been blazoned as home wreckers, as sirens. But Helen was Helen. Nobody would or could believe anything wrong of her. And nobody seemed to realize how completely she had stepped out of character.

Then came the " act of God " baby, when Helen had to retire from Coquette, and the actors sued for a week's salary which the producer claimed he didn't have to pay, since all contracts stated that in case of an " act of God " the producer was not liable for salaries. And surely, said Mr. Jed Harris, a baby was an " act of God."

Helen was furious over the publicity. " It makes Charlie look such a fool," she said. Nobody, not even God, was going to take any credit away from Charlie if Helen could help it.

They have been married now for six years. Helen Hayes has not only held the elusive and sometimes elfin MacArthur; she has made him completely happy, and she has kept him passionately and romantically in love.

And, so far as I can see, unless Helen carries out that threat of hers, it will continue to be a romantic marriage. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is proof of the intelligence, the fineness, and the real humanity of Miss Helen Hayes. Because, for all his charm, Charlie can't be an easy guy to be married to.

Today Helen Hayes is no longer an ingénue, no longer a little girl, though she will always carry about her the glamour of girlhood. She is mistress of a great art, and a workwoman to her boot heels. For all her sweetness, there is an astounding shrewdness in her. Nine times out of ten she gets the best of every contract deal she enters. Managers always want her, because of her enor-

Next time
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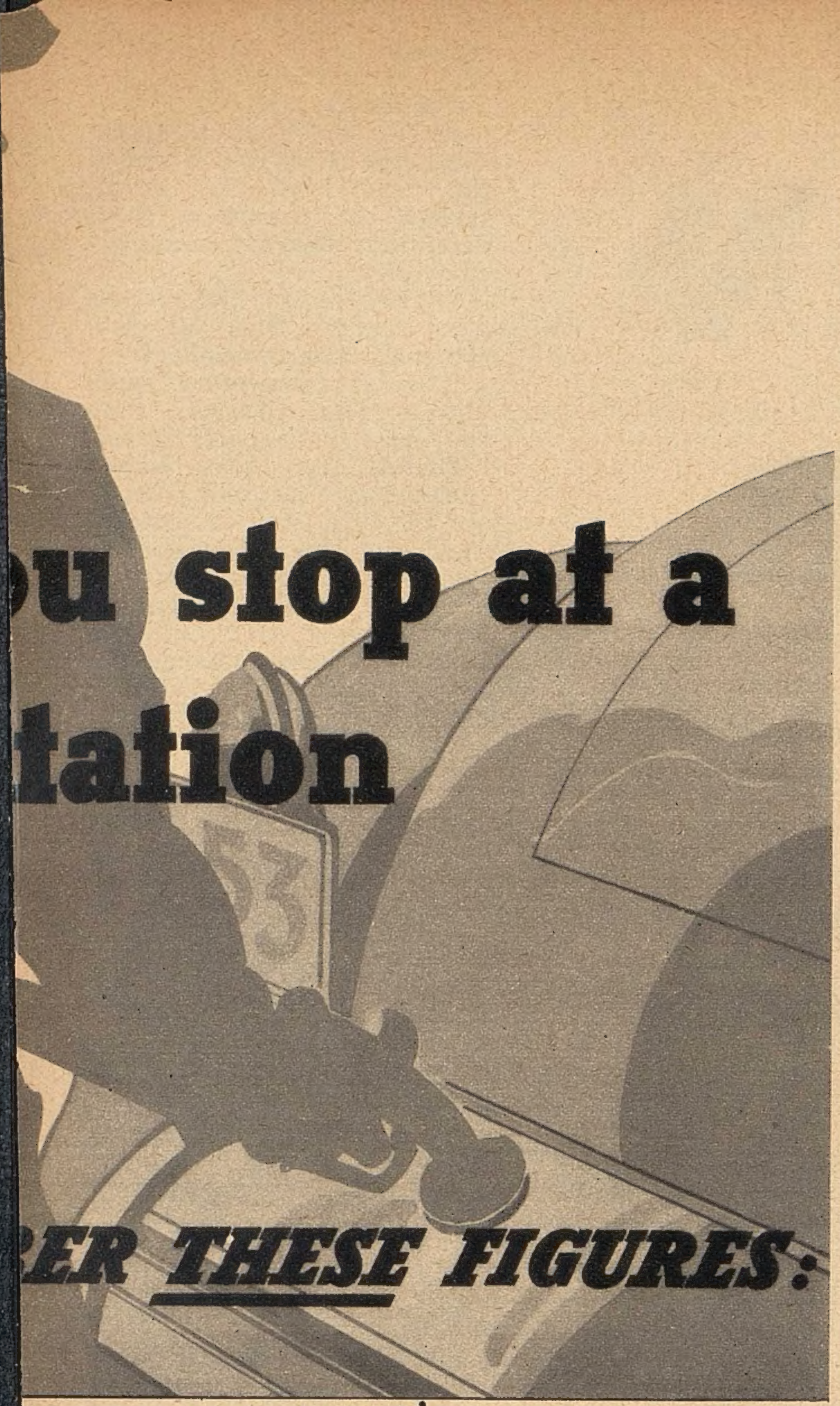

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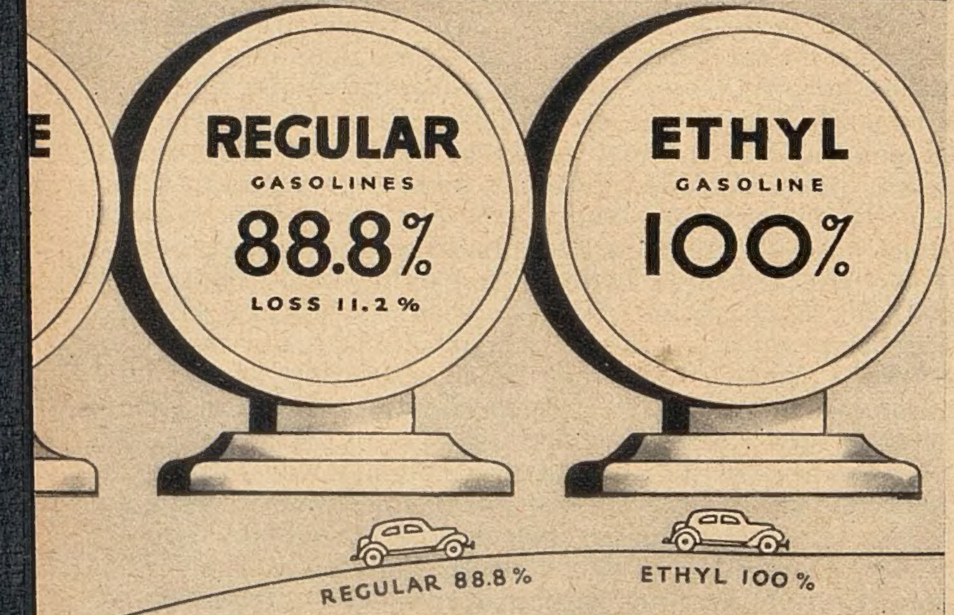


ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

ORMANCE means *speed* at
test hill in the case of those
ere able to reach the top in
; in the case of those cars
to shift to second, *distance*
de in high gear.

Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.

mous box-office draw, but most of them dread doing business with her—she always gets what she wants. After the first few months of Coquette, she had a row with Jed Harris, who produced it, and has never spoken to him from that day to this. Whose fault that was I do not pretend to say. But it shows Helen as a fighter, which she is.

When she came back to the stage after her years in Hollywood, she gambled recklessly on Mary of Scotland. This historical play in blank verse was bound to be a gamble, at least as to whether it could win public approval.

And it was an even greater gamble as to whether or not tiny Helen Hayes could play Mary Stuart. But she chanced it—and won greatly.

There is about her the inconsistency which has belonged to every great actress I have ever known. For instance, she will say, "Mary, my little daughter, has changed my life completely. Now I hope to keep on with the stage a few years—until Mary is ten. Then I want to retire definitely and completely, and spend the rest of my life with my home and family. I'm looking forward with greater pleasure to the years of unbroken family life, devoted to Mary, than I ever did to any stage success in my thoughts."

And a little later she will say vehemently, "I'd rather be a murderess than the sort of mother who gives all in all for her children—who keeps herself just for her children. That's terrible."

She will talk glowingly of how much she wants more children. In fact, she gets so thrilled about it you expect her to take out tiny garments and start sewing.

Then she will declare that she can't afford them this year. She has to do two pictures—or Mary of Scotland—or something else.

No one is more passionately imbued with the conviction that woman's place is in the home. "I am not fooled by all this fame and adulation," she says. "There's nothing in it for a woman.

"Everything—everything else I'd throw to the four winds to keep my husband. I can't imagine a career absorbing me to the point where I wouldn't need frightfully to have my husband."

I am sure she means this. But she is very fortunate in that Mr. MacArthur doesn't want her to throw her career to the four winds for him.

OF course what Helen Hayes did to Hollywood!

"In pictures," she said, "I have not yet learned to discipline myself to be just an employee who does as she is bid." And certainly she has not.

She has not spared the picture moguls the acid side of her tongue, nor has she minced words with them at any time.

It took her several years to convince them that they should make a picture with her of Barrie's What Every Woman Knows. She kept at it until she won.

Her friendships in Hollywood are deep but comparatively few. Her closest friend is Ruth Chatterton, whom she has known for years. But she likewise adores her "favorite four" as she calls them—Clark and Ria Gable, and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer). But that doesn't prevent her from finding Hollywood a pretty dull place, "if one stays too long," and saying so.

If I dwell upon these things it is because so much has been put forth which makes Helen appear lacking in the things that are the very foundation of her character and the prime elements of her success.

The little girl who went on the stage when she was six; who played in Weber and Fields reviews when she was nine; who started her career without help of any kind and has achieved perhaps the highest dramatic success of our time, is such a very real, very human, very dramatic little person that her admirers should know her as such, and not as a mere continuation of some of her more uninteresting parts.

And to me at least, her starry charm as a woman is enhanced by the fact that she knows life, understands it, and lives it to the full, in spite of anything.

THE END

ROMAN FEVER

A Distinguished Novelist Presents as Brilliant and Memorable a Love Story as We Venture You've Read This Year

by EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EARL SOMERS CORDREY

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

FROM the table at which they had been lunching two American ladies of ripe but well-cared-for middle age moved across the lofty terrace of the Roman restaurant and, leaning on its parapet, looked first at each other and then down on the outspread glories of the Palatine and the Forum with the same expression of vague and benevolent approval.

As they leaned there a girlish voice echoed up gayly from the stairs leading to the court below. " Well, come along, then," it cried—not to them but to an invisible companion—" and let's leave the young things to their knitting." And a voice as fresh laughed back: " Oh, look here, Babs, not actually knitting! " " Well, I mean figuratively," rejoined the first. " After all, we haven't left the poor dears much else to do." And at that point the turn of the stairs engulfed the dialogue.

The smaller and paler lady shook her head and colored slightly.

" *Barbara!* " she murmured, sending an unheard rebuke after the mocking voice in the stairway.

The other, who was fuller and higher in color, with a small determined nose supported by vigorous black eyebrows, gave a good-humored laugh. " That's what our daughters think of us! "

Her companion replied by a deprecating gesture. " Not of us individually. We must remember that. It's just the collective modern idea of mothers. And you see—" Half guiltily she drew from her handsomely mounted black-doeskin bag a twist of crimson silk run through by two fine knitting needles.

The dark lady laughed again, and they both relapsed upon the view, contemplating it in silence, with a sort of diffused serenity which might have been borrowed from the spring effulgence of the Roman skies. The luncheon hour was long past and the two had the end of the vast terrace to themselves.

" Well, I don't see why we shouldn't just stay here," said Mrs. Slade, the lady of the high color and energetic brows. Two derelict basket chairs stood near, and she pushed them into the angle of the parapet and settled herself in one, her gaze upon the Palatine. " After all, it's still the most beautiful view in the world."

" It always will be, to me," assented her friend Mrs. Ansley, with so slight a stress on the " me " that Mrs. Slade, though she noticed it, wondered if it were not merely accidental.

" When we first met here we were younger than our girls are now. You remember? "

" Oh, yes, I remember," murmured Mrs. Ansley, with the same undefinable stress. " There's that head waiter wondering," she interpolated.

" I'll cure him of wondering," said Mrs. Slade, stretching her hand toward a bag as discreetly opulent-looking as Mrs. Ansley's. Signing to the head waiter, she explained that she and her friend were old lovers of Rome, and would like to spend the end of the afternoon looking down on the view—that is, if it did not disturb the service? The head waiter, bowing over her gratuity, assured her that the ladies were most welcome, and would be still more so if they would condescend to remain for dinner. A full-moon night, they would remember.

Mrs. Slade's black brows drew together as though references to the moon were unwelcome. Then she smiled. " Well, why not? We might do worse. There's no knowing, I suppose, when the girls will be back. Do you even know back from where? I don't! "

Mrs. Ansley again colored slightly. " I think those young Italian aviators we met at the embassy invited them to fly to Tarquinia for tea. I suppose they'll want to wait and fly back by moonlight."

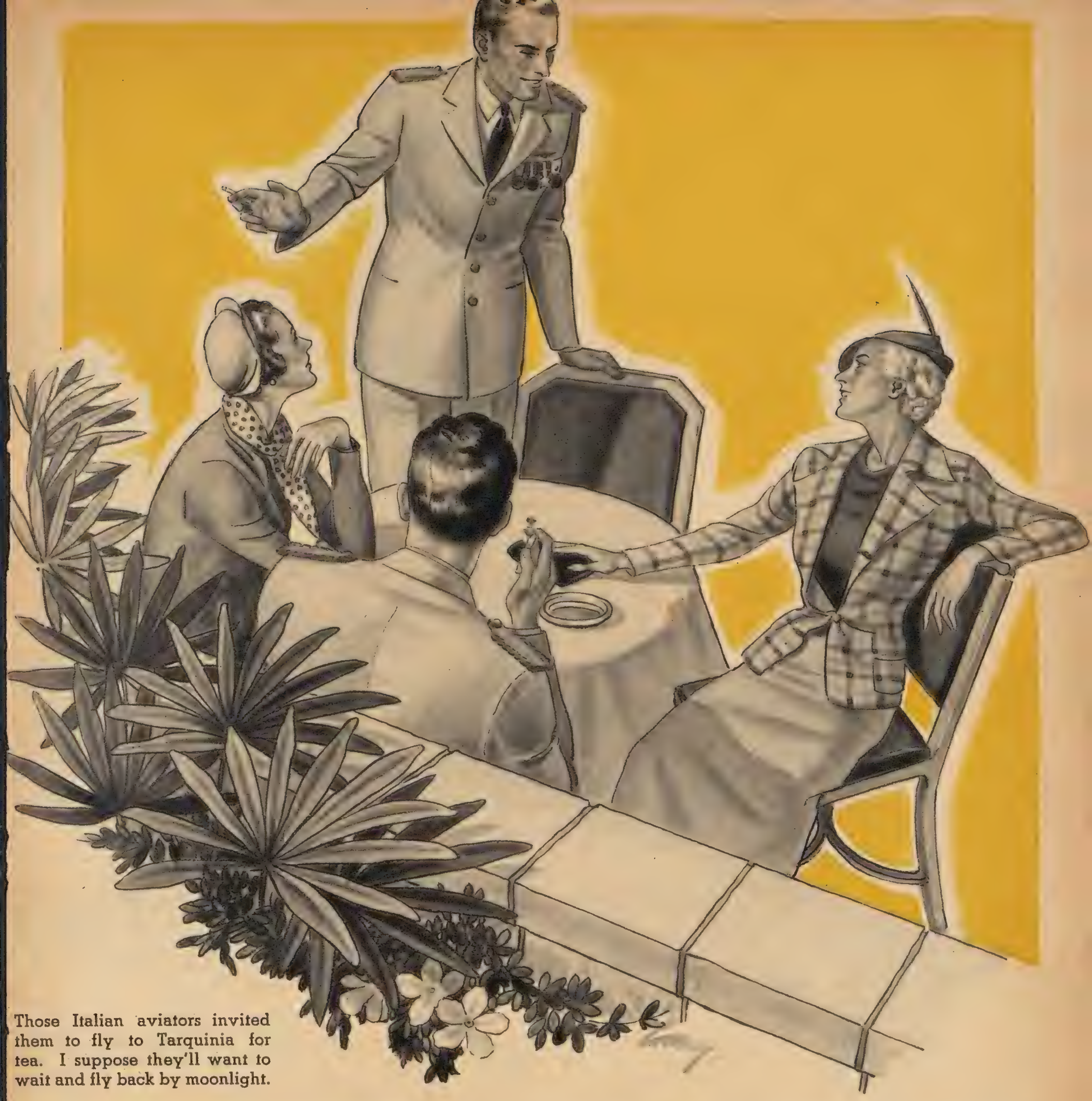
" Moonlight—moonlight. What a part it still plays! Do you suppose they're as sentimental as we were? "

Her friend gave her a shy glance. " I never should have supposed you were sentimental, Alida."

" Well, perhaps I wasn't." Mrs. Slade drew her lids together in retrospect; and for a few moments the two ladies, who had been intimate since childhood, reflected how little they knew each other, after all. Each one, of course, had a label ready to attach to the other's name. Mrs. Delphin Slade, for instance, would have told herself, or any one who asked her, that Mrs. Horace Ansley twenty-five years ago had been exquisitely lovely—no, you wouldn't believe it, would you?—though of course still charming, distinguished. Well, as a girl she had been exquisite; far more beautiful than her daughter Barbara, though certainly Babs, according to the new standards at any rate, was more effective—had more *edge,* as they say. Funny where she got it, with those two nullities as parents. Yes; Horace Ansley was—well, just the duplicate of his wife. Museum specimens of old New York. Good-looking, irreproachable, exemplary.

Not many months apart, both ladies lost their husbands. And now they had run across each other in Rome, at the same hotel, each of them the modest appendage of a salient daughter.

For Alida Slade it was a big drop from being the wife of Delphin Slade to being his widow. She had always regarded herself (with a certain conjugal pride) as his equal in social gifts, as contributing her full share to the making of the exceptional couple they were; and the difference after his death was irremediable. As the wife of the famous corporation lawyer, always with an international case or two on hand, every day brought its exciting and unexpected obligation: the impromptu enter-



Those Italian aviators invited them to fly to Tarquinia for tea. I suppose they'll want to wait and fly back by moonlight.

taining of eminent colleagues from abroad; the hurried dashes to London, Paris, or Rome, where the entertaining was so handsomely reciprocated; the amusement of hearing in her wake: "What, that handsome woman with the good clothes and the eyes is Mrs. Slade—*the* Slade's wife? Really? Generally the wives of celebrities are such frumps."

NOW she had only her daughter to live up to; for the son who seemed to have inherited his father's gifts had died suddenly in boyhood. She had fought through that agony because her husband was there, to be helped and to help; now, after his death, the thought of the boy's became unbearable.

There was nothing left but to devote herself to her daughter; and dear Jenny was such a perfect daughter that she needed no excessive mothering. "Now, with Babs Ansley, I don't know that I *should* be so quiet," Mrs. Slade sometimes half-enviously reflected; but Jenny, who was younger than her brilliant friend, was that rare accident, an extremely young and pretty girl who made youth and prettiness seem as safe as their absence.

It was all perplexing—and to Mrs. Slade a little boring. She wished that Jenny would fall in love—with the wrong man, even; that she might have to be watched, outmaneuvered, rescued. And instead it was Jenny who watched her mother, kept her out of drafts, made sure that she had taken her tonic.

Mrs. Ansley was much less articulate than her friend, and her mental portrait of Mrs. Slade was briefer and drawn with fainter touches. "Alida Slade's awfully brilliant, but not as brilliant as she thinks," would have summed it up; though she would have added, for the enlightenment of strangers, that Mrs. Slade had been an extremely dashing girl—much more so than her daughter, who was pretty, of course, and clever in a way, but had none of her mother's—well, "vividness," some one had once called it. Sometimes Mrs. Ansley thought Alida

Slade was disappointed. On the whole she had had a sad life, full of failures and mistakes. Mrs. Ansley had always been rather sorry for her.

So these two ladies visualized each other, each through the wrong end of her little telescope. . . .

For a long time Mrs. Slade sat quite still, her eyes still fixed on the golden slope of the palace of the Cæsars, and after a while Mrs. Ansley ceased to fidget with her bag and she too sank into meditation.

Suddenly the air was full of that deep clangor of bells which periodically covers Rome with a roof of silver. Mrs. Slade glanced at her wrist watch. "Four o'clock already," she said, as though surprised.

Mrs. Ansley suggested interrogatively: "There's bridge at the embassy at four."

For a long time Mrs. Slade did not answer. She appeared to be lost in contemplation and Mrs. Ansley thought the remark had escaped her. But after a while she said, as if speaking out of a dream: "Bridge, did you say? Not unless you want to. But I don't think I will, you know."

"Oh, no," Mrs. Ansley hastened to assure her. "I don't care to at all. It's so lovely here; and so full of old memories, as you say."

"I was just thinking," Mrs. Slade said slowly, "what different things Rome stands for to each generation of travelers. To our grandmothers, Roman fever. To our mothers, sentimental dangers—how we used to be guarded! To our daughters, no more dangers than the middle of Main Street. They don't know it—but how much they're missing!"

The long golden light was beginning to pale, and Mrs. Ansley lifted her knitting a little closer to her eyes. "Yes, how we were guarded!"

"I always used to think," Mrs. Slade continued, "that our mothers had a much more difficult job than our grandmothers. When Roman fever stalked the streets it must have been comparatively easy to gather in the girls at the danger hour. But when you and I were young, with such beauty calling us, and the spice of disobedience thrown in, and no worse risk than catching cold during the cool hour after sunset, the mothers used to be put to it to keep us in—didn't they?"

SHE turned again toward Mrs. Ansley, but the latter had reached a delicate point in her knitting. "One, two, three—slip two. Yes, they must have been," she assented without looking up.

Mrs. Slade's eyes rested on her with a deepened attention. "She can knit—in the face of this. How like her!"

Mrs. Slade leaned back, brooding, her eyes ranging from the ruins which faced her to the long green hollow of the Forum, the fading glow of the church fronts beyond it, and the outlying immensity of the Colosseum. Suddenly she thought: "It's all very well to say that our girls have done away with sentiment and moonlight. But if Babs Ansley isn't out to catch that young aviator—the one who's a marchese—then I don't know anything. And Jenny has no chance beside her. I know that too. I wonder if that's why Grace Ansley likes the two girls to go everywhere together. My poor Jenny as a foil!"

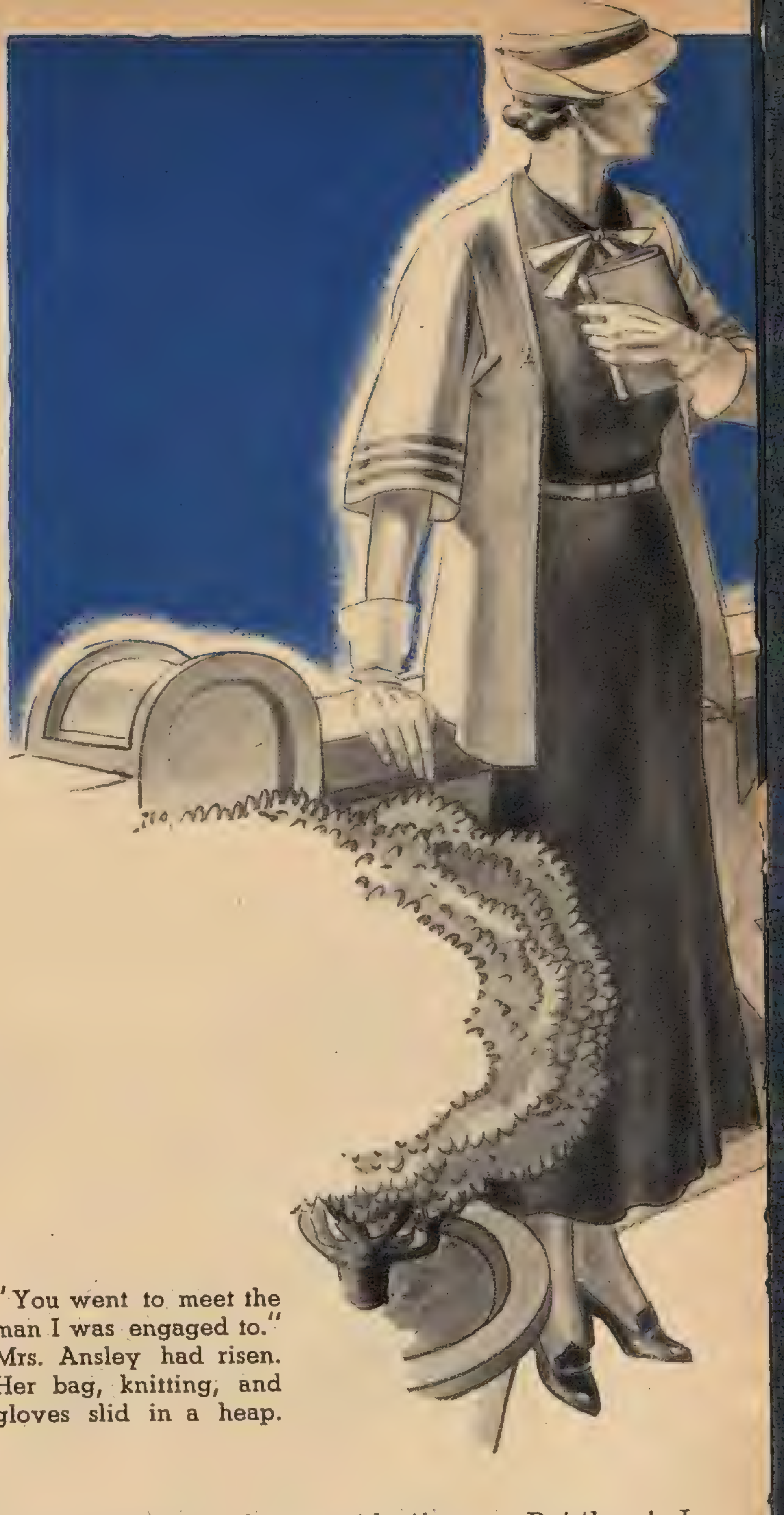
Mrs. Slade gave a hardly audible laugh, and at the sound Mrs. Ansley dropped her knitting.

"Yes?"

"I—oh, nothing. I was only thinking how your Babs carries everything before her. That Campolieri boy is one of the best matches in Rome. Don't look so innocent, my dear—you know he is. And I was wondering, ever so respectfully, you understand—wondering how two such exemplary characters as you and Horace had managed to produce anything quite so dynamic." Mrs. Slade laughed again, with a touch of asperity.

Mrs. Ansley's hands lay inert across her needles. She looked straight out at the great accumulated wreckage of passion and splendor at her feet. But her small profile was almost expressionless. At length she said: "I think you overrate Babs, my dear."

Mrs. Slade's tone grew easier. "No; I don't. I appreciate her. And perhaps envy you. Oh, my girl's perfect. If I were a chronic invalid I'd—well, I think I'd rather be in Jenny's hands. There must be times— But there! I always wanted a brilliant daughter, and never quite understood why I got an angel instead."



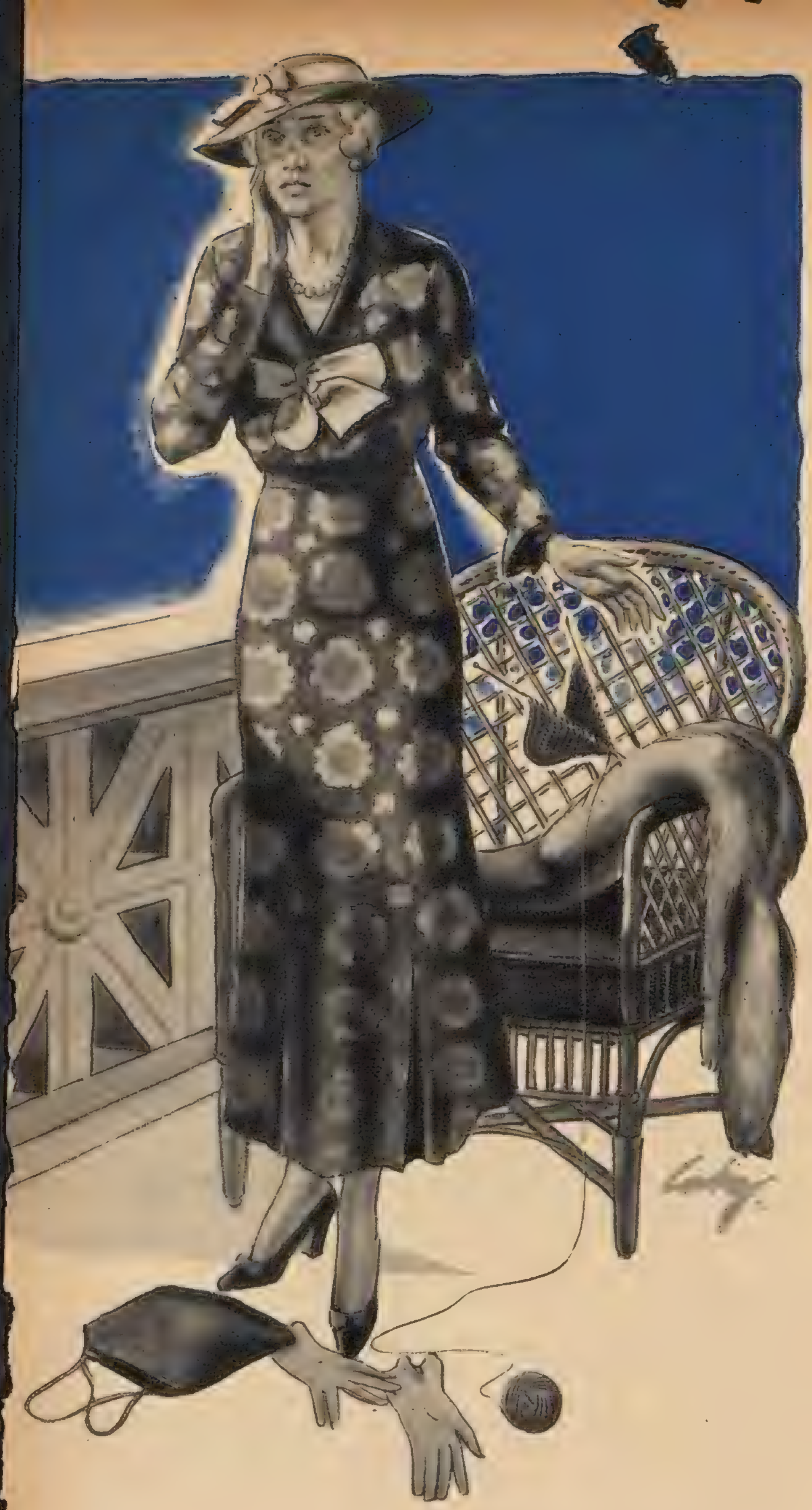
"You went to meet the man I was engaged to." Mrs. Ansley had risen. Her bag, knitting, and gloves slid in a heap.

Mrs. Ansley echoed her laugh in a faint murmur. "Babs is an angel, too."

"Of course—of course! You mustn't misunderstand me. Well, they're wandering by the sea with their young men; and here we sit. And it all brings back the past a little too acutely."

Mrs. Ansley had resumed her knitting. One might almost have imagined (if one had known her less well, Mrs. Slade reflected) that for her also too many memories rose from the lengthening shadows of those august ruins. But no; she was simply absorbed in her work. What was there for her to worry about? She knew that Babs would almost certainly come back engaged to the extremely eligible Campolieri. "And she'll sell the New York house, and settle down near them in Rome, and never be in their way. She's much too tactful for that."

Mrs. Slade broke off this prophetic flight with a recoil of self-disgust. There was no one of whom she had less right to think unkindly than of Grace Ansley. Would she never cure herself of envying her? Perhaps she had begun too long ago.



She stood up and leaned against the parapet, filling her troubled eyes with the tranquillizing magic of the hour. But instead of tranquillizing her the sight seemed to increase her exasperation. Her gaze turned toward the Colosseum. Already its golden flank was drowned in purple shadow, and above it the sky curved crystal clear, without light or color. It was the moment when afternoon and evening hang balanced in mid-heaven.

AT length Mrs. Slade turned back and laid her hand on her friend's arm. The gesture was so abrupt that Mrs. Ansley looked up, startled.

"The sun's set. You're not afraid, my dear?"

"Afraid?"

"Of Roman fever—pneumonia? I remember how ill you were that winter. As a girl you had a very delicate throat, hadn't you?"

"Oh, we're all right up here. Down below, in the Forum, it does get deathly cold all of a sudden; but not here."

"Ah, of course you know, because you had to be so careful." Mrs. Slade turned back to the parapet. She thought: "I must make one more effort not to hate her." Aloud she said: "Whenever I look at the Forum from up here, I remember that story about a great-aunt of yours, wasn't she? A dreadfully wicked great-aunt?"

"Oh, yes; Great-aunt Harriet. The one who was supposed to have sent her young sister out to the Forum after sunset to gather some night-blooming flower for her album. All our great-aunts and grandmothers used to have albums of dried flowers."

Mrs. Slade nodded. "But she really sent her because they were in love with the same man—"

"Well, that was the family tradition. They said Aunt Harriet confessed it years afterward. At any rate, the poor little sister caught the fever and died. Mother used to frighten us with the story when we were children."

"And you frightened *me* with it, that winter when you and I were here as girls. The winter I was engaged to Delphin."

Mrs. Ansley gave a faint laugh. "Oh, did I? Really frightened you? I don't believe you're easily frightened."

"Not often; but I was then. I was easily frightened because I was too happy. I wonder if you know what that means?"

"I—yes," Mrs. Ansley faltered.

"Well, I suppose that was why the story of your wicked aunt made such an impression on me. And I thought: 'There's no more Roman fever, but the Forum is deathly cold after sunset—especially after a hot day. And the Colosseum's even colder and damper.'"

"The Colosseum?"

"Yes. It wasn't easy to get in after the gates were locked for the night. Far from easy. Still, in those days it could be managed; it *was* managed, often. Lovers met there who couldn't meet elsewhere. You knew that?"

"I—I dare say. I don't remember."

"You don't remember? You don't remember going to visit some ruins or other one evening, just after dark, and catching a bad chill? You were supposed to have gone to see the moon rise. People always said that expedition was what caused your illness."

THERE was a moment's silence; then Mrs. Ansley rejoined: "Did they? It was all so long ago."

"Yes. And you got well again—so it didn't matter. But I suppose it struck your friends—the reason given for your illness, I mean—because everybody knew you were so prudent on account of your throat, and your mother took such care of you. You *had* been out late sight-seeing, hadn't you, that night?"

"Perhaps I had. The most prudent girls aren't always prudent. What made you think of it now?"

Mrs. Slade seemed to have no answer ready. But after a moment she broke out: "Because I simply can't bear it any longer!"

Mrs. Ansley lifted her head with a jerk. Her eyes were wide and very pale. "Can't bear what?"

"Why—your not knowing that I've always known why you went."

"Why I went?"

"Yes. You think I'm bluffing, don't you? Well, you went to meet the man I was engaged to—and I can repeat every word of the letter that took you there."

While Mrs. Slade spoke Mrs. Ansley had risen unsteadily to her feet. Her bag, her knitting and gloves slid in a panic-stricken heap to the ground. She looked at Mrs. Slade as though she were looking at a ghost.

"No, no—don't!" she faltered out.

"Why not? Listen, if you don't believe me: 'My One Darling: Things can't go on like this. I must see you alone. Come to the Colosseum immediately after dark tomorrow. There will be somebody to let you in. No one whom you need fear will suspect—' But perhaps you've forgotten what the letter said?"

Mrs. Ansley met the challenge with an unexpected composure. Steadying herself against the chair, she looked at her friend and replied: "No; I know it by heart too."

"And the signature? 'Only your D. S.' Was that it? I'm right, am I? That was the letter that took you out that evening after dark?"

Mrs. Ansley was still looking at her. It seemed to Mrs. Slade that a slow struggle was going on behind the voluntarily controlled mask of her small quiet face. “I shouldn’t have thought she had herself so well in hand;” Mrs. Slade reflected almost resentfully. But at this moment Mrs. Ansley spoke: “I don’t know how you knew. I burnt that letter at once.”

“Yes; you would, naturally—you’re so prudent!” The sneer was open now. “And if you burnt the letter you’re wondering how on earth I know what was in it. That’s it, isn’t it?”

Mrs. Slade waited, but Mrs. Ansley did not speak.

“Well, my dear, I know what was in that letter because I wrote it!”

“You wrote it?”

“Yes.”

The two women stood for a minute staring at each other in the last golden light. Then Mrs. Ansley dropped back into her chair. “Oh!” she murmured, and covered her face with her hands.

Mrs. Slade waited nervously for another word or move. None came, and at length she broke out: “I horrify you.”

Mrs. Ansley’s hands dropped to her knee. The face they uncovered was streaked with tears. “I wasn’t thinking of you. I was thinking—it was the only letter I ever had from him!”

“And I wrote it. Yes, I wrote it! But I was the girl he was engaged to. Did you happen to remember that?”

Mrs. Ansley’s head dropped again. “I’m not trying to excuse myself. I remembered—”

“And still you went?”

“Still I went.”

Mrs. Slade, leaning against the parapet, stood looking down on the small bowed figure at her side. The flame of her wrath had already sunk, and she wondered why she had ever thought there would be any satisfaction in inflicting so purposeless a wound. But she had to justify herself.

“You do understand? I’d found out, and I hated you—hated you. I knew you were in love with Delphin—and I was afraid: afraid of you, of your quiet ways, your sweetness, your— Well, I wanted you out of the way, that’s all. Just for a few weeks; just till I was sure of him. So in a blind fury I wrote that letter— I don’t know why I’m telling you now.”

“I suppose,” said Mrs. Ansley slowly, “it’s because you’ve always gone on hating me.”

“Perhaps. Or because I wanted to get the whole thing off my mind.” She paused. “I’m glad you destroyed the letter. Of course I never thought you’d die.”

MRS. ANSLEY relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Slade, leaning above her, was conscious of a sense of isolation, of being cut off from the warm current of human communion. “You think me a monster!” she burst out.

“I don’t know. It was the only letter I had. And you say he didn’t write it?”

“Ah, how you care for him still!”

“I cared for that memory,” said Mrs. Ansley.

Mrs. Slade continued to look down on her. She seemed physically reduced by the blow—as if, when she got up, the wind might scatter her like a puff of dust. Mrs. Slade’s jealousy suddenly leaped up again at the sight. All these years the woman had been living on that letter. How she must have loved him, to treasure the mere memory of its ashes! The letter of the man her friend was engaged to. Wasn’t it she who was the monster?

“You tried your best to get him away from me, didn’t you? But you failed; and I kept him. That’s all.”

“Yes. That’s all.”

“I wish now I hadn’t told you. I’d no idea you’d feel about it as you do; I thought you’d be amused. It all happened so long ago, as you say; and you must do me the justice to remember that I had no reason to think you’d ever taken it seriously. How could I, when you were married to Horace Ansley two months afterward? As soon as you could get out of bed your mother rushed you off to Florence and married you. People were rather surprised—they wondered at its being done so quickly. But I thought I knew. I had an idea you did it out of pique—to be able to say you’d got ahead of Delphin and me. Girls have such silly reasons for doing the most serious things. And your marrying so soon convinced me that you’d never really cared.”

“Yes; I suppose it would,” Mrs. Ansley said.

The clear heaven overhead was emptied of all its gold. Dusk spread over it, abruptly darkening the Seven Hills. Here and there lights began to twinkle through the foliage at their feet. Steps were coming and going on the deserted terrace—waiters looking out of the doorway at the head of the stairs, then reappearing with trays and napkins and flasks of wine. Tables were moved, chairs straightened. A feeble string of electric lights flickered out. Some vases of faded flowers were carried away and brought back replenished.

A stout lady in a dust coat suddenly appeared, asking in broken Italian if any one had seen the elastic band which held together her tattered Baedeker. She poked with her stock under the table at which she had lunched, the waiters assisting.

THE corner where Mrs. Slade and Mrs. Ansley sat was still shadowy and deserted. For a long time neither of them spoke. At length Mrs. Slade began again: “I suppose I did it as a sort of joke—”

“A joke?”

“Well, girls are ferocious sometimes, you know. Girls in love especially. And I remember laughing to myself all that evening at the idea that you were waiting around there in the dark, dodging out of sight, listening for every sound, trying to get in. Of course I was upset when I heard you were so ill afterward.”

Mrs. Ansley had not moved for a long time. But now she turned slowly toward her companion. “But I didn’t wait. He’d arranged everything. He was there. We were let in at once,” she said.

Mrs. Slade sprang up from her leaning position. “Delphin there? They let you in? Ah, now you’re lying!” she burst out with violence.

Mrs. Ansley’s voice grew clearer and full of surprise. “But of course he was there. Naturally he came—”

“Came? How did he know he’d find you there? You must be raving!”

Mrs. Ansley hesitated, as though reflecting. “But I answered the letter. I told him I’d be there. So he came.”

Mrs. Slade flung her hands up to her face. “Oh, God—you answered! I never thought of your answering—”

“It’s odd you never thought of it, if you wrote the letter.”

“Yes. I was blind with rage.”

Mrs. Ansley rose slowly and drew her fur scarf about her. “It is cold here. We’d better go. I’m sorry for you,” she said as she clasped the fur about her throat.

The unexpected words sent a pang through Mrs. Slade. “Yes; we’d better go.” She gathered up her bag and cloak. “I don’t know why you should be sorry for me,” she muttered.

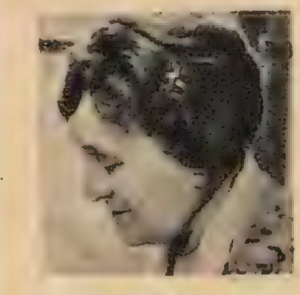
Mrs. Ansley stood looking away from her toward the dusky secret mass of the Colosseum. “Well—because I didn’t have to wait that night.”

Mrs. Slade gave an unquiet laugh. “Yes; I was beaten there. But I oughtn’t to begrudge it to you, I suppose. At the end of all these years. After all, I had everything; I had him for twenty-five years. And you had nothing but that letter that you didn’t dare to keep.”

Mrs. Ansley was again silent. Then she turned to move toward the door of the terrace. She took a step, and turned back, facing her companion.

“I had Barbara,” she said—and began to move ahead of Mrs. Slade toward the stairway.

THE END



EDITH WHARTON

born in 1862, is one of America’s foremost novelists. Her first book, The Greater Inclination, was followed by many others, the best known including The Age of Innocence, The House of Mirth, The Fruit of the Tree, Ethan Frome, and Hudson River Bracketed.

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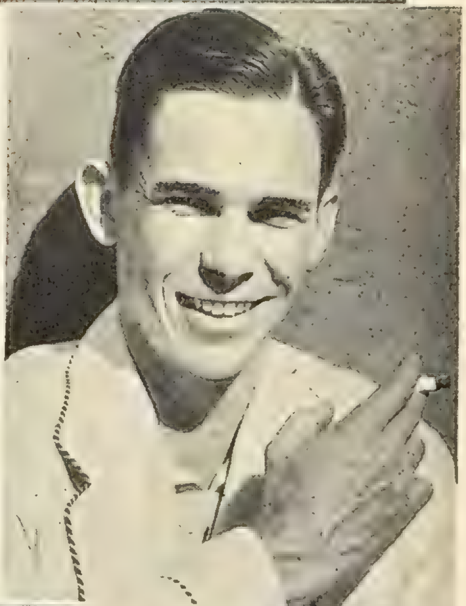

TENNIS STAR. (above) Ellsworth Vines, Jr., says: "Camels restore my pep ...take away that tired feeling...I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

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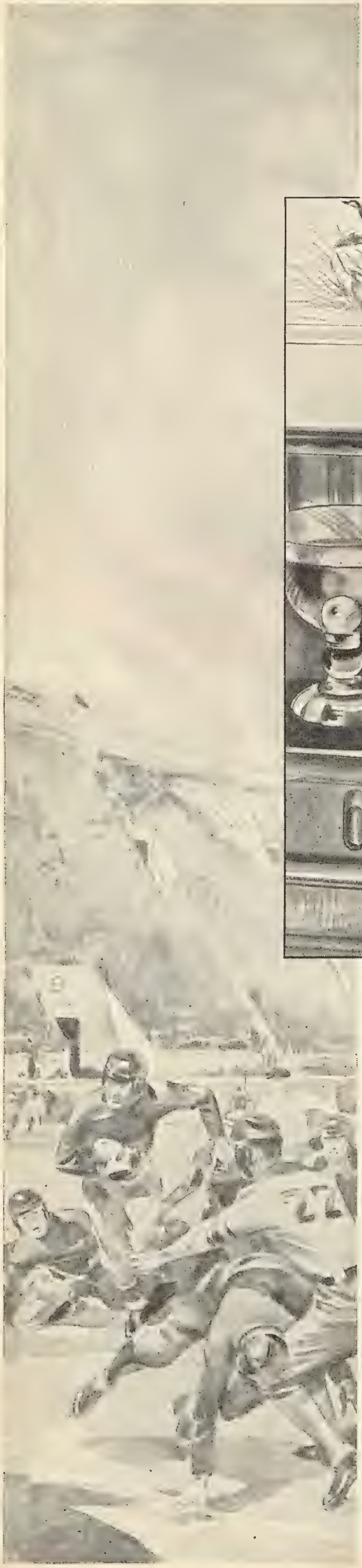
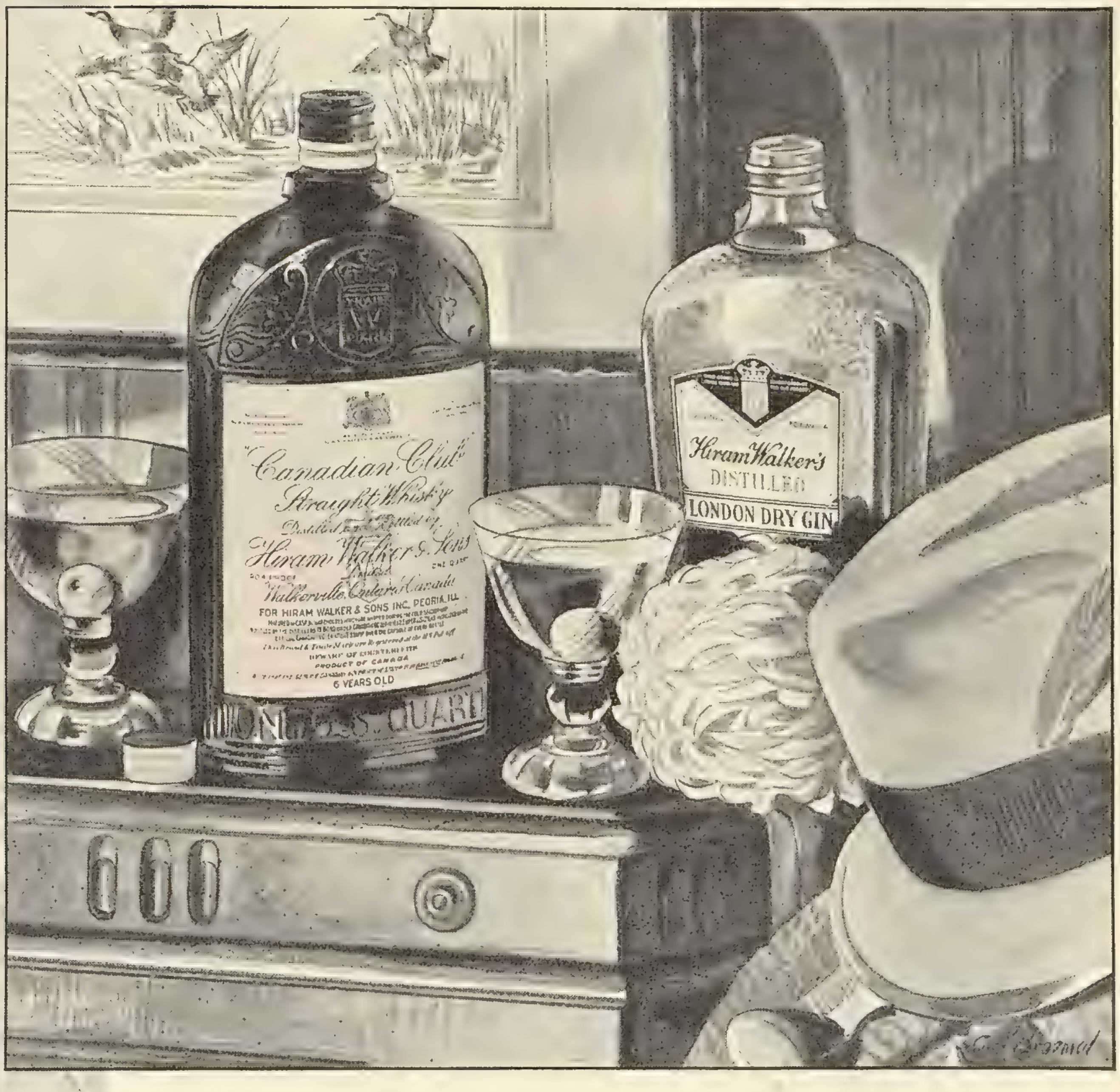


"CANADIAN CLUB"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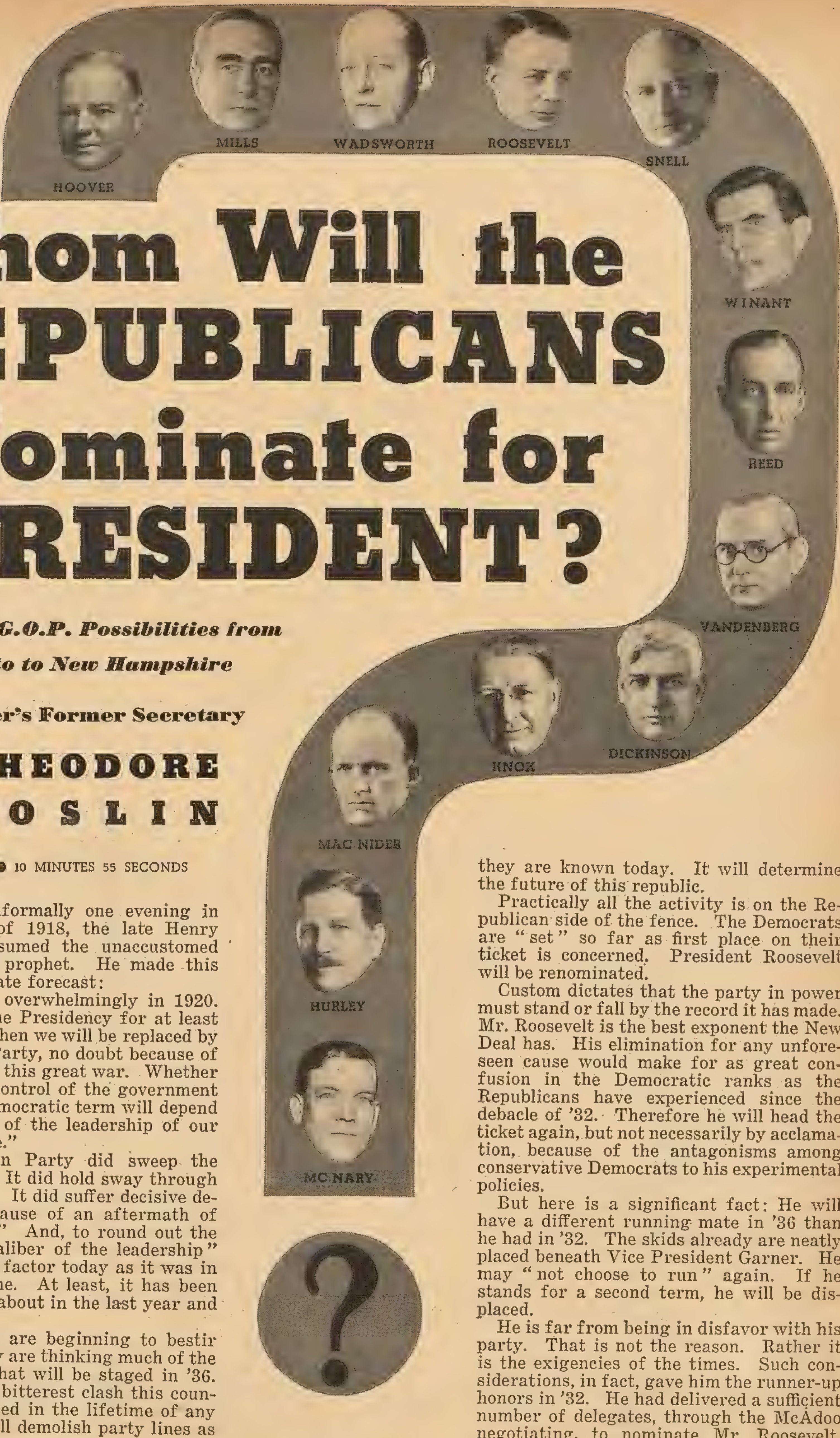

Whom Will the REPUBLICANS Nominate for PRESIDENT?

A Survey of G.O.P. Possibilities from Palo Alto to New Hampshire

By Hoover's Former Secretary

THEODORE G. JOSLIN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

CHATTING informally one evening in the winter of 1918, the late Henry Cabot Lodge assumed the unaccustomed rôle of political prophet. He made this startlingly accurate forecast:

"We will win overwhelmingly in 1920. We will retain the Presidency for at least a dozen years. Then we will be replaced by the Democratic Party, no doubt because of a repercussion of this great war. Whether we shall regain control of the government after a single Democratic term will depend upon the caliber of the leadership of our party at that time."

The Republican Party did sweep the country in 1920. It did hold sway through "a dozen years." It did suffer decisive defeat in 1932 because of an aftermath of "this great war." And, to round out the forecast, "the caliber of the leadership" is as uncertain a factor today as it was in the Senator's time. At least, it has been nothing to boast about in the last year and a half.

But politicians are beginning to bestir themselves. They are thinking much of the battle of words that will be staged in '36. They foresee the bitterest clash this country has experienced in the lifetime of any of us. It may well demolish party lines as they are known today. It will determine the future of this republic.

Practically all the activity is on the Republican side of the fence. The Democrats are "set" so far as first place on their ticket is concerned. President Roosevelt will be renominated.

Custom dictates that the party in power must stand or fall by the record it has made. Mr. Roosevelt is the best exponent the New Deal has. His elimination for any unforeseen cause would make for as great confusion in the Democratic ranks as the Republicans have experienced since the debacle of '32. Therefore he will head the ticket again, but not necessarily by acclamation, because of the antagonisms among conservative Democrats to his experimental policies.

But here is a significant fact: He will have a different running mate in '36 than he had in '32. The skids already are neatly placed beneath Vice President Garner. He may "not choose to run" again. If he stands for a second term, he will be displaced.

He is far from being in disfavor with his party. That is not the reason. Rather it is the exigencies of the times. Such considerations, in fact, gave him the runner-up honors in '32. He had delivered a sufficient number of delegates, through the McAdoo negotiating, to nominate Mr. Roosevelt, who paid off the political debt thus incurred by making Mr. Garner his running mate.

Not only has the debt been paid but there are other pertinent considerations for '36. If the President is to be reëlected, he must solidify the West and the South behind his standard. That is one reason why he has carried on an open flirtation with the Republican insurgents throughout his term. And his political astuteness will cause him to select a Westerner to bolster his ticket next time. Whom he will choose is any one's guess.

The task of pointing to the Republican standard bearer is difficult. There already are a dozen possibilities, none of whom would publicly admit having aspirations today but most if not all of whom are receptive nevertheless.

Any consideration of the Republican program necessitates reference to Mr. Hoover. He maintained a discreet silence for a year and a half after leaving the White House and retiring to his home at Palo Alto. Throughout that period he abstained from discussion of national affairs. But on those rare occasions when he left the cloistered quiet of his home there were immediate palpitations in political circles. More recently he has published a book, dealing with the trends of governments, which has enlivened speculation regarding his intentions, if any, for the future.

© Harris & Ewing

THEODORE G. JOSLIN

was appointed as his secretary by President Hoover in 1933 and held that position till Mr. Hoover left the White House. He had been a newspaperman since his high-school days. He now represents a statistical organization in Washington.

Some of his friends whisper that nothing could induce him to run again, that he never will return to public life. Others confide that circumstances might compel him to take up the cudgels in behalf of the principles in which he sincerely believes and which are so counter to those the present administration is forwarding.

Put down these two observations without qualification. First, he will be a dominant factor until he formally announces his intentions, whatever they may be. Secondly, no one can speak for him; he must speak for himself.

A third may be added, if slightly less positively. It is that he probably would offer himself only in response to a country-wide popular demand for him. If the demand came and he responded, his friends would rally to him. It might simplify the Republican situation, depending upon conditions at the time.

He would, of course, encounter covert opposition from the conservative professionals who never wanted to have him in the White House, not to mention open warfare on the part of the liberals who assert the selection of any conservative would be the equivalent of inviting defeat. But if he eliminates himself there will be a free-for-all contest with no fewer than fifteen participants.

WHATEVER decision he eventually reaches, it will not be announced, if he follows precedent, until the nominating conventions are close at hand—unless perchance he should conclude the greatest service he could render the country would be flatly to announce he would not be a candidate for public office again so he could launch a determined attack on the Rooseveltian policies without any one charging he was doing it for personal gain. Most former Presidents, even if not desirous of election again, have maintained silence so as to influence the selection of the man they wanted to see succeed them.

Ogden Mills will step aside only for Mr. Hoover. He would like to be President, even if he is not admitting it. He has the qualifications—distinguished service in Congress and as head of the Treasury. Likewise he has disadvantages. He is a financier. None of that calling is particularly popular with the people. To them he personifies Wall Street, which, most emphatically, lacks popularity. Besides, he comes from the East.

Party leaders are almost as one in emphasizing that the nominee should be a Westerner. The Republicans even more than the Democrats must have the West next time if they are to win. They have no "Solid South" to fall back upon.

Mr. Mills is not alone from the point of view of geographical dislocation. He has much company. In the group is Representative James W. Wadsworth, likewise a New Yorker. There is country-wide speculation about him. His friends say that he is not thinking about the Presidency. That is political buncombe. Gossip has it, too, that he regards himself as a legislator rather than as an executive. It does not mean a single thing. He is well up toward the top right now. If he could win a state-wide election this fall, or otherwise distinguish himself, he would be out in the lead.

This is not necessarily an enviable position for any Presidential prospect, for he then is the target for all the other aspirants to shoot at. But even if he should go out in front, as is possible, there would be an offset with some factions of the party who say it would be well to choose a candidate who was not identified with the Hoover administration. Watch him!

New York, it seems, has an abundance of possibilities. Another is Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. What a battle that would be—Roosevelt versus Roosevelt! But some Republicans think it would be unwise to nominate a Roosevelt to oppose a Roosevelt, perhaps on the childish theory that they would face the charge of "copy cat."

THE Empire State has another who may be cast in the rôle of "favorite son." Bertrand Snell, minority leader of the national House of Representatives, has been "mentioned" occasionally. The chances of the lightning striking him are slight, but if the Presidential nomination should go to a Westerner, then he might be in line for second place on the ticket.

If New York, powerful as it is in delegate strength, is to present the nation with its Republican Presidential nominee, at least two of the aspirants will have to be eliminated from the contest. Otherwise the delegation will be split and its strength divided.

It would seem to be a forlorn hope for any resident of New Hampshire to win the nomination. Nevertheless, Governor Winant offers possibilities. His is not a commanding presence. Besides, he is a poor speaker. But he is a skilled executive. Also, and this should be put first, he has extraordinary abilities as a vote getter. These abilities long since have been demonstrated in his home state. Party leaders have their eyes on him for either first or second place.

Again, to intimate that the Republican Party might turn to Pennsylvania for its standard bearer seems nothing short of being preposterous. A consideration always in selecting a nominee is his ability to swing a large state or a section of the country that otherwise might go to the opposition. If any state is rock-ribbed in its Republicanism, that state is the Keystone State. Yet there is a chance the convention will nominate Senator David A. Reed. He is the outstanding conservative in the upper branch of Congress, the ablest. He can measure swords with the next man.

What about the West? Michigan, to the East at least, is "West." It has a candidate in Senator Arthur Vandenberg. He knows it, even if he is saying nothing about it. He has trimmed his sails accordingly. He has charted a course that often has been half conservative Republican and half New Deal Democratic. If the administration's policies hold in favor, his action may redound to his advantage. Otherwise he will be called upon to set his political compass again. Whatever happens, he will be heard from.

Not a few party leaders would like to project a new figure on the political horizon. They believe that some one never previously identified with the permanent government establishment would be most likely to attract the attention of the people.

Illinois steps forward at this point. Colonel Frank Knox, the publisher of the Chicago Daily News, is the man. He has a whole lot of good points. He not only is looked upon with favor by many conservative Republicans but he is anything but in disrepute with the progressively minded. He was a rampant Bull Mooser when T. R. was trying to conceive a third party. He is a toe-to-toe fighter, taking blows unflinchingly and putting every ounce of power into his punches that hit their mark resoundingly. He says and writes exactly what he thinks, be it about the New Deal or anything else. In the parlance of his own profession, he "knows what it is all about."

Some would go beyond the Mississippi for the candidate. Senator Dickinson of Iowa is cognizant of this attitude. He is ideally located geographically, whatever his other handicaps. He has demonstrated ability in Congress. A shortcoming is his inclination to go too far in making the welkin ring. Too, he has antagonized the Washington correspondents.

Hanford MacNider, who also resides "out where the tall corn grows," may well be heard from. "Jack" was an early national commander of the American Legion, Assistant Secretary of War, minister to Canada. He has a following in veteran and political circles alike.

It must be emphasized that there is wide speculation as to whether the Republican Party will turn not only to new principles but to liberal leadership, thus drawing insurgents back into the fold. This speculation, however, is in nonpolitical rather than political circles. There is not the slightest indication that the conservative Republicans will countenance anything of the kind. Thus there is not the ghost of a chance that a Norris or a Nye, a La Follette or a Johnson, will come to the fore. If the unexpected should happen, the Republican Party would disintegrate and there would come what some think will come eventually—the organization of a conservative party and of a liberal party to replace the Republican and Democratic parties.

IT may be the Republicans will go beyond the Middle West for their standard bearer, go down into the Southwest or up into the Northwest. If in the one direction, we find Patrick J. Hurley, the former Secretary of War, whose legal residence is in Oklahoma. "Pat" is a colorful figure. In youth he was a mule boy in a coal mine and a cow-puncher on the plains. He worked for his education. He distinguished himself in the law. He acquired wealth. He gained an enviable record on the Western Front. He could well attract the attention of the people. He would confront one handicap—the bonus army episode; but he could meet it. Watch him, too.

In the Northwest is Senator Charles McNary of Oregon, the minority leader of the Senate. He has his friends. He has his foes. Influential leaders assert he has too often "played the administration game." Some even whisper that he has been "subsidized" by the administration through government projects given his home state.

Again we come down to California, to Palo Alto, where resides the one man who has more to say than any other. There will be little real crystallization of sentiment until at his own time and in his own way he breaks his silence. Then the party will get down to cases.

THE END

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There were four minutes left. The first play was a short pass completed for six yards.

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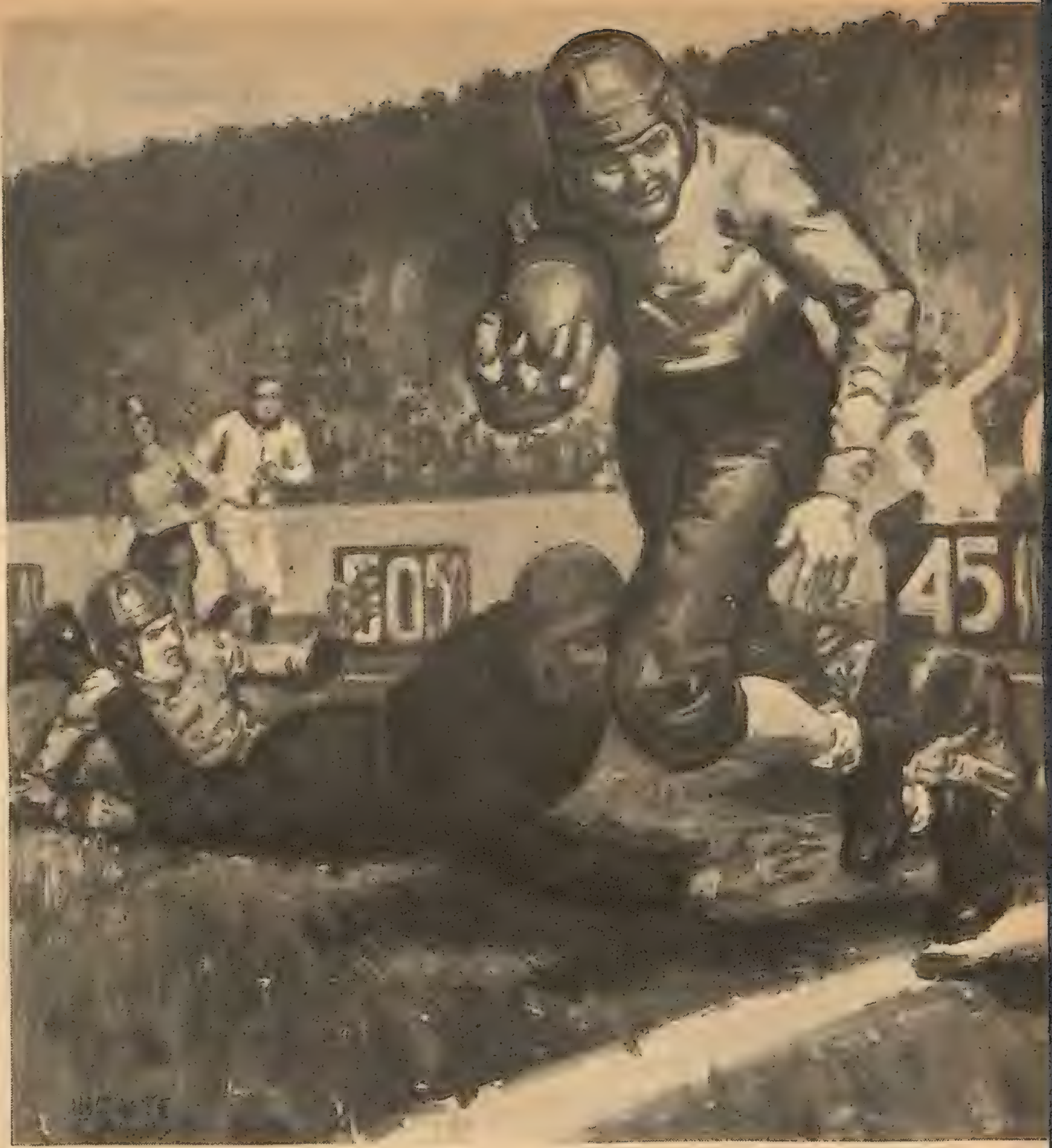


LITTLE

A Stirring Story of Football and Girls,

by FRANCIS

THE little fellow entered the open door of the field house, walked quietly along the corridor to the locker room, spoke shyly to the boy who handled equipment. The latter seemed to be embarrassed. He answered pleasantly: “ Hi, Tarzan.” When the little fellow reached the locker room he found the place full of young men in various states of nudity, dress, and undress. The air was loud with healthy noises—snatches of song, odd nicknames, exaggerated salutations. The little fellow was welcomed with the obvious affection of big boys for a likable small boy. He smiled at some, answered a few, always with an air of shy hesitancy which plainly indicated his opinion that he could not really belong among them, was there by sufferance.

He stopped before a locker. An enormous young man was pulling a jersey over his head. A heavy voice, then a heavy hearty face emerged from the jersey. “ Hi, Tarzan. How come you're so late? ”

“ The folks came in. Had to meet them.”

The big fellow was interested. His voice, which pretended poorly, betrayed him. “ Yeah? Who's here? ”

“ Dad, mother, and Christine. I showed you her picture—remember? ” The little fellow put his key in the lock.

The big fellow was lacing his shoes, looking carefully at them. “ Oh, yeah,” he said. “ Oh, yeah. I suppose she'll be going to the dance? ”

“ Oh, yes; Christy would want to go, all right.”

The big fellow stood up, gazed studiously at the half belt as he adjusted it. “ I suppose you'll be dragging Agnes? ”

The locker was partly open. The little fellow turned and started to pull his sweater over his head. His voice came out of the wool, slightly muffled: “ Oh, yes—but Christy could go, too. I really hadn't much time to think about that yet.”

The other smoothed his tight blue jersey over mountainous muscles. “ Well,” he said, quite timidly for such a big fellow, “ if I can help out—”

“ That would be great, Bull. I'd be grateful.”

Bull laughed nervously. “ Say, I got eyes. I'll be the one getting the break.”

“ She'll be glad, too. I've told her about you. She's—”

The little fellow stopped talking. He sat down.

His locker was empty.

Bull spoke softly: “ That's a damn' shame, kid.”

“ It's all right. I suppose they need the room.” He did a poor job of trying to smile.

“ They don't need it that bad.”

“ I've had it two years, Bull; never got in the game.”

Bull spoke vigorously:

“ You're worth plenty to this club if you never play a minute. You've got more heart and brains than a lot of us big baboons.”

The little fellow smiled. He looked into the iron of the locker and made a wrist-and-arm motion of throwing a forward pass. “ I can hit a dime, Bull. Know why? Practice all the time. Wrist and fingers flexible from so much piano practice. I was just sticking around waiting for a miracle.”

“ That's a hell of a thing to do! ” Bull was growing belligerent. “ Coach is dumb. He just hasn't been watching you.”

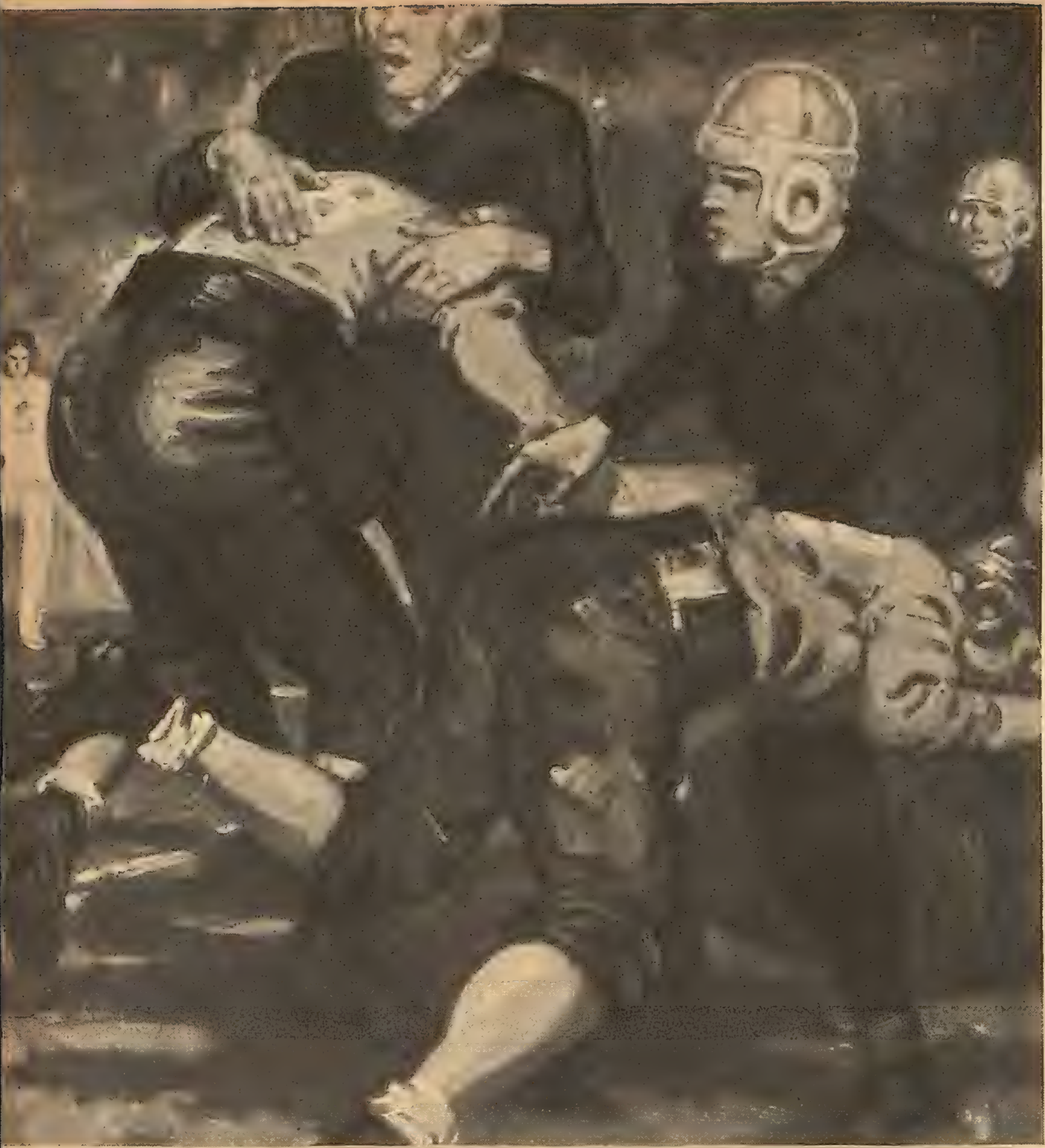
“ Coach is all right, Bull. He's been nice.” He threw another phantom pass. “ Bull, do big fellows ever have dreams about things they would like to do? ”

Bull roared. “ You'd fall off that bench if I told you my secret ambition.”

Tarzan grinned. “ What? ”

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

MONTE CREWS



FELLOW

and the Heart of a Game Young Man

WALLACE

"Oh, no. These wolves here would drive me crazy."

"I wouldn't tell."

Bull hesitated. "Okay. I guess you can use a laugh." He drew his magnificent body into a classic pose. "How would I look in one of them tiger skins?"

Tarzan laughed. "Æsthetic dancer?"

"Sure—the kind that throws them little dolls around on the stage. Now, I only told you that for a laugh. If you ever give me away you're no pal. Now, how about yours?"

"Mine was just as goofy. Say—you better get out before coach comes in sore."

"Say, I'm sore myself. Wait a minute, Tarzan. I bet there's some mistake."

"No mistake, Bull. Just not big enough."

"Maybe that towel boy got mixed up."

"You better get going."

"I'll ask coach, anyhow. See you at supper, anyhow."

He ran out. The little fellow sat looking into the iron of the locker, throwing phantom passes through the empty room, thinking only that it was too bad it had to happen this week.

Thinking how foolish it was to wait for miracles in football or to weave a dream about it. Those were fragile unrealities of the rare fantastic. Football was all bone and muscle, blood and mud.

The coach found him there, silent in the smelly room, head in hands, facing the empty locker. The coach paused, shook his head, smiled tenderly, then summoned a deep bellow from within him. "Say, Tarzan, what's the idea mooning around? Don't tell me what you thought—been practicing on that piano, I suppose."

"But, coach, my locker's empty. I've got no suit."

"You what? Well, I'll tend to that. That damned Carpenter! I told him to clean that suit—these student managers will drive me crazy. Get out of your clothes. I'll send that suit back. Then hustle out. We're putting on the stuff for State tonight."

THE little fellow was stripping his clothing off with little regard for buttons or stitches. He was afraid that he might awaken again and find the uniform gone.

The coach, returning to the field, met the president of the university walking along slowly, escorting a distinguished-looking man with vaguely familiar features. A pretty girl, tall and eager, was consistently a half step ahead of them.

"Oh, Mr. Chambers," the president called. "This is Michael Scott—and his daughter."

The coach acknowledged the introductions. They walked together toward the practice field. The president explained: "Michael Scott wrote the Victory March while he was a student here."

"That's great," the coach answered affably. "Sure, that's great!"

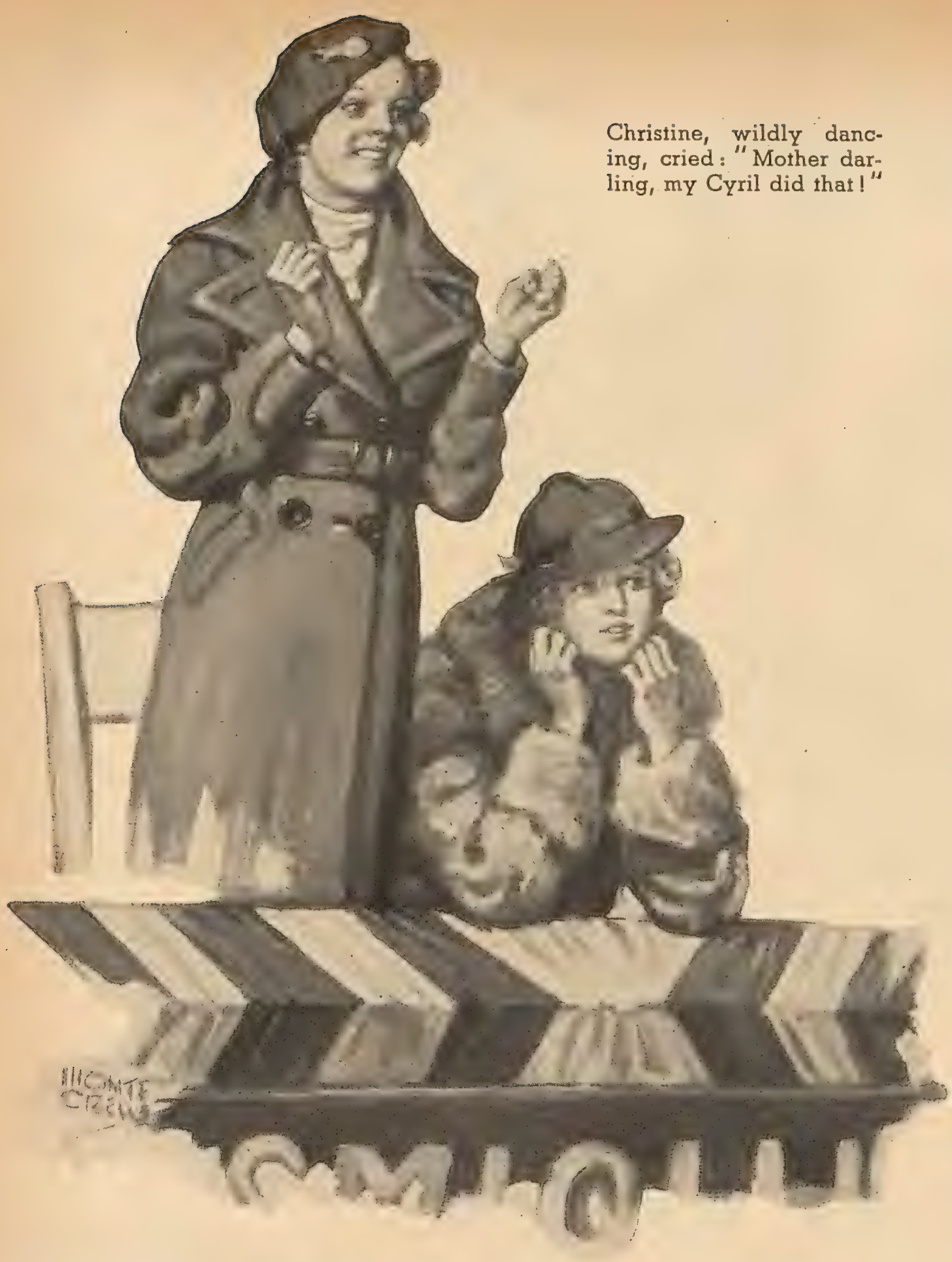
The girl looked at the coach with that frank curiosity with which young people first regard particularly odd specimens of the older generations. Michael Scott smiled. "I don't suppose anybody remembers or cares much about who wrote the school song; but if my son should score a touchdown Saturday he would be a really great man around here, wouldn't he, coach?"

"Where is Phil? I don't see him." The girl was impatient.

"He'll be out any minute now. I was just giving him some special quarterback stuff in the field house. Fine boy, Mr. Scott. He never told me he was your son."

"He wouldn't," the girl said. "Phil's too modest. Oh, Mr. Chambers, which one is Cyril Tobin?"

The coach smiled mischievously. "The big guy over



Christine, wildly dancing, cried: "Mother darling, my Cyril did that!"

there near the right. See?" He pointed. "Only everybody calls him Bull. There comes Phil now."

The squad greeted the little fellow with a great salvo of the chatter which athletes call pepper. "They love him," the coach explained. "Why, only this afternoon—well, anyhow, Mr. Scott, that kid is worth plenty to us if he never scored a point. Fine character, fine spirit."

The girl was regarding him frankly again, somewhat skeptically, the coach thought. Ill at ease, he continued: "I suppose you wonder why I haven't used him much. I don't want some big rhinoceros with no brains to fall on him."

MICHAEL SCOTT was looking out upon the football men. "How I used to envy them! I might have had a chance. I was bigger than Phil. But music was a tradition in the family and I wasn't allowed to diverge."

"You did all right, Mr. Scott," the coach assured him. "You might have got busted up and spoiled your music. I played with a guy once who was going to be pretty good at music. Worked his way through school with it. But he got kicked on the elbow and his arm got stiff, and now he's just doing the best he can. That's another reason I kept an eye on your kid—figured it wasn't worth it to have him smashed up."

The coach wished she wouldn't continue to look at him that way. He was only trying to make the old man feel good. Under her scrutiny he shouted to the football group: "Tarzan Scott, take the varsity."

The players hesitated only the slightest moment before responding with a barrage of pepper. Bull Tobin came back from tackle to pat the little fellow on the back. He ran to his place. The clear musical voice of the little quarterback, almost a mosquito among the big men, floated back.

"Great voice," the coach explained. "Quarterback needs a voice. They shift by it. Tarzan makes marching music. *Look* at that pass. Perfect timing—right in the slot." He shouted to the field: "Tarzan—take that one on the other side."

ANOTHER short pass over the line to the end, who came across, plucked it out of the air as if he were nipping a flower without breaking stride. Coach Chambers grew silent. The varsity pepper could be heard far from the field.

Coach Chambers strode to meet them. He was conscious of having put out a lot of cockeyed talk. Now he was watching little Tarzan run the varsity, following him, suggesting plays, calling for passes.

There was something fantastic, out of gear, about the whole business. Coach Chambers was sure of one thing, however. He was not following Tarzan just to make the old man feel good.

"Try forty-six — now eighty-three — now seventy-eight. Attababy, *Tarzan!*"

On the side lines Michael Scott watched his little son run the varsity. He looked slightly away as he said to the president: "I was afraid perhaps he kept trying too hard only because he thought I wanted it so badly." . . .

It began to happen in the amazing manner which can seem so plausible in a dream but which never really happens except in actual life. A germ found its mysterious way into the Colonial Club. The house was quarantined. Eight football men were caught in the net. Coach Chambers found his first string intact; but the gap to available substitutes was wider, in some positions, than he cared to think about. This was especially true at quarterback, where the second- and third-stringers were absent. If anything happened to Hartley, the regular, there remained only Strawn, a raw sophomore without a minute of varsity experience—and Tarzan Scott.

It was near the end of the third period that Hartley, worn and fatigued, was helped from the field. With him seemed to go all hope that the varsity might tie or beat the 6-0 lead which State held. Coach Chambers had substituted carefully. The regulars were tired. Only the herculean defense of Bull Tobin, a shining figure in the twilight of approaching defeat, had kept the score so low.

In the president's box two girls sat huddled together, small chins resting on the concrete rail. "Now," said Christine Scott, "they'll put Phil in."

"Oh, I hope not."

Christine was shocked. She looked sharply at the little blonde girl in gray squirrel, a tiny but perfect gem of a girl with a firm oval face and serious blue eyes. "But, Agnes—he wants it more than anything on earth right now."

"He thinks he does."

"But he does. So does dad—he's lived for this moment."

"And your mother?"

"Mother doesn't. She's wanted him to give everything to his music. Dad says music shouldn't be everything to a boy in college. It's been the one thing between them."

Christine turned to glance at her parents, who had fought so grimly, silently about this thing which was so soon to be decided before their eyes. They were sitting together but not looking at each other. They were silent.

Strawn, the sophomore, went in. "Oh, shucks," Christine said. "I knew that coach was feeding us spaghetti. Looks like you and mother win, Agnes."

The little girl spoke impulsively: "Please don't put it that way, Christy. I want him to be happy, but he really doesn't belong there any more than he belongs in music. I know that may sound odd to you, but I wonder if any of you have ever—"

Christine jumped up with the crowd and cheered. Bull Tobin had made a great open-field tackle. "Agnes, isn't Cyril wonderful? Isn't he a he-man? Just look at him!" She caught her breath.

"Bull is built for this game."

"Don't call him Bull—it suggests something brutish. He isn't. He's sweet."

"You like him, don't you, Christy? You see in him things others don't. Perhaps he even tells you things he would never tell his family."

THE varsity was forced steadily backward. Early in the fourth period, with fourth down on their thirty-yard line, the situation seemed hopeless. A varsity punt zoomed down the field. Big Bull Tobin hit the safety man as he caught the ball. He fumbled and varsity recovered on the State forty-two-yard line.

New life came quickly on the wings of such faint hope. "*Touchdown—touchdown!*" the stands implored. The little flame sped about the stadium. Something was about to happen. Magic was in the air.

Bull Tobin, headgear awry, jersey torn, stood up in the line, looked to the bench.

The first play, an uninspired line smash, failed. The voice of the crowd faded. Then it took on new tones—curious, incredulous, humorous, scoffing tones.

In the president's box a girl leaped up, cried shrilly; "It's Phil! It's Phil!" That was Christine. The others were tensely quiet.

This was it.

There was something in the manner the varsity greeted the little fellow, something in his sharp martial

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For Dandruff
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

voice, something in the way the team lined up.

A short pass over center—the end came around—seven yards. The same play on the other side—first down.

There was no quiet on that field throughout the rest of the afternoon. Humanity was erupting emotion in recurrent spasms.

Down the field the varsity marched. Passes, short dexterous passes that State had never seen. Varsity was vibrant, quick, certain. The new quarterback mixed a few line plays, always hustled, always fast. He seemed to be reading them from a book, from a carefully written scenario.

State flustered, took time out on their fifteen-yard line.

The band played. The crowd sang:

"The march is on—
No brain or brawn
Can stop the charge of
fighting men—"

FRANCIS WALLACE
has worked in steel mills, glass factories, and in railroad shops. Learned football under Rockne and since his graduation in 1923 has written sports for New York papers, four novels, four movies, and a large number of articles and stories.

Christine moved to her father's side, held his arm, looking with shining glad eyes into his face. "Dad! It's your song—and your boy. Mother, that's Phil—our little Phil."

"Yes, I know, darling." Mother was excited but frightened. She was looking into a cañon of deep wonder but feared she was too close to the edge. Her eyes met Michael Scott's. They smiled. He put his arm about her.

"He'll be perfectly safe, Martha—you see, he isn't carrying the ball but is just throwing it. He's using his arm, his head, even his music, dear. They're marching to his music."

Time was in, the teams lined up. The place was bedlam. The band roared. Substitutes hopped about on the varsity bench.

Then a groan and collapse of the bubble.

STATE, during the time out, had doped a defense for the new pass attack. A State man played tag with each eligible receiver, and one of them leaped high to intercept the ball.

Varsity supporters gave up. State would fiddle a while and then kick. There would not be time for another march.

State was *kicking on first down.*

On the bench Coach Chambers was trying to think above the madness that was all about him.

State might be playing safe by kicking immediately to get the ball out of danger; but State might want to kick at the little fellow who had been tormenting them, hoping to tackle him so hard that he would have to leave the game—and with his passing skill out, varsity would be harmless for the few remaining minutes.

Chambers didn't want to see Tarzan hurt. He didn't think the kid could stand the sort of tackle he would get. To take him out would be safest—but to take him out was to give up the game.

"Davis—warm up."

Davis hopped up, started to scamper about, eager for this unexpected opportunity to lay his heart, his body, his head on the altar for his school's honor.

On the field Bull Tobin and the others, seeing what was in the mind of the coach, raised their hands and waved Davis away. Bull held both hands to the sky meaningly. Coach Chambers smiled. That was what he wanted to know.

"Sit down, Davis—but stay alert."

IN the president's box, Michael Scott's lips were tight, his breath had all but stopped. This was something different. If anything happened to the boy, the burden would rest completely upon his father.

A man in the crowd shouted: "They're trying to get the kid in a spot where they can ruin him—and if he fumbles they stand a chance of recovering, too!"

Michael Scott could have killed that man. Phil's mother was terrified. She sat down; would not look, would not listen to her husband's words. Little Agnes went to her, put her arms about her, spoke softly.

State kicked—long, high, the type of kick which would give the ends plenty of time to get down and at the safety man.

The ends were down—Michael Scott thought of them as engines of destruction sent by himself at his little boy to gratify his pride. He forced himself to watch. His spirits lifted and were suspended on the wings of hope.

Phil was signaling for a fair catch. He caught it—took one step—held it.

Embedded fury rose again. Tarzan's mates crowded about him, applauding his courage, his skill. The State ends went back, frustrated by the rules of the game which prevent a tackle on a man who signals for a fair catch. The crowd was hopefully mad again. Could the little fellow do it again?

The clock said there were four minutes left to play. It was enough—enough, Michael Scott thought grimly, for almost anything.

State declared its intentions on the first play. It was a short pass, completed for six yards, putting the ball on the varsity forty-eight-yard line.

But a varsity man was on the ground. A hush quickly came over the crowd. "Who's hurt?" Christine exclaimed.

"It's Phil," her mother answered softly—her mother, who had not yet taken her eyes from the floor of the box.

"He's up!" Michael Scott shouted. "He's all right, mother. They're penalizing State for roughing him—but they *didn't* hurt him."

"I don't think they'll do that again," the president said. "They cannot afford to take penalties."

What though the odds be great or small,
Old varsity will win over all
While her loyal sons are marching—

The band played it. Voices sang. Cheer leaders did acrobatics. Michael Scott's mind went back to the day when he had written those prophetic lines. His song and his son— But now he was tortured by every second that remained on the big clock. He hadn't realized until now as he looked at the boy's mother and the girl who would undoubtedly be his wife.

Passes, passes—some incomplete but most of them successful. Sometimes a running play to mix it up. State was always hoping to get a shot at the little fellow who tormented them; but each time, as he rid himself of the ball, he scampered away to safety. Only a foul could get him, and a foul meant a penalty which might be fatal. Michael Scott, forgetting the victory and watching only his son, began to feel more secure. They were not bothering Phil much after he got rid of the ball.

State took time out again. Tenseness hummed from the crowd as if from the tight strings of a great zither. State might find a way to stock the attack again. Only seventeen yards away!

"Only two minutes to go now, mother," Christine said. "Keep your chin up, sweetheart." She turned to the field again. "Come on there, Phil! Touchdown!" She switched to Agnes. "Agnes, you little goose, how about a little zipper? We got to get this score."

A mighty wind blew around the stadium. They were lining up. This was the ball game.

The musical staccato voice of the quarterback pierced the roar and got to the varsity bench: "Eighteen—twenty-two—forty-six—*hike*. Seventy-four—"

COACH CHAMBERS, twisting his cigar into a shapeless mass, caught his breath. He knew he should stop it, but something in him refused to throw an obstacle in the path of a gallant little man who deserved his chance. There was sound football and great romance in the play. State, drawn in against the short game, was vulnerable.

The play started as did the others. The ball came from center to Tarzan, who flipped a short pass to the end, dodged a zooming State linesman, and floated out of harm's path. Everybody, including State, forgot Tarzan then and followed the ball. The end tossed it laterally to a back running wide. As the pack was about to catch him, he stopped dead and tossed the ball far into the opposite corner of the field.

And there was the little fellow running swiftly under it, his hands up to pluck it—the nearest State man two yards away, a giant of a man getting ready to put the speed of his flight behind two hundred pounds.

State got its crack at the little fellow.

The force of the tackle knocked Tarzan ten feet across the goal line into the end zone.

Niagara roared.

Michael Scott, his face gone white and very old, forgot the touchdown, the ball which had been fumbled, the scramble for it. He watched the spot where his little son had taken it.

The State man had been an instrument. Michael Scott had *ordered* it.

He could not look at his wife but he heard her crying softly.

Players had gathered about the spot where the little fellow had gone down.

Suddenly Michael Scott found life flowing back into his aged, almost lifeless body. He knew what they meant, those players, when they started to jump up and down. Even before Phil was up, Michael Scott dropped beside his wife, smothered her with an affection which sprang with the release from the damned.

"He's getting up, mother; he's all right. See—you can see him."

He was up, walking about. Bull Tobin was with him—and the State man who had felled him.

The crowd roared welcome. Then Niagara broke. Six points went up on the score board. The score was tied.

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"Sure," a man in the next box explained to Christine. "Once he took it across, it was an automatic touchdown, whether he fumbled after or not. If that big truck driver had hit you, you'd have fumbled, too."

Christine kissed him—an unforgettable memory.

They were lining up for the kick. Phil's mother, impressed by the roaring crowd, which had somehow discovered that the people with the president were Tarzan's folks, was flushed and radiant.

"Listen to them, mother!" Christine said. "They're cheering Phil—our little Phil. You've got to admit, mother, he'll never have that many cheering him at Carnegie Hall."

A new flood of sensation burst.

Varsity 7—State 6.

"Did Phil do that too?"

Christine, wildly dancing, cried: "No, mother darling. That was my Cyril did that!" She defiantly answered her father's smile: "Yes, dad, *my Cyril*. You always wanted to have a big athlete in the family, didn't you?"

"It seems we always had one. Mother—Phil is leaving the game. You've nothing to worry about now, darling girl, and I hope you never have to worry again."

She squeezed his hand. "No, Michael; I was wrong. I can see now what it means to you and to him."

Christine interrupted: "Listen, dad—they're cheering Phil."

Michael Scott stood with bared head as the great crowd roared out a major locomotive with an S-C-O-T-T on the end of it. He stood at attention as if he had received a decoration from a crown.

Tears crowded behind his glasses, fell on his face. He was unashamed. He was proud. It was just a little thing, but he had lived his life wanting it—and his little son had given it to him.

The voice of the cheer leader and Christine's poke in the ribs aroused him:

"Michael Scott, composer of the Victory March and *father of Tarzan Scott*, is in the president's box. Will you please come down, Michael Scott, and lead the band?"

It was an humble celebrity who stepped slowly down through the crowd. The game was proceeding to its desultory finish. Varsity had only to hold—and varsity was holding.

In the president's box three women stood.

"Mother," Christine exploded, "isn't this a day for the Scott family? Agnes, you little bum, aren't you proud of him? I'm almost nuts."

But her mother was not watching Michael Scott in the proudest moment of his life. She was watching the small slight body of her son as he was helped from the field.

"His arm," she whispered to Agnes—"his right arm. Nerves dulled, muscles stiff, the end of his music—just as I've seen it in my dreams."

The heart of little Agnes fluttered gladly. No more football, no more music.

Now her little man could do what *he* wanted.

THE END

PERK-UPS

by JACQUELINE LARK

1. This game is based on HOMONYMS, which are words having the same sound but different in spelling and meaning.

2. 1A and 1B are a set of HOMONYMS. 2A and 2B are another, etc.

3. To score yourself, check a PERK-UP each time you get a HOMONYM and a CAST-DOWN each time you are stumped.

Katy, our 1A . . . . . . of all work, would 2A . . . . . . us just when we were expecting a distinguished 3A . . . . , a well known hunter and sportsman. John, my husband, being an author, was to 4A . . . . his many experiences as a 5A . . . . . . for a magazine.

John had left very early for the station to 6A . . . . our 3A . . . . . . and take him to the club first for some golf. 4B . . . . . . now they were probably on the ninth 7A . . . . . .

I had tried to 8A . . . . . . myself into a housewife, but the 9A . . . . . . of cook never did suit me. However, I knew the men would be home soon for a late breakfast, and I did well enough with some 10A . . . . . . , 5B . . . . . . , 7B . . . . . . , and a toasted 9B . . . . . . apiece.

I liked our 3A . . . . . . right away and I told him my plight. To my amazement he replied, "Lady, I was the finest cook in the army in the World War. From now on you 11A . . . . . . have no worry unless the pots and pans have 12A . . . . . ."

He actually meant it. He'd tell John his many stories in the kitchen while he would beat eggs and 11B . . . . . . the 13A . . . . . . to make corn 14A . . . . . . For lunch he 1B . . . . . . the grandest salad of chopped carrots, 15A . . . . . . , and 12B . . . . . . His 2B . . . . . . was a chocolate 16A . . . . . . in a 8B . . . . . . that would have done credit to a French chef.

At dinner when John tasted the 17A . . . . . . he said, "This 15B . . . . . . any 6B . . . . . . I've ever had. You're wasting your time shooting poor innocent 18A . . . . . . and 16B . . . . . . , and think of the sad little 13B . . . . . . you leave without a mate!"

"Well," our new cook replied, "I was born and 14B . . . . . . in the West and was weaned on gunpowder and I'll 17B . . . . . . all that is 18B . . . . . . to me that it's not cruel to hunt. To me it is much worse to cook a good 19A . . . . . . of beef badly."

John laughed and said that he 3B . . . . . . any one who 10B . . . . . . himself in books all his life couldn't understand that philosophy, but for 19B . . . . . . sake and because his stomach ruled his heart he would let it go at that.

THE ANSWER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

Follow Through!

Not Only in Golf: in ALL the Sports It's the Key to Success—Here Are Some Who Have Proved It

by DICK WILLIAMS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

FOLLOW through! Follow through!

It's the shibboleth of sport, the war cry of the champion, the slogan of the successful!

You think of " Follow through " as a golf maxim. You watch the professional standing before a novice, and hear him snapping, " Follow through—follow through! " and the precept identifies itself with his game.

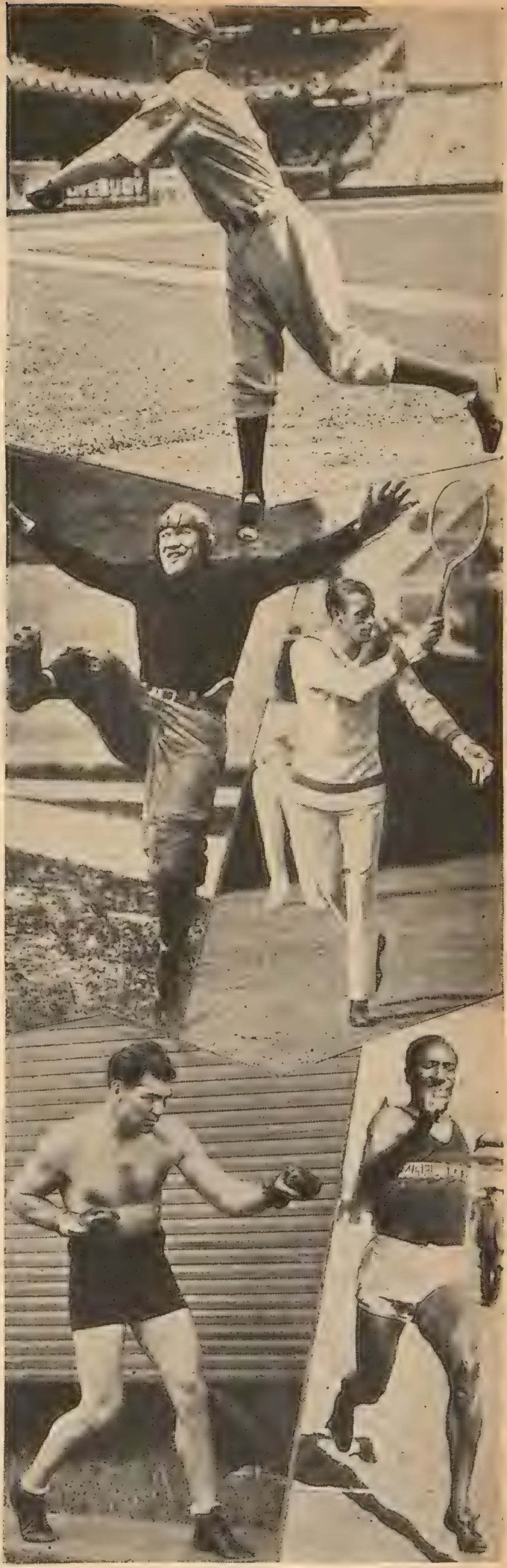
Wrong! A baseball coach says, " Hit it out in front of you." A football-kicking instructor tells you to " Throw your foot at the moon." In tennis you're advised to " Cut yourself a slice of climate." In boxing it's " Let him have your shoulder too." In rowing, " Give us a long puddle—a long puddle."

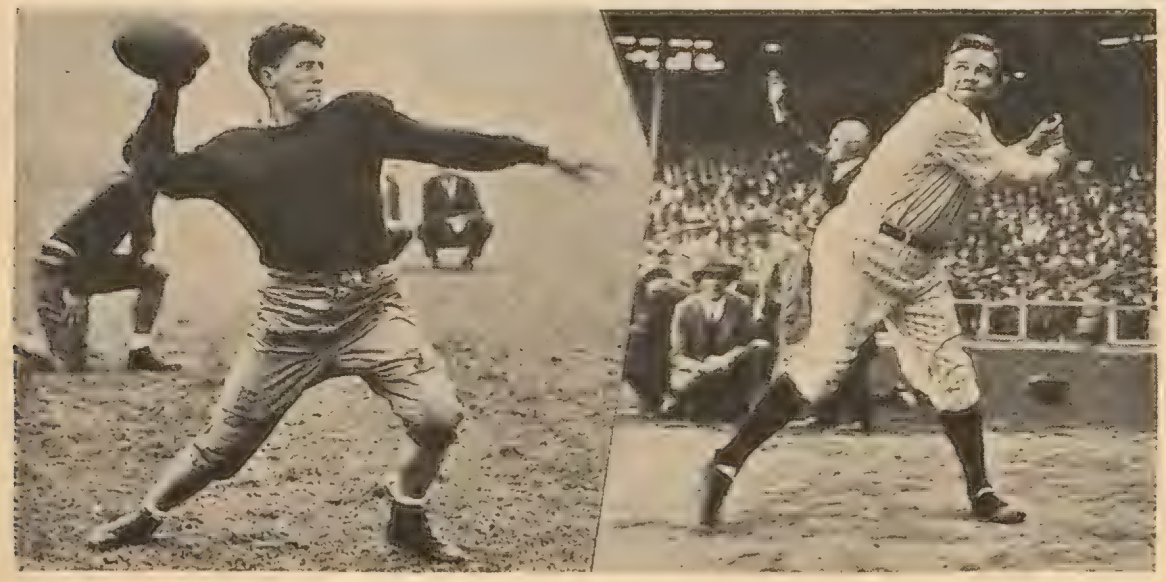
It's all the same. They all mean " Follow through "—get every last ounce of power and sweep and rhythm into what you're doing and keep it there until the ultimate atom is spent. They even cry for it in horse racing when the jockey swings his body forward in conjunction with the horse's lunge. He, too, must follow through.

Watch a baseball manager in spring training. He eyes a recruit slapping at a pitched ball. The rookie meets the ball—and it pops into a voluntary outfielder's hand or dribbles along the ground. The manager barks:

" Hit it out in front—hit it out in front! " He means for the recruit to throw the bat out to the full length of his arms. He means for him to sweep it into the ball, to turn his shoulders into the swing, to push with his back foot, to carry the bat through so that if it misses the ball it will sweep on around behind him. He means, follow through!

Look at a photograph of Jim Thorpe kicking a football. His legs are doing their best to be clock hands pointing to six o'clock. His arms are spread at full stretch. His kicking foot points skyward. He hasn't kicked the ball straight up. Mr. Thorpe didn't do that. It has left





"Run down the line of sports. It's all the same"—champs follow through! Top: Slim, scrawny Lefty Gomez; this follow-through of his explains his speed. Below: Jim Thorpe kicking—his toe pointing skyward—and gaunt Bill Tilden driving. Bottom: Jack Dempsey, who "threw everything with his glove in front of it," and Ralph Metcalfe in a follow-through stride. Left: The Babe, who has the longest batting follow-through in baseball, and Albie Booth, who followed through in both passing and carrying the ball.

his foot about hip-high—but he has followed through!

Babe Ruth has the longest follow-through in baseball. He uses that same follow-through naturally in golf. Ty Cobb's lifetime batting average is higher than Ruth's, but he choked his bat and he didn't hit 150 home runs in his big-league career. He chopped—didn't follow through.

The huge men are not always the long hitters of baseball. Neither are they the fast ball pitchers. "Baby Doll" Jacobson was a colossal Scandinavian, six feet four, with shoulders that spread out like the back of a yellow cab. Yet never was he a long hitter. He didn't follow through, either.

Playing alongside him on the St. Louis Browns during the zenith of Jacobson's career was a little Irishman, stoop-shouldered and slight, named Johnny Tobin. He looked as if one of Walter Johnson's fast balls would knock a bat right out of his hands. Yet he was a longer hitter than Jacobson, outdoing his giant colleague in extra bases and in home runs and doubles year in and year out. He followed through.

One of the fastest pitchers in baseball today is a slim, scrawny-necked, thin-legged ibex of a man named Vernon (Lefty) Gomez. He pitches for the New York Yankees, and ball players tell you he's consistently as fast as Lefty Grove. Yet he's never started a season weighing more than 155 pounds, and he's six feet tall and has arms like an Armenian refugee's.

The answer? Simple. When he pitches, his arm sweeps back, then up and over in an eight- or nine-foot arc. After he snaps his wrist out to release the ball, his long fingers almost rake up the diamond in front of him. Follow-through? Four or five feet of it!

Herbert Pennock, a delicate, frail man, no heavier and as thin as Gomez, won fourteen to twenty games a year in the American League for twenty years. He was one of the great left-handers of all time. A curve-ball pitcher nominally, he had a fast one to fall back on when he needed it.

His follow-through? Gomez learned his technique from Pennock, the master.

Back in the fall of 1929 a great Army football team invaded the Yale Bowl primed to shellac the Elis. Yale looked hopeless that year, with Caldwell and Fishwick and Webster and Garvey and those stars gone. Army had Sprague and Perry and Carlmark and Johnny Murrell and the great Red Cagle—a big, smart, powerful team.

The game was almost a quarter over when a sockless little runt popped up from the Yale bench. He couldn't have been more than five feet six or seven, and he weighed 140 pounds when he danced up and down on the scales. He sprinted out on to the field—and within ten minutes Yale had two touchdowns. The midget had run back a kick-off for one of them and had twisted through the great Army team for a fifty-eight-yard sprint to the second. Then, to top it off, he cut, hammered, twisted fifteen, ten, twenty yards at a time until he got a third.

Albie Booth had arrived as a football immortal. This tiny mite had literally run over that great Army team.

I WENT down to the Army dressing room after the game and waited outside. I cornered the Army players one by one. They all had the same answer—"I'd just as soon be hit by one hundred and forty pounds of solid steel thrown out of a catapult as by that little runt. He doesn't run around you or past you or over you—he just naturally runs right through you."

How and why? Because he had the most exaggerated follow-through in football. He ran with his power so much thrown ahead of him, with his drive so firmly under him, that he often dragged one or two or even three 200-pound tacklers five or six or ten yards.

Probably the greatest sprinter of all time is running today. Ralph Metcalfe has set records that may stand for years. When he entered Marquette University four years ago, he was a pull runner: he threw his giant legs out in front of him and pulled himself along. Connie Jennings, his coach, taught him to drive his stride, to give it that last final sweeping kick before his lead foot struck the ground to begin the next pull.

He taught him that kick to improve his starting. From a bad starter Metcalfe developed into a bullet off the mark. He is a huge Negro with barrel chest and giant thighs, and he's a greater sprinter than Tolan, Drew, Craig, Abrahams, and all the others of history—because he learned to follow through.

Football coaches have for years called Lou Little the finest line coach in the country. He has one creed, one code that he adheres to in all his line coaching, and that is "Follow through!"

He teaches his linesmen a sprinter's start. He teaches them to follow this sprinter's start through. Then he squats them close to the ground, with their legs well under them, and tells them to use their sprinting starts to come up under their opponents and drive ahead. "Follow through!" he shouts. "Follow through until you see fresh air!"

"There's only one place I tell my tackles and guards to play," he says, "and that's in the other fellow's backfield. To get there they have to follow through."

One of the greatest of punters was Harry Kipke. He probably hasn't had a peer. He was five feet eight and weighed 160 pounds. Yet he won championship after championship for Michigan by his kicking alone. Walter Eckersall, even smaller, did the same thing at Chicago. They knew how to follow through and did.

TWO of the gauntest, least powerful-looking men in sports are Bill Tilden and Ellsworth Vines. Of a piece with them, except that he was much shorter and even more wizened, was Little Bill Johnston. Yet these are the three hardest hitters, not even excepting Red McLoughlin, that tennis has produced.

Watch Tilden some time when he drives. He cuts a circle with his racquet entirely around his six-feet-two-inch frame like Will Rogers twirling a lariat. The same goes for Vines and Johnston—they follow through.

When Jack Dempsey was at his peak, no man, save one, had ever hit harder. The one was Bob Fitzsimmons. When Bob shadow-boxed and shifted on the balls of his feet to whip his left hand into an imaginary solar plexus, he spun entirely around with the blow. He carried that follow-through into the ring, and when he drove it into Jim Corbett's middle in Carson City, reporters at ringside wrote that his entire fist seemed to disappear in Jim's abdomen, so terrific was the follow-through.

Dempsey, too, boxed on the balls of his feet so that the force of his punches would not be broken by a backward pull from his legs. He gave that final drive from his toes and rolled into the drive. "I don't just throw my glove at them," Dempsey explained. "No man's got enough in his wrist and forearm to knock out a well conditioned athlete. I just imagine I'm socking them with my shoulder—I throw everything, and the glove's in front of it."

That's follow-through, the basic principle of it.

Many used to wonder why Carnera couldn't punch. He has magnificent shoulders, tremendous stamina, immense hands, muscular well tapered forearms, legs shaped like a ballet dancer's for all their bulk and astounding speed. He moves his hands as fast as any fighter in the game. Yet he can't strike a punishing blow.

The answer is that he can't follow through. His muscles don't coördinate in the forward lunge of the great hitter. They bind him, making his shoulders stiff and immobile. They confine his swing to less than two thirds the arc of Dempsey's and Fitzsimmons's, although both were men weighing from 100 to 120 pounds less.

One of golf's longest hitters is little Leo Diegel. He gets unbelievable distance with his drives. He hits his irons a mile, as the boys say, yet he is small as athletes go. So are wispy Paul Runyan and slim Joe Turnesa and wiry spare-framed Johnny Farrell. So was lanky flat-chested skinny-armed Phillips Finlay. Yet Finlay once almost bluffed his way to a national amateur championship purely on the devastating length of his tee shots and his fairway woods and long irons. He probably was, consistently, the longest driver golf has produced, and Diegel, Turnesa, Runyan, and Farrell are little behind. Study their styles and you see five of the longest and smoothest follow-throughs in golf.

Poor Dick Glendon, may his soul rest in peace, was one of the most brilliant of all rowing coaches. When, years back, the Connibear system was developed, young Glendon was his father's assistant at Columbia. Hiram Connibear never had pulled a sweep in his life, but he knew the principle of the follow-through and decided that it should be applied effectively to rowing. He contended that the follow-through in rowing as then used was nothing more than a graceful gesture.

He began experimenting. He developed a stroke with less back reach. He transferred the emphasis from the first half of the stroke's arc to the last half. He discarded the long layback. He made his oarsmen catch quickly and then finish their pull in a semi-sitting position. His reason for this was simple. He maintained that an oarsman prone on his spine, looking upward at the blue heavens and seeing nothing of the finish of his pull, was useless.

He figured that by remaining in a half-sitting position the men could get a hard pull in that vital last two feet of the stroke. "Make that boat jump. Don't slide it," he preached. "To do that you've got to be up where you can get power into that last final thrust. Make those blades come out of the water with a leap."

THE Connibear crews came to Poughkeepsie and swept the Hudson. The Connibear follow-through had clicked.

Connibear died and Leader succeeded him. Then Leader moved to Yale. He discarded the preposterous Nichols loose-lock system and installed the Connibear quick-catch and follow-through. Yale began to prosper. The Eli crews became the finest ever.

The Glendons, father and son, shuddered at this iconoclastic technique, lacking as it did the grace and rhythm of the older English schools. But the day came when they altered their style enough to shift the greatest application of power to the follow-through, without giving up the long lay-back, and promptly boated a crew that made a show of the Poughkeepsie regatta.

It was one with the Washington eight of Ulbrickson's heyday, the California mammoths of 1929, and Leader's master eights at Yale.

Run down the line of all sports. Tommy Hitchcock, 169 pounds, and Lewis Lacey, five feet seven and 145 pounds, hit a polo ball farther than the towering Boeseke or the gargantuan Andrada or the huge Guinness.

The man who put more "fast" on a passed basketball than any other in the game's history was Nat Holman, 140 pounds of wiry rhythm. His nearest rival was five-foot-five-inch, 128-pound Barney Sedran.

The greatest weight man of all time— Ah, here is the clincher! He was Bud Houser. He won Olympic titles, taking both the discus and shot-put titles in 1924. He established records that only superior teaching and superior equipment plus weight advantages of from 70 to 100 pounds could beat—and he weighed, at the peak of his career, no more than 174 pounds, standing five feet nine inches.

He was the first among the weight throwers to discover and apply the theory of the follow-through.

Giants have come along since—the 240-pound Sexton, the six-foot-seven-inch Jessup, the 280-pound Torrance —to break his records, but they benefited by what he discovered and taught them—to apply the follow-through.

Call it what you will—hitting 'em out in front, cutting a slice of climate, throwing your foot at the moon, socking 'em with your shoulder, dipping a long puddle—it's the same in the end, the eternal shibboleth of the mighty and the despair of the inept—"Follow through!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—A necrology is what?

2—Is the name "Junior" properly applied only to a boy with exactly the same given names as the elder living person for whom he is named?

3—What is profane literature?

4—Who said "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath"?

5—The opening of a vein as a remedial measure is called what?

6—What is the total land area of Canada?

7—How did the breed of St. Bernard dogs get its name?

8—Who was Prime Minister of Canada during the World War?

9—What is the meaning of *Pax vobiscum?*

10—What two well known Canadian doctors also won wide recognition as poets?

11—What state was admitted to the Union only on condition that a custom of the state was abandoned?

12—Where is the grave of Dr. David Livingstone, the celebrated missionary and explorer?

13—Astereognosis is what?

14—Is goldenrod a wild flower or a weed?

15—What is a mirage?

16—When and where was the first lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows organized in the United States?

17—When was the Boer War fought?

18—What is the origin of the abbreviation "lb." for pound (weight)?

19—Who said "An honest man's the noblest work of God"?

20—When was Thanksgiving Day first observed, and is it a holiday in all states?

(Answers will be found on page 48)

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Says SENATOR HUEY P. LONG

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

"NOBODY knows the troubles I've had," runs the refrain of an old song.

It's no experience to me to lose every cent I had.

As far back as 1921, when I was Public Service commissioner, the Louisiana House brought impeachment proceedings against me. I stood trials in courts on four indictments. When I was governor, impeachment was tried again.

Two United States Senate Committees investigated my right to a Senate seat, and twice my delegations and my own seat in my party's national conventions were contested in knockdown and drag-out battles.

I've had the patronage belonging to a Senator and a National Committeeman taken from me, and I've had unsavory appointments in my own state jammed down my throat. I've been sued for half a million for saying what I thought about a man—I've had other encounters galore. I've been forced into controversies with those who had opportunities for college education which I did not have; I've been up to my neck in slanderous attacks over virtually every constructive act in my political life.

In Hollywood language, it would seem that I've seen a good part of the dog house—fired at from all sides. But—

Those aren't troubles. They're not even annoyances. Say they are like the fleas on a dog's back, if you want to; those fleas have a use: they keep the dog awake.

Back about 1921 I walked along Broadway in New York, down in the mouth because the powerful oil companies had just clamped down and through their octopus tentacles wiped out all value of oil wells and productive oil land in which I was heavily interested.

It meant that I was broke.

I dropped into a musical comedy at the 44th Street Theater, and a high-stepping chorus broke into a song:

> "If your troubles were double,
> They would still be a bubble."

I don't know who wrote that song, but I owe a lot to him. I came out of that theater happy. Why, all I had lost was my money! That jingle has popped into my head many times since. Take troubles away, and some of us would pine to death; double them, and if we are right we are happy.

I guess the first major trouble I ever had was way back in a court case where a little five-footer on the witness stand got me in a rage by shaking his finger under my nose. Well, I thought, angrily surveying this low-ceiling stripling, here's one trouble that can be ended pretty quickly! So I took a pass at him.

That was the last pass I took at any one that day or for some days to come. I decided to let that trouble be for a while, for I knew there was no sense in pulling the baby act after I had roared like a lion! If you stick your neck out you might as well expect some one to try to twist it.

Now the effort to impeach me as Public Service commissioner. It occurred to me to say to those fellows who were shouting so much that I'd resign if the other two commissioners resigned, and we'd all three go before the people. That ended that for the time being.

But the then governor of our state brought me to trial on two indictments. The judge fined me one dollar and started a collection from his own pocket which lawyers completed to pay the fine. I can't call that affair more than a bubble, for as a result a few months later I became chairman, instead of merely a member, of the Public Service Commission.

Eight years later, when I was governor, I ran into my worst real battle with the New Orleans Ring—the politicians who tried to beat me, then to stop my legislative program, and then to impeach me. The House voted for Senate trial on some of the charges. I suppose that would be called a trouble—but it wasn't. The Senate declined to try me and the people of Louisiana elected me to the United States Senate.

Then came the nomination, subject to Senate confirmation, of D. D. Moore of New Orleans as internal revenue collector for Louisiana. Moore was one of my political enemies, and as I started my fight against his confirmation a new attack on me was turned loose back home.

I guess it would be foolish to say I didn't think this double-barreled situation of them fighting me in Louisiana and Washington this year at the same time was a bit bothersome. To add to it all, the New Orleans Ring had managed to elect its city ticket. I guess there were a hundred editorials around the country pronouncing my obituary.

I won't go into the fight over the Moore nomination. But Moore was never confirmed.

As for the state legislature, it put through most of the program we backed and did not pass any bills opposed by us. Three times we mustered one more than the necessary two-thirds vote to pass constitutional amendments.

Only once in my political career have I had newspaper support. When I ran for governor in 1928 the smallest New Orleans daily and a Shreveport daily of the same ownership supported me. But suddenly I found that with that support came the support of a man who was bound to make enemies for me, and that caused plenty of trouble.

As a candidate for the United States Senate, I was opposed by every newspaper in my state. Throughout the state the press blared forth that I had announced I would finish my term as governor and not take my Senate seat for two years if elected.

Louisiana, the headlines shrieked, would not have representation in the United States Senate for two years. What a travesty! Well, I just pulled out some sound trucks and handbills and got on the radio and pointed out that, with the one we had there in Washington already, the state had had no real representation for thirty years and that another year or so wouldn't hurt. The people agreed and elected me overwhelmingly.

There have been a few trying times in the United States Senate on legislation—especially branch bank legislation. We took some lickings, you know, and we gave some. But we all got together on that, and the little fellows got a break at least.

Then at the last session came the Frazier-Lemke bill to scale down farm mortgages and let the farmer have a break. I tried to help Senator Frazier. The bill lost the first time we offered it as an amendment on a record vote. Later the Senate passed it almost unanimously. It went through the House and was revised in conference between the two legislative branches.

DOG HOUSE

The Senator. "I can't go to hell—it wouldn't be a place my enemies would want to kick me out of!"

Then came what was expected to be the final day of the Seventy-third Congress, and that conference report failed to show up for Senate ratification. It had left the House but in many hours had failed to travel six hundred feet to the Senate. We were suspicious. We kept calling for the report, and all I could get was that it was "lost." There wasn't much time, but finally they dug it up, had it approved by the House, and we put it through the Senate. The President made it law with his signature.

Well, it seemed that some of the things that the people gave me the right to have might have been mine for a while without so much hurally [hurrahing]—but it has not turned out that way.

Now let's see. Of course I have no chance being President—what will be the next thing they will want to throw me out of? Surely I cannot escape trouble in the future; I am bound to have that. I can't go to hell, because that wouldn't be the kind of place my enemies would want to kick me out of! I wonder what they will tell on me that St. Peter hasn't found out already.

I am sure to tell him about the free schoolbooks that I gave the school children. I will tell him about increasing the capacity of the charity hospital and the insane asylums; how I reduced the death rate. I will tell him about paved highways and free bridges I built over the bayous, lakes, and rivers, including the Mississippi River. I will tell him about how we raised the standard of the State University; trebled its enrollment; how we eradicated illiteracy; about the pretty new Capitol that we have on the banks of the Mississippi River; the medical school that I founded.

I have my speech all ready for the next trouble that comes up.

THE END

Dangerous

A MYSTER

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

by WALTON GREEN

Author of Little Solly, Corsair, etc.

AFTER some years as a clever international thief, the "Baroness" Sophy Koloff, a beautiful blonde, determines to go straight. She turns down John Hawks's proposal that she employ her charms in winning a rich oil concession from the fatuous president of a "banana republic." Also she refuses Police Captain Felix Durgin's offer to join a mob of diamond smugglers. To help her land honest work, Hawks's wife, Alison, who admires Sophy, takes her to a house party at the Washington home of Susan Budlong, a rich widow with beautiful twin daughters and an avid taste for Bohemianism.

Charles "Chub" Hopping, who loves the "baroness" even though he knows her past, is there; also Arthur Merriman, United States Commissioner of Narcotics. From the latter Alison gets a promise of secret-service work for Sophy.

Two months later the "baroness" and a French maid, Marie, are aboard the liner Sonomic, bound for New York. They have spotted a vast store of narcotics in a cabin occupied by John "Lefty" Collins and Joseph "Gooseneck" Stevens, and are trying to learn how the smugglers plan to land their contraband. Also Sophy is interested in Count Alexis Laszlo, traveling in the suite of Prince de Musat. Smitten by Sophy, the count shows her the famous Jildac Rose diamond necklace, an heirloom which the Prince hopes to sell in America. However, she learns that the real necklace is in the ship's strongroom, and wonders what Laszlo plans to do with the phony. As the boat nears New York, she sees the dope dropped from one of the mail planes catapulted from the deck, and radios a tip-off to Commissioner Merriman. Then she prepares for the landing, where Alison and Chub await her.

PART THREE—THE BROCADED PANEL

SLOWLY the great Sonomic crept in alongside her berth and was docked, and its passengers crowded down the gangways, laughing and calling to their friends.

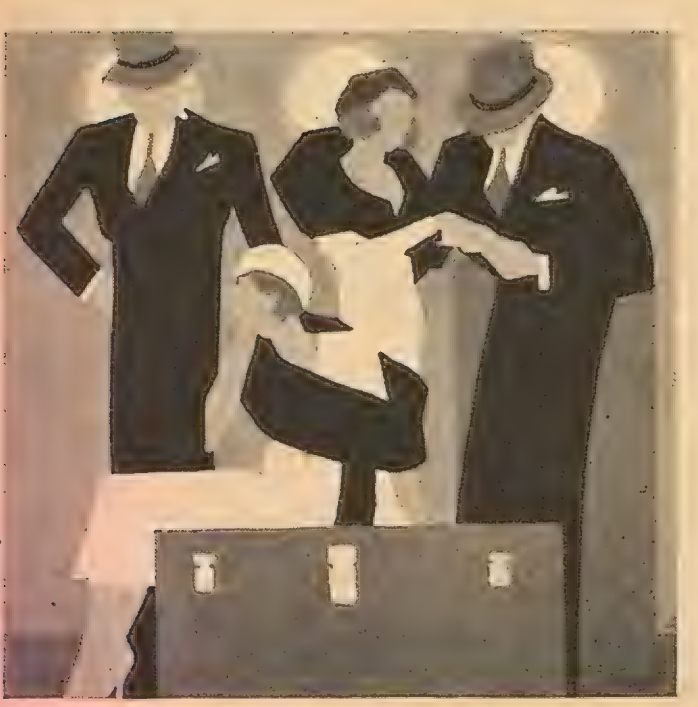
In section K of the pier shed the Baroness Koloff sat on one of her trunks and awaited her turn with the customs officials. Alison Hawks stood beside her, talking. Marie, the maid, waited quietly and watched curiously. Chub Hopping wandered up mournfully. Count Laszlo joined the group, and insinuated himself into the reunion.

Finally a customs officer, armed with Sophy's declaration, began to poke perfunctorily through her things—sticking on the small grayish clearance stamps as he finished with each piece. The big wardrobe trunk he was scarcely bothering with at all. A drawer stuck, he yanked vigorously, and it came out full depth. With a slightly narrowing and practiced eye he measured the depth of the drawer and the depth of the trunk.

He thrust his hand in to the back of the drawer and withdrew a rectangular board forming a false back. Again his hand went in and pulled out a fistful of flat paper containers elastic-banded into packages of twenty.

The backs of the other three drawers yielded the same

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



James Montgomery Flagg

Woman

NOVEL OF A BLONDE TERROR

result. There was enough cocaine in the trunk to supply the addicts of a small-sized city. At no time did either the uniformed examiner or watching Treasury special agents pay much attention to Koloff. Nor she to them. She seemed very aloof. Since the first drawer had come out she had not spoken—had not looked at Alison or Hopping. Nor had they spoken to her. They merely stared.

Only the count gave tongue. With a wholly different demeanor—of pleasure touched with triumph—he leaned over her where she sat.

"So, my girl! Baroness Koloff indeed! Rippin', I call it, really rippin'."

The examiner closed and locked the wardrobe trunk. One of the special agents took Sophy by the elbow, carelessly and almost kindly.

"All right, sis; we'll take a run down to the office."

Koloff was put into a large closed car. Lefty Collins and Gooseneck Stevens were already inside with two guards. They had been arrested in their stateroom at Quarantine. Not by so much as a lift of the eyebrow did either Collins or Stevens show surprise at the presence of the baroness. But Sophy felt herself to be instantly reincorporated into the subtle atmosphere of the underworld.

Alison and Hopping had followed in a taxi behind. Hopping was rather quiet but gave no other indication.

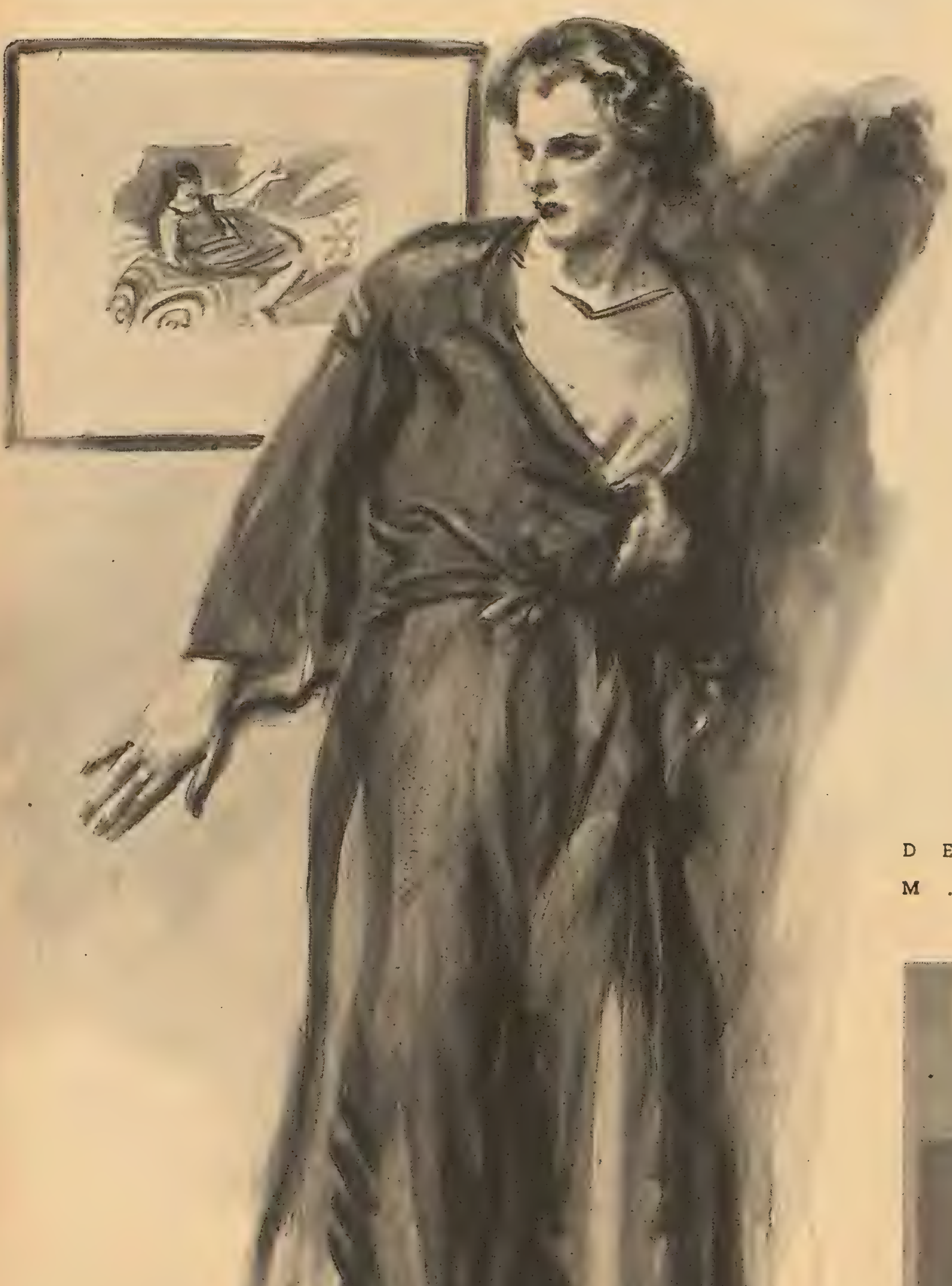
"Doesn't look very pleasant, does it, Chub?" Alison was laconic as she lighted a cigarette.

"Once a thief, always a thief," said Hopping tonelessly.

"Well—what of it?"

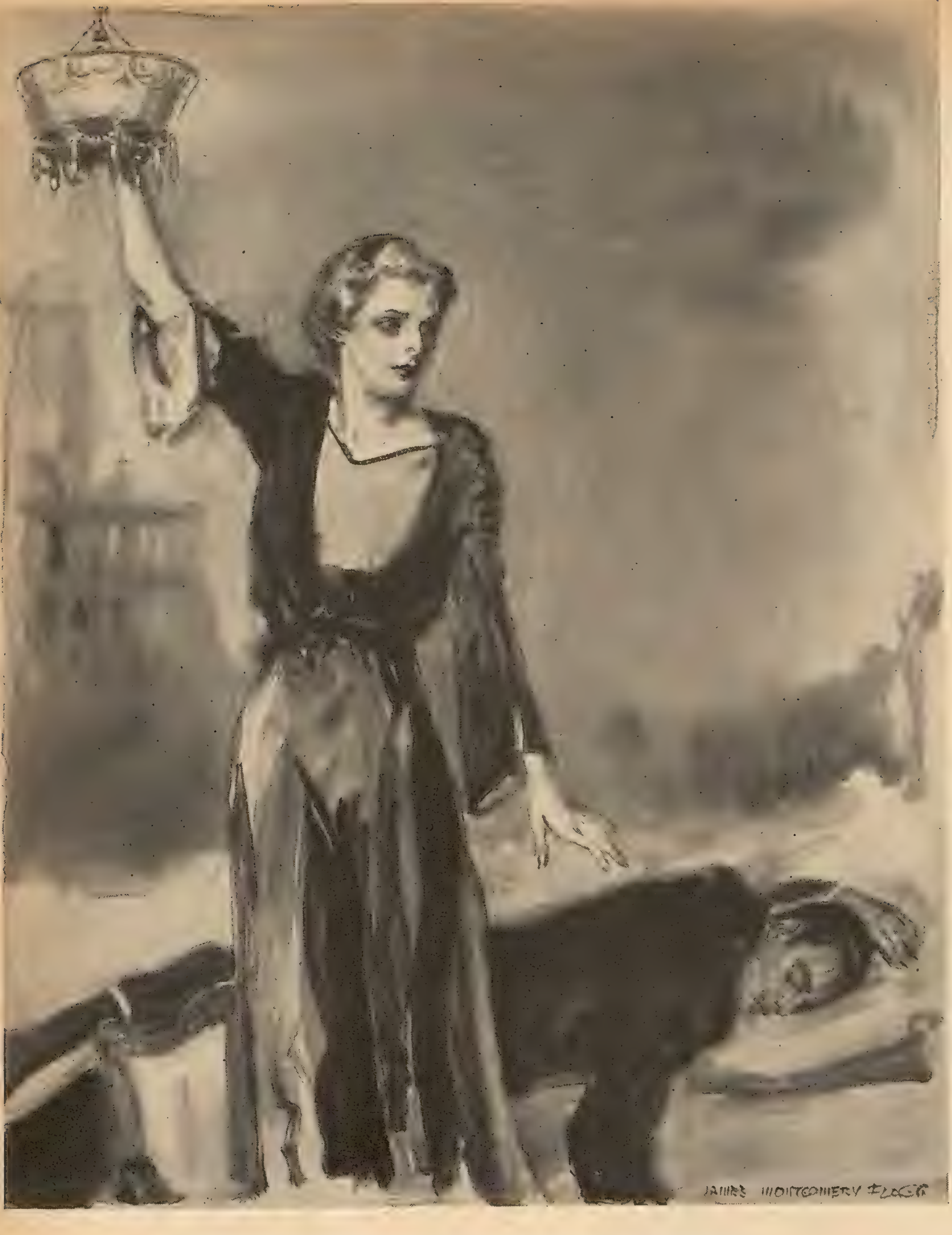
"Oh, nothing, I suppose. Only she told me she was going straight. Said she was sick of the old life—that being with all of us had changed her point of view and everything. And now—to turn into a common dope-runner!"

"I suppose it means Atlanta for her."



Hopping saw her and passed her without a word.

DECORATIONS BY M. E. SHERWOOD



Without the slightest haste she exchanged the necklaces.

"Prison? Not if I can help it!" snapped Hopping.

"What can you do?"

"I don't know. Get her out on bail somehow, I suppose. Then find some big crook lawyer."

"That will take money, Chub."

"Yes."

"And you're flat, aren't you?"

"Absolutely. But I'll make that sanctimonious highbinder husband of yours cough up, if I have to stick him up with a gun at his own beastly desk. I'll—"

Alison was smiling to herself. She laid her hand gently on Hopping's knee.

"Go to it, Chub. But don't forget she's a thief."

"Thief my grandmother! She's an old side kick of all of us, and it's up to us to stick around."

Now a word as to Marie, the maid. While Koloff's luggage was being examined Marie had carefully relocked each piece as it was finished with, as an attentive maid should. If a quick look of amused satisfaction flashed between mistress and maid when Marie finally handed over the bunch of keys, it passed unnoticed by the officers. Unnoticed herself, Marie watched the others leave the big shed. Then she cleared her own baggage—two very French-made valises—and sought a taxi.

Ten minutes later she was in the downtown offices of the French Line, talking French very volubly and insistently to no less a personage than the resident manager himself. One look at Marie's secret service credentials galvanized that gentleman to a frenzy of Franco-American efficiency. In scarcely more than another ten minutes Marie was in another taxi on her way back to the water front—but this time to the pier alongside of which lay the Ile de France. The steamer was blowing her deep-throated "All ashore!" and the dock hands were casting off the bitt-head lashings of the last gangplank as Marie tripped demurely up to the main deck.

An hour later Marie sat in a steamer chair reading one of madame's yellow-backed novels. The Statue of Liberty was fading back into the smoke-gray mist of lower Manhattan.

MEANWHILE Hopping had repaired to the Dunderhead Club. He went to his room and put in a Washington call. Shortly he had Assistant Secretary Lincoln of the Treasury Department on the wire.

"Listen, Ted. This is Chub Hopping. I want to get a lady out of jail. . . . What's that? . . . No, I'm not being funny. Dammit, listen. This is a friend of ours—of Alison and Johnny Hawks's. Name of Koloff—Baroness Sophy Koloff. . . . Yes, really. . . . What's she in for? Oh, smuggling narcotics, I guess. . . . When was it? Just this morning—came in on the Sonomic. . . . What's that? . . . No, I don't want to go to Merriman. . . . Good reasons—can't tell you on the phone. . . . What's that? . . . You can't do anything over his head? Why not? . . . Oh—I see. Yes—I wish you would talk to him. . . . Yeah, I'll hold the line."

After five minutes' wait Hopping again heard the voice of Assistant Secretary Lincoln. Lincoln's tone had lost its banter and he sounded quite friendly and willing to be helpful. But Chub would of course understand that in these matters it would not do for the department to be even remotely connected. From what Commissioner of Narcotics Merriman had said, he, Lincoln, was willing to put the following flea into his old friend Hopping's ear. Let Hopping retain Harry Love of the firm of Levy, Murphy, Love & Levy. There wasn't a smarter criminal lawyer in New York—especially in prohibition and narcotics. Love represented all the big shots, including the Trubert mob and Big John O'Toole's crowd. And so forth and so on. Hopping hung up.

Mr. Love proved to be a soft-mannered and engaging person in early middle age. He seemed to know all about Koloff's detention already.

"I've just been seeing a couple of clients up at the Detention House," he purred pleasantly. "They also got in trouble coming in on the Sonomic this morning. I heard about the baroness while I was up there. I think we can get her out on ten thousand. This is the first thing they've got against her, you say?"

"I think so," said Chub.

"Yes, probably around ten thousand. And my fee will be—ah—three thousand—er—cash."

"Oh," said Chub.

"I'll run up again and have a talk with the lady right now, Mr. Hopping. In the meantime you can arrange for bail. Unless you want me to get a professional bondsman? In that case the cost—"

Hopping broke in hurriedly:

"I'll have a try first."

"Very good. Hearing will be at ten in the morning, Customs Court, 201 Varick. I'll see you then."

Hopping left the lawyer's office and walked slowly down Broadway. He was trying to keep his mind fixed on the paramount necessity of getting Sophy out of jail. All the other implications of her position—except for what he had said to Alison in the taxi—he was pushing resolutely out of his immediate consciousness. He feared the bitterness that would come with afterthought. He was mentally weary and washed out. The only way he could carry on would be to disregard the past and the future, to meet the emergency at hand, to keep his mind only on the moment. Like a surgeon removing a cancer, who abates no jot or tittle of his operating skill, though he knows he is but postponing his patient's death.

Chub went to Hawks's office.

"Listen, John," he said. "I've got to have thirteen thousand dollars first thing in the morning. Can you let me have it?"

THERE was an appreciable pause—while the banker instinct came into play.

"What do you want it for, Chub?" Hawks asked finally.

"Why—er—Sophy Koloff—smuggling charge. For bail and lawyers."

"Y-e-s. I suppose so. When and where have you got to have it?"

"Nine thirty tomorrow. Customs Court, 201 Varick. Currency, please, John. And have the messenger deliver it to me personally."

"All right, Chub. But you guarantee that my name won't appear in this at any time—understand?"

Chub smiled, cynically but relievedly.

"Sure, John. I've covered up enough of your dirty work—and I'll be delighted to keep dark anything decent you do."

"Go to hell, you old buzzard!" Hawks's laugh was hearty but humorless.

In the morning, in Customs Court, Stevens and Collins were remanded to jail in default of the fifty thousand bail which a narcotic-hating and politically independent federal judge slapped on them. Sophy was turned out on her ten. As she left the courtroom she exchanged glances with the O'Toole henchmen.

Hopping joined her at the door. They went down in the elevator together. Sophy did not look at him until they reached the street.

"THIS lawyer bird says you retained him—and you scared up the bail," she said constrainedly.

"John Hawks's money."

"Oh! Well, I'm certainly obliged to you both. But I wish you hadn't bothered."

Hopping's next remark was nonresponsive:

"What are you going to do now, Sophy?"

"Me? I'm going to lunch with Count Laszlo and the Prince de Musat. Alison—Mrs. Hawks—is coming too. And tomorrow all four of us are going to Washington."

"Laszlo was over here two years ago. He's a bad un, you know."

"Sure I know."

"Oh. I thought perhaps you didn't. You don't seem— Look here, Sophy. You're not going back to the old stuff, are you? My God! I—"

"What do you think, Hopping?"

"What do I think? I can't think. All I know is you were caught running in a ton of dope—the one thing above everything else that you used to have the greatest contempt for."

"I suppose it never occurred to you that it might have been planted on me? That I might be framed on the whole job?"

"With that trunk? Your own trunk! No, Sophy; it never occurred to me."

"All right, Hopping. We'll have to let it lay on the number, I expect." There was a flat hardness to her tone. "Well—good-by. I'm taking the subway here."

Hopping stopped short at the entrance to the subway kiosk. He looked pale and troubled.

"I'm going South too, Sophy. Richmond today. But I may be back in Washington day after tomorrow. I'd—I'd like to see you again soon. Are you stopping with Sue Budlong?"

"Yes. All four of us are."

"Oh! Well, I don't suppose it would be any use my going on the same train with you as far as Washington, would it?"

Sophy's voice was low and troubled now:

"I guess—I guess I'd rather you didn't, Hopping."

She turned and went down the subway stairs without looking back. . . .

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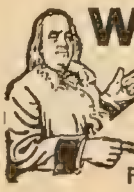
MIDOL



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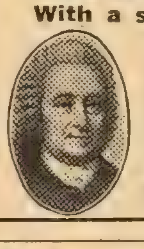

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There was no secret made about the mission of Laszlo and de Musat. In point of fact, and with a tactful disregard of tact that did credit to his appraisal of the widow Budlong's forthrightness, Laszlo had told her over the long-distance just whom he had in tow, and just why they were inviting themselves for the week-end. And Susan, quite aside from her genuine satisfaction at being accorded first chance at the celebrated Jildac, was quite ready to indulge her faintly snobbish leaning toward minor royalty and Old-World aristocracy.

There was no house party this week-end. Only the four who had come on from New York. And Hopping, who had wired from Richmond that he was arriving that evening.

It was a bright and sunny afternoon, with a feeling of summer in the air. Alison and Sophy were on the lawn, sitting in wicker long-chairs, each with a book. Count Laszlo and the prince had cornered Susan in the conservatory and were endeavoring, with the gentle indirection that is characteristic of the higher salesmanship, to close the deal.

"It's an awfully stiff price," Susan was saying, but without conviction.

"Ah—the price, madame!" De Musat waved this grandly aside. "When an object is unique in the world, price is what one will."

"Well, I wasn't really thinking about the price so much," Susan said quickly. "And I do want it. Supposing we take it down to Bolt's Monday morning. Mr. Bolt has advised me for years, and I've great confidence in his judgment. Of course your Paris and New York appraisals, especially Barthman's, are absolutely convincing. But you won't mind if I have my own jeweler look it over too, will you?"

The count looked a trifle nervous. The prince spoke—restraint tinged with hauteur.

"Am I to understand, madame, that we are to haggle over price with a tradesperson?"

Susan was contrite.

"Forgive me, prince. Oh dear, I *do* hate all this fuss. All right, I'll promise now to buy the thing at your—at the figure named if Mr. Bolt ratifies the other jewelers' opinions of its authenticity and all that."

Then they had tea.

At the other end of the terrace, Alison Hawks raised her eyes from her book and let them linger on the face of the woman in the chair beside her. An extraordinary face, she thought for the hundredth time. Untinged, untainted by the life Sophy had led. A really classic profile, serene in its containment and aristocratic in its reserve. An extraordinarily lovely woman.

Alison sighed. Sophy heard the sigh and looked up with her broad gray eyes. She smiled very slightly.

"I know what you're going to say, Alison, and I'm sort of sorry I told you what Hopping and I said in New York."

"LOOK here, Sophy. Why do you persist in tormenting Chub? Why do you keep him in the dark about your government job? Do you *want* him to think you're a dope-runner?"

"If he wants to believe it—yes."

"Don't you *know* he's in love with you?"

"A little, maybe."

"And that you're in love with him?"

Sophy did not answer. Alison took a cigarette, lighted it, and exhaled an angry shaft of smoke.

"You two make me sick—plain sick! You're about the highest grade pair I've run across in years. And yet you go standing each other off like a couple of statues in a melodrama—oh, you know what I mean. What are you trying to do? Make him prove that he loves you despite your life of crime and all that rot? Oh, I'm sorry I ever promised you to keep my mouth shut! Pretty soon I'll break that promise."

"Oh, no, you won't, Alison."

"Sophy *dear*. Why don't you come clean and marry the man and have done with it?"

Sophy Koloff closed her book and turned her face slowly toward the other woman.

"I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth. And why? Because I'm too damned fond of him."

"Love him, you mean."

"All right. Say I love him. I'm not ashamed of it. But I would be ashamed to marry him and have him ashamed of me. And that's what it would come to in the end. You can't cross class to class, Alison, and get away with it. You—"

"Class my grandmother! You've class enough for both."

"I don't mean social class, Alison, and you know it. I mean criminal class and straight class. I'm not afraid of what Chub would think of me. I'm afraid of what the world would think of Charles Hopping's wife—see? And what his and my kids would think of a mother that had been a crook."

"What are you going to do with him from now on?"

"The worse he thinks of me from now on the better for the both of us," said Sophy darkly.

COUNT ALEX, having finished his business and his tea, strolled over and proceeded to make himself unpleasantly agreeable. His fellow-conspirator attitude, quite altered from the respectful gallantry of his steamer advances, had by now become the frank pursuit of a sexually desirable woman. His courtesy had become no more than thinly veiled insolence.

This was old stuff to Koloff and she was eminently capable of handling it. She affected not to notice any change in his manner. She deliberately cultivated Laszlo—stood him off so skillfully and so provocatively that the man was soon eating out of her hand again. Sophy had a necklace on her mind just as much as had Laszlo.

That night Commissioner Merriman came to dinner. And after dinner, after the coffee and liqueurs, Sophy made her report to him. She felt herself so well authenticated in her disguise—her arrest and arraignment had supplied the finishing and convincing touches—that she was confident of gradually worming her way into the inner councils of some of the great international rings.

Merriman listened with guarded approval. Planting the dope on herself and getting arrested had been a swell idea—fitted in perfectly with her previous record. The United States attorney in New York had been tipped off not to press the case—up to the point of raising the suspicions of the lawyer Love. And on that score nothing could have been more fortuitous—should Love check back on the bail business—than that Hawks, as a former underworld character, should have come to her rescue.

Sophy then gave him a rapid summary of the happenings on the steamer. Merriman looked across the room to where Count Laszlo was making himself agreeable to Sue Budlong. He emitted a low whistle of awed appreciation but his childlike eyes were as blue and bland as ever.

"So you think our sprightly friend over there is a jewel robber?"

Sophy shrugged.

"I've told you what I know. Now, please, Mr. Merriman—can't I stay on it and make the case myself?"

Merriman smiled noncommittally.

"You haven't got anything but a hunch. No crime has been committed. You can't even prove that one is planned. You don't *know* there are two necklaces. But I suspect you're right, at that. So go ahead and follow your hunch."

It was later the same evening that Hopping turned up, arriving on a late train from Richmond. Sophy had avoided him—turning easily from Merriman to Laszlo and drawing the count on with a coquetry that was almost brazen. It seemed as if she wanted not only to repel and disgust Hopping but to hurt and lower herself in her own eyes.

But Koloff was waiting for a break—waiting for an hour when her hostess and the men would all be away from the house at the same time.

That hour did not arrive until Monday. In the middle of the morning on Monday, Susan drove into town with Laszlo and the prince, taking the Jildac with them to Bolt's. Hopping had gone off for a walk by himself. Alison and Sophy were on the upper terrace, reading the morning papers. As the car disappeared down the winding avenue of ancient locusts, Sophy dropped her paper and entered the house.

"Keep an eye on the gate down by the lodge, will you, Alison? If they come back before I do, run into the hall and whistle. I've got an hour's work."

Alison Hawks's eyes narrowed amusedly.

"Going through old Susan's jewel case, are you, darling?"

"Well—something of the sort," admitted Sophy with her restrained smile.

She went upstairs to her room. No servants were about, as the guest rooms had long since been made up. Satisfied on this point, Sophy proceeded to Laszlo's room, which she readily recognized by the crested ivory brushes on the dressing table. It gave off that of the prince, with a connecting bathroom between.

Koloff stood in the middle of the room and let herself stand and observe as she knew Laszlo must have stood and observed when he first entered the room.

Her glance finally came to rest on the chandelier which hung from the ceiling in the center of the room, a ten-inch bronze coronet in the shape of a fruit bowl.

Sophy regarded the chandelier broodingly. Then she carried a chair to a place under the chandelier, stood on it, reached into the bowl of the coronet, and removed a jewel case—taking care to note its exact position.

She opened it. So far as she could tell, it was the identical case and contained the identical necklace which she had seen on the Sonomic. And the Jildac Rose was at this moment down at Bolt's!

Sophy turned the case carefully in her hands. Some mark of identification Laszlo must have; otherwise he himself could not tell one necklace from the other. Finally she found it: a quarter-inch arrow-shaped cut in the cover—only to be discovered by drawing the fingers against the edges of the flap.

KOLOFF replaced the case with precision, and put the chair back by the bed. She then went to Mrs. Budlong's suite. It took her not thirty seconds to locate the wall safe, which was advertised rather than concealed by a thumb-marked panel in the brocaded wall. Sophy closed her eyes, spun the knob of the elementary combination lock, turned it slowly back, and satisfied herself that she could open it readily in the dark. Then she left the room and rejoined Alison Hawks on the terrace.

It was a very jolly luncheon when the others returned from Washington. The beauteous Budlong twins were there, since they frequently dropped in for luncheon at their own house. Susan was vaguely exhilarated by her necklace—wore it proudly to lunch, though it was scarcely a daytime piece. Every one admired it inordinately, even the sophisticated twins.

De Musat was charming—urbanely and restrainedly pleased with himself. The count was charming—not quite so urbane and more openly pleased with himself. He drank rather more than usual. Sophy let him pay court to her and saw to it that he continued to drink during the afternoon.

Only for an hour was he away from her side—an hour which he spent upstairs with Susan in her sitting room. And when he rejoined Sophy his face wore a flush of satisfaction that was not wholly attributable to alcohol. Sophy too felt a flush of satisfaction. For she knew that he had managed to exchange the necklaces.

IT was a merry party that evening, with much champagne.

Sophy's job lay ahead of her. When the party finally broke up for bed, even Susan—commonly the most abstemious of dowagers — was noticeably ready for sleep. Laszlo was quite drunk. Only the prince and Sophy—and Hopping in his misery—were wholly sober.

Sophy lay awake for two hours. That is a good average time for people, especially when they have been drinking, to sleep most heavily. Then she arose, pulled a silk wrapper over her pyjamas, and went noiselessly down the hall. She entered Mrs. Budlong's boudoir, proceeded to the wall panel, and opened the safe without difficulty. She took the paste necklace from its case, left the safe door and the panel ajar, and crept from the room with as perfect soundlessness as she had entered.

She slipped down the long hall and paused at Laszlo's door. He was snoring heavily.

She turned the knob, found the chair in the dark. Without the slightest haste she exchanged the necklaces. Then she left the room, carrying the real Jildac in the folds of her close-held wrapper.

She tiptoed back along the hallway, keeping close to the wall as before. As she gained the open space of the stair landing—dimly lighted from the main hallway below—she saw a figure coming slowly up the great stairs. It was Hopping.

Hopping saw her at the same moment. He pulled himself together and passed her without a word.

Sophy shivered. Then she crept back into Mrs. Budlong's room, put the Jildac in its case, closed the safe and the brocaded panel, and went softly and still resolutely to her own room.

And in the morning, at breakfast, the fat colored butler announced that Mr. Hopping had left by an early train.

So Chub Hopping has gone, carrying with him probably the sad conviction that Sophy, once a thief, is still a thief. Despite her love for him, that is as Sophy wished. But what of the suave and crafty Count Laszlo? Watch him in next week's installment when he discovers the switch in the necklaces and joins in another sinister plot.

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BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

HELL RIDERS

By the Author of *Hell Hounds* and *Hell Hounds at Bay*

It is the latest and without doubt the most thrilling adventure serial yet written by W. J. Blackledge.

It deals with the experiences of three deserters from the Foreign Legion who escaped to Irak and enlisted in the Irak Desert Patrol—that hard-bitten, rough, tough, fighting organization that polices one of the most turbulent, unsettled international boundaries in the world. If Hell Hounds and Hell Hounds at Bay thrilled you, do not miss Hell Riders beginning next week in

Liberty

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JAPANESE OIL

*** This advertisement was written by a registered physician.**

The Clue on the Pigskin

A Triumph for the Post Office Inspectors—How a Tiny Laundry Mark and a Little-Known Group of Man Hunters Solved Three Major Mail Robberies and Captured America's Most Desperate Criminal Gang

by HAROLD F. AMBROSE

Chief of the Information Service in the Office of the Postmaster-General

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Mr. Ambrose gives out all news stories having to do with Post Office Department matters. Has had this job since June, 1933; gave out the front-page story of Postmaster-General Farley's cancellation of air-mail contracts. Had been a newspaperman on the Boston Evening Transcript.

UNSUSPECTED by the general public, there is a group of men who specialize in the capture of the mail robbers who prey on the people of this country. The public may not know much about the United States Post Office inspector, but the underworld fears him as one of the most persistent and skilled detectives in the world. The nation is covered by a network of 540 Post Office inspectors, around whom has grown up a tradition as binding and illustrious as that of Canada's Northwest "Mounties" or England's Scotland Yard.

One of the most difficult and thrilling man hunts on record began with a "perfect crime"—no description of the mail robbers and no clues at the scene of the holdup—and was solved within seven months, leading to the arrest of the robbers, the breakup of Chicago's notorious Touhy gang, and the recovery of nearly a quarter of a million dollars of loot.

About six thirty in the evening of February 9, 1933, three gunmen scrambled up on to the loading platform at the rear of the main post office in Sacramento. Clerks hauling laden pouches to a waiting truck were covered with ugly automatics as the leader of the trio pawed through the United States mail sacks.

"Here they are!" he cried, and he swung three registered pouches bearing $233,411 in cash, bonds, coupons, and jewelry over his shoulder and quickly deposited them in a small inconspicuous sedan at the far end of the platform. Seconds later, firing a farewell shot of warning, the desperadoes disappeared.

A perfect job. Everything had gone like clockwork. But they had forgotten the United States Post Office inspector. Within a scant few minutes of the robbery the Inspector in Charge of the San Francisco Division had detailed three inspectors to the Sacramento holdup and the man hunt had begun.

Arriving at the Sacramento post office, they found not the slightest semblance of a clue. The loading-platform clerks agreed that there had been three men actually on the scene, but they had little to offer as to identification. They only recalled that one of the robbers had partially concealed his face with a handkerchief and had worn an old pair of blue-and-white overalls.

The inspectors immediately went to work. The first few weeks consisted of tracking down the numerous false tips which never fail to arise. Not until early May did they come across the seemingly insignificant clue which led to the ultimate solution not only of the Sacramento robbery but also of a $78,417 robbery at Minneapolis on January 3, 1933, and a $15,500 mail-car holdup at Salt Lake City on April 28, 1933, and to the capture of America's most desperate criminal gang.

The day following the Sacramento holdup it was learned that a sedan of a certain make had been parked directly across the street from the loading platform. Later it developed that a car of the same make had been stolen in the neighborhood three days previously. Week after week the inspectors combed the Pacific coast but were unable to find any trace of the missing sedan.

Then, late in the evening of May 2, the telephone jingled in Sacramento police headquarters. "Please send some one up to investigate a car which has been stored in my garage for three months without rent," said a slightly exasperated Italian woman.

The inspectors and the police went swiftly into action. Upon their arrival, the garage owner recalled that, two weeks after she had rented it to a woman who had made the initial payment on February 5, a man had returned to leave a second installment, and that his face had been partially concealed with a handkerchief. He had also left a fictitious hand-written address.

The inspectors accompanied the woman to her garage, and there discovered that the stored car was the sedan they had been seeking. But there was not a single fingerprint, and they were about to return to headquarters when one of them found a man's pigskin glove beneath a running board of the car. Further search disclosed a pair of blue-and-white overalls.

Still there were no fingerprints.

Undaunted, the postal detectives continued to examine the glove. Turning it inside out they espied a laundry mark away up on one of the fingers.

Here was the tiny clue which was to bring about the cleanup of the mob and the solution of three major mail robberies, involving a total of $327,328 in cash, bonds, coupons, and jewelry.

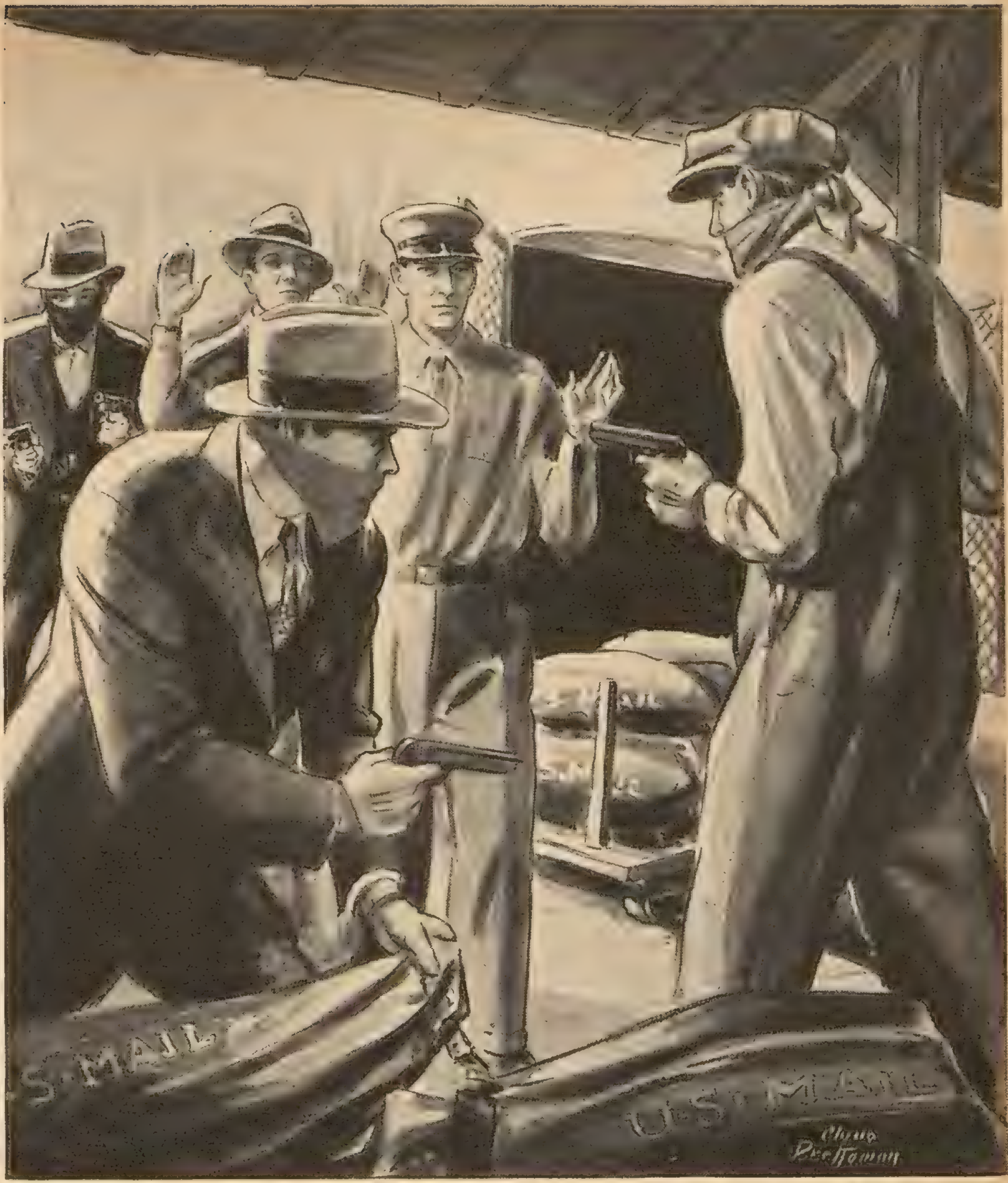
From the outset the Post Office inspectors were convinced that the Sacramento job was not a local one but had been done by a big-time crime syndicate from San Francisco, Kansas City, or Chicago, perhaps from New York.

Its very perfection was significant. The robbers knew the mails, their movements, and even the contents of the pouches. Such masterly "casing" of the job saved the inspectors the trouble of looking for small-time crooks.

The laundry mark which had been discovered on the recently cleansed glove was by no means a definite clue. Where had that glove been cleaned? Possibly at any laundry or dry-cleaning plant from Sacramento to Boston! But the Post Office inspectors refused to become discouraged.

The search for an identical laundry mark was instituted in Sacramento. After a thorough scouring of the plants in that city without result the inspectors turned to San Francisco.

Finger



Clerks hauling laden pouches to a waiting truck were covered with ugly automatics as the leader pawed through the United States mail sacks.

Here luck was with them. At the second laundry visited a similar mark was found. Checking the branch office at which the glove had been cleansed, the inspectors dug into the company's books and learned that the glove had been left over the counter by a man who had given his name as John Schmidt, on December 23, 1932.

The trail now led into the Pacific Heights section of San Francisco. Locating Schmidt's apartment, the inspectors were informed by the landlady that Schmidt and a woman companion had rented the dingy one-room abode the day before Christmas, only to vacate on February 20. Through diligent contacting of near-by neighbors it was soon learned that Schmidt was a paroled ex-convict from San Quentin. His brother was even then doing time in the Folsom penitentiary for incorrigibles, twenty-five miles east of Sacramento. At last the inspectors were getting somewhere.

Leaving not the smallest avenue of possibility untraversed, the postal detectives next obtained information that Mr. and "Mrs." Schmidt had registered in a San Francisco hotel on the same day that the glove had been left to be cleaned by the adjacent laundry. Here, then, was the first positive indication that the owner of the glove and the ex-convict from San Quentin, John (Killer) Schmidt, might be one and the same person.

Working day and night, they now set about comparing Schmidt's handwriting with that of the man who had rented the garage from the Italian woman. As a paroled ex-convict from San Quentin, Schmidt had to file regular parole reports and as a visitor to his brother's cell at Folsom he had to sign the prison register.

Meanwhile, following the publication of news of the discovery of the missing sedan, Schmidt failed to report and dropped out of sight completely.

Upon finding that the handwriting in all instances was the same and was unquestionably Schmidt's, the inspectors were doubly anxious at least to question him.

When it was revealed that "Mrs. Schmidt" had been seen in Salt Lake City, an inspector immediately went there on the assumption that the ex-convict would follow his moll. The net was closing fast. Then came the final touch. The inspectors learned that Schmidt was tied up with the notorious Touhy gang of Chicago, one of the most desperate mobs in the Mid-West.

With Salt Lake City entering into the case, the Inspection Divisions at San Francisco, Denver, and Chicago were now humming with action.

The Salt Lake City police reported that Schmidt was wanted for participation in a bank holdup in August, when he was known to have visited the Utah capital with another member of the Touhy gang, the notorious Gus Schafer of Chicago, generally regarded as Public Enemy No. 1 of the Post Office Department.

By an ironic twist, it was the gang's resort to the very mails on which they preyed that gave them away.

Late in the summer the Post Office inspectors intercepted a post card addressed to Schmidt, under the alias of Silas Johnson, at Salt Lake City. The card had been mailed by Gus Schafer from Minocqua, a small village in northern Wisconsin, and it gave a return address which was traced to Touhy gang headquarters at Des Plaines, Illinois.

The inspectors read the jumbled underworld jargon on the card. Schafer informed Schmidt that he was about to leave for Chicago in an attempt to sell the Sacramento loot, while the rest of the Touhy gang were "cooling off" in the North Woods.

NOW came one of those dramatic accidents which help prove that crime does not pay. The sun had barely set in the Wisconsin North Woods on the evening of July 19 when a heavy sedan containing four men crashed into a telegraph pole just north of Elkhorn in that state. An alert deputy sheriff took the occupants of the car to the constable's office for the purpose of securing damage payments—and discovered that in the machine were nearly enough pistols, machine guns, blackjacks, and rope to stage a war, let alone a bank robbery!

Taking the men into custody at gun point, he summoned the state police, and to the amazement of the state authorities the prisoners taken were identified as Roger Touhy, gang leader, Schafer, William Sharkey, another Touhy henchman, and William McFadden.

Word was flashed to the Inspector in Charge at Chi-

WINNERS
STATES
CONTEST

BELOW are announced the three major awards and the 100 winners of $10 each in Liberty's recent Patriotic Game of States. Space does not permit listing all the 230 winners of $5 each this week. These names will be published at the first opportunity. Watch for them.

$500 FIRST PRIZE

Philip I. Mansfield Washington, D. C.

$250 SECOND PRIZE

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$100 THIRD PRIZE

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Eugene E. Sensel, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Walter B. Sheppard, Penn Yan, N. Y.; Mrs. E. E. Shryock, Bellevue, Pa.; Mayme K. Smith, Shawnee, Okla.; Arthur W. Stoddart, Jr., Pelham, N. Y.; William G. Surridge, Prospect Park, Pa.; Mrs. M. F. Swallow, Oakland, Calif.; Doris M. Tag, Baltimore, Md.; H. A. Taylor, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. Gertrude Tobias, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. Carrie Tucker, San Francisco, Calif.; Harry Tucker, San Francisco, Calif.; Mary Lee Wadsworth, Charlotte, N. C.; Harry A. Wall, Blacksburg, Va.; Robert C. Washburne, Doucette, Tex.; Luise West, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. Guy S. Wheeler, Yakima, Wash.; Mrs. L. Wise, Seattle, Wash.; Commander R. W. Wuest, Washington, D. C.; Charles M. Young, Toronto, Ont.

SEE PAGE 42

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cago, and after going into individual conferences with the desperadoes the postal inspectors had them indicted for their part not only in the Sacramento robbery but also in the Salt Lake City and Minneapolis holdups. Schmidt the Killer was still at large, though certain to be caught by the small army which was after him.

On September 18 a man strolled into a Salt Lake City beer parlor and ordered a drink. It was a hot day and he sipped the beer appreciatively. He did not notice the men who followed him in and stood beside him. Suddenly a gun was shoved against his ribs. "Put 'em up!" He reached for the ceiling and was handcuffed. The Killer was in custody.

When the Post Office inspectors confronted him with the facts in their possession he grinned ruefully. "You know more about my past than I do myself," he said, whereupon he came through with a complete confession of his part in all three robberies.

The result of the "perfect crime" was a perfect cleanup. In October followed the arrest by postal inspectors of George (Red) Kerr, Leon Epmeir, and George Kator in Chicago, to complete the roundup of the Touhy gang and the solution of three major mail robberies. Kerr was taken as he slept in a hotel room at two thirty in the morning; Kator was barricaded in the bathroom of his home at the time of his arrest; and Epmeir was fleeing from the back door of his.

Today these desperate underworld characters are lodged safely behind prison bars.

THROUGH questioning of these desperate mail robbers, the Post Office inspectors have reconstructed this "perfect crime" and this perfect solution. Apparently Gus Schafer "cased" all three jobs. He "cased" the Sacramento loading platform for more than a month and knew every movement of each mail truck. A few days before the robbery he ascertained just what pouches contained the valuable loot. He "cased" the Salt Lake City layout from a side-tracked box car, while his "casing" of the Minneapolis loading platform was done in much the same fashion as his Sacramento size-up. All of which bore out the earliest contention of the postal inspectors—that all three jobs had been "cased" by an expert; for Schafer is considered a past master.

What is even more amazing, the postal inspectors have recovered practically every cent of the missing loot, which will soon be returned to its rightful owners.

How were they so successful? First, they had the unlimited resources of the federal government at their command. Then it must be remembered that every post office throughout the country is an inspection unit where even the slightest discrepancy may be discovered. Also the postal inspectors are persistent and skilled. They never abandon a case, and have been known to apprehend a mail robber ten, twenty, thirty, or even forty years after his commission of a crime.

QUIET, unassuming, and tactful men, who pride themselves on the fact that they are upholding the inviolability of Uncle Sam's mails, the postal inspectors are averse to being referred to as sleuths. For, as they insist, they meet their quarry as man to man, and in this way are most successful in obtaining complete or at least partial confessions.

Only men of the highest type are permitted to remain in the Inspection Service. Keen minds and durable physiques are of paramount importance in it.

One of James A. Farley's first official acts as Postmaster-General was to order a complete checkup on the Inspection Service, with an eye to maintaining its lofty standard. The remarkable criminal cleanups under Kildroy P. Aldrich, who has had thirty-five years of postal experience, have tended to prove the wisdom of Mr. Farley's selection of him as Chief Inspector.

No, it doesn't pay to tamper with the United States mails even to the point of pilfering a single letter or postal card from a street-corner mail box!

For the Post Office Department Inspection Service will toil just as diligently to bring a post-card thief to justice as it does to apprehend the perpetrators of a "perfect" half-million-dollar mail robbery.

THE END

Coming—Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team for 1934!

At the football season's close Liberty will present its All-Players All-America team, with All-Sectional teams. The players will be selected by the method Liberty introduced last year with the hearty approval of the entire football world.

That is, the 1934 All-Players All-America will be picked by players throughout the country. They are the best possible judges of the relative merits of men they oppose, and will rate them in each fundamental of the play of each position.

Liberty has sent its rating blanks to 2,600 players in 130 major colleges and universities. The ratings will be compiled, and the resulting figures—and nothing and no one else—will decide who have "made" Liberty's All-Players All-America.

Watch for it!

LOVE, LARCENY, LAUGHTER

An All-but-Perfect Tolstoy Romance, a Story of a Charming Kleptomaniac, a Hollywood Comedy, and a Tale of Jealous Wives Appear Among the New Pictures

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

by BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars—Extraordinary. **2 stars—Good.**
3 stars—Excellent. **1 star—Poor.**
0 star—Very Poor.

★ ★ ★ ½ WE LIVE AGAIN

THE PLAYERS: Anna Sten, Fredric March, Jane Baxter, C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Forbes, Sam Jaffe. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. From the novel, Resurrection, by Leo Tolstoy.

WE LIVE AGAIN, taken from Tolstoy's Resurrection, that favorite story of the films, is one of the important pictures of the year. There is little doubt that Hollywood loves this tale, for it has been filmed often—with varying degrees of success by Mrs. Lupe Velez-Tarzan and Dolores Del Rio among others—but never with the painstaking care and sheer photographic beauty of Sam Goldwyn's latest rendition.

Anna Sten, publicized to fame before the American public ever saw her, is practically faultless as the peasant who gets herself seduced by the young nobleman. She looks like a peasant. And she acts like one. Her sturdy Slavic beauty is so in keeping with the background that never for one moment does she give the feeling of a Hollywood cutie busily earning her crackers and caviar. She is at all times the betrayed housegirl, simple, sentimental, tragic, bitter. And with her solid and sound grasp of emotion she has, by this one performance, definitely sliced herself a deep niche in the cinema world.

Fredric March, as the intellectual prince, gives his best screen performance. In a rôle that might easily have been theatric and unbelievable, he is sure and telling in his effects. This character, created by Tolstoy as a protagonist for his theories, is the center of the plot, which, briefly, tells of the prince's sympathy for the downtrodden peasantry, his temporary loss of ideals, and his final gesture toward his fellow man when he renounces his wealth and shares life with the housegirl whom he had seduced.

We Live Again is the most finished product yet to come out of the Hollywood sound stages. Each little detail is given impeccable treatment. The smallest bit part is carefully cast. Alfred Newman's musical score and Soudeikin's sets are things of beauty in themselves; but perhaps the finest thing in the whole production is Gregg Toland's photography, for there are many scenes so lovely one wishes they might never end.

Rouben Mamoulian has blended all this into a polished, dramatic film, a film whose parts are somewhat better than its whole but certainly one that you shouldn't miss.

VITAL STATISTICS: Anna Sten (Mrs. Dr. Arnold Frencke) was born in Kiev, Russia. Her father, a ballet schoolmaster, died when she was twelve, leaving his family in poverty. While acting with townies in a homemade production, she was discovered by the Soviet and sent to a state acting school. After wowing them in Moscow, she was sent by the state to Berlin to continue her screen career. Samuel Goldwyn saw her there and imported her immediately to America with much brassy flourish of the press agents' trumpets. Goldwyn spent seventeen months and a fortune teaching her English and grooming her for her first American picture, a free adaptation of Zola's Nana. Anna looks like a bisque Russian doll but she cheers herself hoarse at wrestling matches. Has heavy silky yellow hair, blue-gray eyes, and a gorgeous figure. She never talks till she has something to say. Took her a year getting ready for We Live Again, what with rehearsals and conferences. Built a house in Santa Monica Cañon during that time. Her neighbors barely know her, even by sight, she is that retiring. She gets 1,500 American rubles a week. As a vacation treat, the picture finished, she has gone to Boulder Dam with her German husband to watch construction there—just the sort of thing to interest a gal from the Soviets. She has little use for femininity displayed during a gal's working hours. . . . Fredric March refused a double for the difficult riding scenes in the picture. He was a cavalry officer during the war. Also learned some Russian to keep up with the all-vodka cast. . . . Director Rouben Mamoulian, recently prominently coupled with Garbo and rumored her husband, is a New York Theater Guilder, and one of Hollywood's masters of hokum wedded to art. Is Russian-born (Tiflis) and is also an expert horseman, his early riding training in the Caucasus Cossack country enabling him to direct a great many of the picture's scenes on horseback. Given to talking much about rhythm in direction. Put Porgy on stage. . . . Jane Baxter is a new Goldwyn find. She is the owner of a charming oval face, slate-gray eyes, refuses to pose as an eccentric—doesn't expect ever to appear in public in a man's dinner jacket, or insure her toenails, and really longs for kidnaping threats. Comes from Wimbledon, Eng., and a

A scene from We Live Again, based on Tolstoy's Resurrection, showing Fredric March and Anna Sten.

Neil Hamilton and Binnie Barnes in One Exciting Adventure. This marks Miss Barnes's American debut.

MORE STATES CONTEST WINNERS

SUPPLEMENTING the list of major awards and $10 prize winners announced elsewhere, below appear the names of 115 winners of $5 prizes in Liberty's Patriotic Game of States. The final list of $5 winners will be announced in the first available issue. Watch for it.

$5 PRIZE WINNERS

Dr. Maud Abbott, Denver, Colo.; Charles Adams, Philadelphia, Pa.; Marvin E. Adams, Minneapolis, Minn.; John N. Anheuser, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Margaret V. Archer, Richmond, Va.; Harry Ashton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Christopher Atkinson, Columbia, S. C.; Fred Atkinson, Washington, D. C.; E. J. Baker, Ferndale, Wash.; Casey Baron, Buffalo, N. Y.; Leona B. Bassin, New Iberia, La.; A. M. Battaglia, Crystal City, Tex.; C. H. Battels, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Dwight S. Bayley, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Florence Berg, Dallas, Tex.; John A. Beyer, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Gertrude Blair, Roanoke, Va.; Mrs. W. D. Boggs, Yonkers, N. Y.; L. Boley, Salisbury, N. C.; M. H. Bordner, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Virginia Boyd, Atlanta, Ga.

Elsie A. Brem, Reno, Nev.; T. Bright, Tulsa, Okla.; George W. Brinsmaid, Cincinnati, Ohio; George T. Broski, Dumbarton, Va.; Mrs. E. D. Brown, North Miami, Fla.; John J. Brown, Albuquerque, N. M.; Charles C. Burkhart, Knoxville, Tenn.; Joseph R. Burritt, Ithaca, N. Y.; Julia E. Cade, Mount Carmel, S. C.; C. H. Campbell, Jr., Coalinga, Calif.; Carl R. Canterbury, Moline, Ill.; Mrs. R. D. Cantrell, Cedartown, Ga.; Mrs. Jessie S. Carle, Knoxville, Tenn.; J. W. Carpenter, Birmingham, Ala.; Cathryn Carr, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Marian Cassens, Fort Pierce, Fla.; R. F. Cassens, Fort Pierce, Fla.; James Chapin, Nebraska City, Neb.; Phyllis M. Chattoe, Toronto, Ont.; D. L. Cheek, San Diego, Calif.

Charles A. Cherry, McKeesport, Pa.; Kathryn C. Clark, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Mrs. Eleanor M. Clayton, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. H. F. Connelly, Montgomery, Ala.; M. Coverdell, Des Moines, Iowa; Bessie E. Crabb, Breckenridge, Tex.; Alexandra V. Crawford, Duluth, Minn.; Bessie Crist, Dallas, Tex.; Isabel Davis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Waldo T. Davis, Seminole, Okla.; L. B. Dean, Napa, Calif.; Emil Deffner, Melrose Park, Ill.; A. N. Desmarais, Somerset, Mass.; Alma R. Dobie, Maplewood, N. J.; Charles Doughten, Webster City, Iowa; Louis S. Douthat, Bluefield, W. Va.; Mrs. Walfran Drew, Pittsburgh, Pa.; George F. Dutt, Charleston, W. Va.; Charles H. Eades, Dallas, Tex.; Roscoe H. Eaton, Vincennes, Ind.; Harvey Ellis, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Winfield S. Ellis, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Marion Ennis, Bronx, N. Y.; Jay F. Ettlinger, McKeesport, Pa.

Alice Eversman, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Alma Ewing, Pekin, Ill.; Mrs. E. Scott Ferguson, Richmond, Va.; Ernesto Ferrer, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. R. P. Fish, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Sadie S. Franz, Alhambra, Calif.; Ruby Fried, Fort Worth, Tex.; Margaret Frye, South Euclid, Ohio; Frank A. Fuller, Louisville, Ky.; A. H. Garmise, Gastonia, N. C.; Thomas Gilkey, Lakeland, Fla.; Col. E. Gillespie, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. May Godfrey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Charles Goldsten, Hartford, Conn.; Thelma Gorrell, Oklahoma City, Okla.; W. C. Grant, Oakland, Calif.; Jessie Greb, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Stanley B. Griffin, Shelton, Conn.; Vladimir J. Grigorieff, Boston, Mass.; Lorin M. Hager, Dayton, Ohio; Howard R. Hamilton, Pittsburgh, Pa.; James O. Handy, New York, N. Y.; W. H. Hardman, Greystone, R. I.; Mignon E. Harmon, Boulder Creek, Calif.; John B. Harrigan, Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Herbert M. Harte, Cleveland, Ohio; Edith Hartmann, Chillicothe, Ohio; Wilma Heer, El Reno, Okla.; Mrs. Verna Heintz, Sharon, Pa.; E. J. Hemingway, New York, N. Y.; Edward F. Hennigan, Syracuse, N. Y.; Edouard G. Hesselberg, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Richard Hinman, Norfolk, Va.; John P. Holzer, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Gertrude Hoover, Polk, Pa.; Hans Hoy, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Fred M. Hubbell, Washington, D. C.; Allan Hunt, Jr., Burlingame, Calif.; Marian A. Irwin, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Carrol H. Ivins, Baltimore, Md.; O. T. Jacobs, Houston, Tex.; C. M. Jenks, St. Louis, Mo.; Robert A. Jewett, Moultrieville, S. C.; Mrs. Cleo H. Johnson, Raleigh, N. C.; H. D. Johnstone, Springfield, Mass.; A. G. Kalmbach, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dan Keller, Biloxi, Miss.; Ethel M. Keller, Hollis, N. Y.; Edward H. King, Butler, Pa.; A. H. Kline, Orlando, Fla.

SEE PAGE 40

James Dunn and Alice Faye in 365 Nights in Hollywood, enlivened by antics of Durant and Mitchell.

nonpro family. Has had considerable English stage and screen success. Was married to Clive Dunfee, racing driver, killed two years ago. . . . The Siberian exteriors in the picture are all authentic and specially made for the picture, as is the Russian Easter service and the *a cappella* choir recruited from a genuine Los Angeles Russian church.

★ ★ ★ ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE

THE PLAYERS: Binnie Barnes, Neil Hamilton, Paul Cavanaugh, Grant Mitchell, Eugene Pallette, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Dick Winslow. Directed by Ernst L. Frank. Story by Franz Schultz and Billie Wilder.

BINNIE BARNES, whom you might remember as one of Charlie Laughton's wives in The Private Life of Henry VIII, makes a laudable début in American films with One Exciting Adventure, a highly pleasant and sophisticated little picture of much charm and pace.

In this she is seen as a kleptomaniac with an overwhelming desire for diamonds. She can resist stealing money, but let her get within sight of a diamond and it's soon gone—into her pocket. Her activities, as you might expect, soon lead to entanglements with the police, who, having the scent of her perfume as a leading clue, seek out an expert for aid.

Handsome Neil Hamilton is the parfumeur, and plays with his customary grace and ease. He tracks down the criminal in rapid style, but instead of turning her over to the police, proceeds to fall in love with her. Their love affair, during which Mr. Hamilton is forced to spend most of his time keeping the girl away from diamonds, is developed with a deft comic touch and contains many moments of excitement and surprise twists.

One Exciting Adventure has a distinct flavor all its own, and is given splendid directorial guidance by Ernst L. Frank. The characterizations are novel but sound. And though we do not wish to give the plot away, the film must be commended for one outstanding virtue: the girl remains a thief at heart and doesn't turn out to be a secret service agent.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture formerly titled What Ladies Dream, an original screen romance which you may not have seen more than 1,000 times. . . . Binnie Barnes was called to Hollywood from London by transatlantic phone after losing her head over Henry VIII and supplying the private life for Doug Fairbanks's Private Life of Don Juan. She made the transworld hop in 6½ days. She is quite a tall gal and daughter of an English bobby. England's and South Africa's vodvil stages know her as Texas Binnie Barnes, owing to her appearance on them with a perfect Texan accent and a rope-spinning act. She learned to talk Texas from Whispering Jack Smith's phonograph records. She has never seen Texas. As a girl, Binnie worked on an estate. Later she was a milkmaid in a dairy, a truck driver, then a student nurse in London's charity wards, and then a dancer in London's Cosmo Club. . . . Neil Hamilton claims he owes it all to the Little Woman. If not for Mrs. H. he'd still be posing for ads, selling insurance, or working in the Ford factory. Got his dramatic start posing at the age of 12 in a show window in Athol, Mass., for "what the well dressed man should wear." . . . When meaner, more despicable villains are made, Paul Cavanaugh claims he will be all of them. Is of English birth and very meek when he isn't being a "baddie." . . . Eugene Pallette has one of the deepest, most booming voices on the screen and a nose almost as long as Jimmy the Durante's. . . . Grant Mitchell is a Yale-Harvard graduate, and can argue the law if necessary. . . . Ferdinand Gottschalk is in his 55th year as a performer and London-born, too. . . . Dick Winslow can act, play the organ, pilot a plane, draw cartoons, write a newspaper column, play a half dozen musical instruments, and sing.

★ ★ ½ 365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD

THE PLAYERS: James Dunn, Alice Faye, Frank Melton, Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant, John Bradford, Grant Mitchell. Directed by George Marshall. Based on the short stories by James Starr.

ONE thing that the drive for purer pictures seems to have done is to take a great deal of the stress and push out of the cinema and force a concentration on more simple entertainment. 365 Nights in Hollywood, an unpretentious piece enlivened by those give-and-take boys, Frank (He takes it) Mitchell and Jack (He gives it) Durant, is the sort of film that would have been overlooked for sex or art a few seasons ago.

It's a mild variation on the Cinderella theme which again has Hollywood looking at itself. The ingratiating Jimmy Dunn plays a director who has drunk himself out of the studios into one of those dramatic schools which infest Hollywood. There he coaches the pupils in a movie which is up before some studio big shots as material. When his leading man does a fade-out, Dunn steps in and saves the picture and wins the prize student, who happens to be Alice Faye.

The film abounds with laughs and for casual entertainment you'll not be disappointed. There are a couple of good musical numbers and the hilarious knockabouts by Mitchell and Durant, two earnest icemen enrolled in the dramatic school.

The comely Alice Faye does the leading rôle in acceptable style, while

Jimmie Dunn is particularly effective as the director.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story taken from book of Hollywood sketches by Jimmy Starr, a tabloid gossip. Picture received valuable front-page publicity because of current exposé of crooked Hollywood film schools. . . . Alice Faye is a Bronx New Yorker and was snatched from the night-club dancing floors for Rudy Vallee's No. 1 radio-and-heart lady. Was signed to sing a song in Vallee's screening of George White's Scandals, and got a break when Lilian Harvey, scheduled as the femme lead, did a walkout. Never had been before cameras afore that and became an immediate overnight wowee. Before Rudy set out for Hollywood, a few weeks ago, she had been taking overnight planes to New York, supposedly to see him. . . . Frank Melton, the Pineapple, Alabama, boy, was married to Alma Gaye Mynatt recently, the knot being tied by Judge H. E. Billings for $2.50. Only two years previous the same good judge fined Melton $2.50 for double parking on a Beverly Hills street. Ain't life the darnedest thing! . . . Grant Mitchell, who plays the movie-school swindler, recently had his own money taken to jail by a prominent swindling banker. . . . Director George Marshall crashed Hollywood as a $5-a-day extra. Today he knocks off four figures weekly. . . . Mitchell and Durant, the knockabout comiks, have been together 8 years. Durant does the slapping of his partner's face and estimates he has smacked Mitchell more than 150,000 times since they've been together. . . . Alice Faye pulls down about $750 a week.

★ READY FOR LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Ida Lupino, Richard Arlen, Marjorie Rambeau, Trent Durkin, Beulah Bondi, Henry Travers, Esther Howard. Directed by Marion Gering. From the novel by Roy Flannagan.

READY FOR LOVE retells the story of the young and beautiful girl who comes to the strange small town and gets herself gossiped about by the jealous local wives. The gossip, in this case, leads to the girl's expulsion and to an old-fashioned ducking, which takes place at a colonial picnic.

Ida Lupino is capable enough in the leading rôle, though it is never very interesting. Richard Arlen is wasted on the part of the small-town newspaperman who defends her. This picture is typical of the many inferior vehicles offered this likable actor, who, given decent material, could hold his wide popularity.

Ready for Love opens with the silhouette of a girl undressing. This bit of action is about the only thing in the film which has any connection with the title and about the only thing in it which we can commend. The dialogue is stiff, the story is aged, the characterizations are primitive, and unless the people upstairs are playing the radio again, you'd better stay home. You'd better stay home anyway.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story taken from a grimly realistic novel about Southern bigotry called The Whipping and written by Roy Flannagan, So'the'n newspaperman. Richard Arlen has been air pilot, swimming instructor, sports writer, and messenger boy. Hails from Charlottesville, Va. Educated at St. Thomas's College. Married to Jobyna Ralston, by whom a Richard, Jr. Jobyna gave up career to further Richard's. Protects him from other women, salesmen, and himself. Arlen exults in being grown-up kid, liking golf and boats. Has 63-foot schooner especially built for himself in which he hopes to enter Honolulu-from-mainland race. Has been in pictures 11 years. Figures he has been photographed over 5,000,000 times in his 11 years. . . . Lush-blonde Ida Lupino comes from a famous English stage family which includes Lupino Lane and her father, comical Stanley Lupino. At the age of 10 she knew the complete rôles of all Shakespeare's leading women. At 15 played her first screen lead in England. Her family has been prominent on English stage ever since immigration from Italy in 1642. Was immersed 15 times in all while taking scene on ducking stool. Reads detective stories backward—first the solution, then the events leading up—because she never can wait till the finish for the answer. Is returning to London for vacation during which she will make 15 p. a. . . . Marjorie Rambeau made her first stage appearance in 1901. . . . Musical electrician Adolph Froelich, discovered on set of picture by Ida Lupino, will probably have songs published, thanks to her interest. . . . Director Marion Gering became an American citizen just before megaphoning the story.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf.

★★★—Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **RUSSIA'S IRON AGE** by William Henry Chamberlain. Little, Brown & Company.

The correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor having left Russia tells frankly but fairly the good and the cruel sides, the madness and the logic, and, surprisingly, the underground, unwritten humor of this new industrial scene.

★ ★ ★ **THE FOLKS** by Ruth Suckow. Farrar & Rinehart.

A fuller and larger transcript of Middle-Western life—full of intimate remembrances of our common past.

★ ★ **DEATH IN THE THEATRE** by J. R. Wilmot. Claude Kendall.

Many characters roam through this story—you suspect each one, from the leading man on the stage to the producer. Fairly exciting.

★ ★ **BRINKLEY MANOR** by P. G. Wodehouse. Little, Brown & Company.

Jeeves again—and more laughs for every reader who enjoys him—that means nearly everybody.

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by His Friend FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—BRITAIN'S NEXT SOVEREIGN

"THE peace of the world depends upon the friendly association of the two great English-speaking peoples!"

It was late at night when the Prince of Wales stood with his back to the fireplace and pronounced these solemn words. He went on slowly:

"Only the United States and Great Britain, working together and in perfect harmony, can prevent the world from drifting into helpless anarchy and barbarism. It is the true mission of our two peoples. I have thought about it a great deal and I know of no other way out."

Keystone View photo

As he looks today. "The Gay Prince is gone. The Serious Prince has come. Some day he will be the Serious King."

It was the man who some day will be King and head of the vast British Empire who was speaking, at a juncture when democracy was at its lowest ebb in fifty years.

To the 125,000,000 people of the United States all this is a matter of the greatest importance. For the able and gentle George V to be followed by a son who knows all the changing world and its people and their difficulties will mean almost as much to this country and Canada as it does to England herself. It will mean that at the head of the British Empire will be a man who understands the heart and soul of the United States.

"I would like to visit the great industrial centers of America," the Prince has said time and again. "I'd like to know all about the machinery that makes it go."

As a matter of fact he does know much of this already.

"More friendly understanding is all we need to iron out any little difference of opinion," he said to me once. "Fewer experts and more human beings. If we could only play golf together we'd realize how close and necessary we really are to one another."

He realizes this in regard to all countries. He has felt their pulses and understands their moods.

Just when the Prince will become Edward VIII is, of course, a matter of pure conjecture. It might conceivably be very soon; or a dozen eventful years might swing by before the call to his supreme duty comes.

Nor can any one tell exactly what sort of king he will make. Only one thing is certain: he will be a vastly different king from any that has ever sat on the throne of England.

It is quite possible that he may go down in history as the Socialist King. He has called himself a Socialist—a labor man. Certainly his heart is with the common masses of England and the world.

"Things will be different when I am King," he has often said.

Recently when inspecting his London property he stopped to chat with an old woman tenant. "Why, sir, are you taking so much trouble with us poor?" she asked him. "When you are King you will be King of the rich only."

The Prince shook his head. "You're mistaken," he answered. "If ever I'm King I shall be King of the poor. The rich won't need me."

As a future constitutional monarch he has been trained to keep aloof from all politics. But it is a new and changing world we are living in today. In the near past kings have been pushed farther and farther into the background—but it might easily be that under some strong and vivid personality, alive to the needs and moods of the people, kingship would regain some of its lost power.

The Prince has already given to his ancient position as heir to the throne entirely new conceptions and boundaries. Fearlessly he has carved out his own unprecedented career as Prince of Wales.

He will unquestionably do the same as King.

England, with her two million unemployed, her ten million overpopulation, her housing problems, her losses in trade, her vast discouragement and deep if silent unrest, trusts this slender forty-year-old Prince more than she trusts any other single individual in the world. He has won the heart of England. He *is* England.

And so it is that when this Bachelor Prince becomes the Bachelor King he will have in his strong hands a power greater than any English King has had for more than a hundred years.

It will be greater because it will come straight from the people.

He will not mix in politics or interfere with the orderly process of elective government; but behind the machinery will be this man whom England loves and trusts.

His influence on his ministers, on the elected men who make up the government, will be greater than any constitutional monarch has ever had, *because his influence on the masses of people will be greater.*

No minister, no premier, will dare to go against this force.

Even today his leadership is little short of inspired. It is hardly too much to say that he is saving England from violent revolution.

All this does mean a great deal to America. A sane England slowly working her way out of her desperate problems is an anchor to the win'ard for this country.

While most of the world talks of war, this Prince dreams and talks of peace. Time and again he has boldly spoken against another slaughter of youth. "The most important lesson we learned during the war was that there is no question nor chance of another," he said before the Post War Brotherhood Federation. It was a hope he was expressing. For he knows the danger of war as well as its folly.

He has helped build the world institution that is today known as Toc H. It started in December, 1915, as Talbot House—Toc H in army signals. He has always been its patron.

On its tenth anniversary he sat in the center of the stage in the regulation costume of gray flannel "slacks" and blue blazer. The hall was dark as night except for a single spot of light that played on the Prince as he rose and spoke the beautiful ritual:

© Fox Photos

"My appeal," he has broadcast, "is to those who are in work to play the neighbor to the man out of work." Here he talks with Glasgow unemployed on a garden allotment.

U. & U. photo.

"I shall be King of the poor. The rich won't need me," he has said. A visit to an impoverished mining district.

> "They shall not grow old as we who are left grow old;
> Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
> At the going down of the sun and in the morning we shall remember them."

FROM seven thousand voices came the response:
"We shall remember them!"

The flame in the lamp held by the Prince was rekindled. Boy Scouts lighted a taper from it and passed along the ranks of the lamp bearers and rush lights until the semicircle of lights twinkled like fireflies. The bearers of lamps, representing the new branches of Toc H, knelt as they passed before the Prince, and each light was kindled by his own hand. Then the whole vast audience stood in silent remembrance of the "Elder Brethren" who had passed on in the field of battle.

From such high spiritual experiences the Prince was constantly to draw strength and inspiration.

In every way he has now come of age. The Gay Prince is gone. The Serious Prince has come—and some day he will be the Serious King.

It has been a slow but inevitable change. I began to recognize it shortly after his dramatic race home from East Africa when the King was thought to be dying. I mentioned to him how busy he must be with all his increased duties that with the illness of his father he had fallen heir to.

"Busy?" he said, flashing his friendly smile. "I've never been so busy in my life. Why, I don't even have time to ride any more. You know, I've sold all my horses except one or two old pensioners. It costs a lot to keep horses when you're not using them."

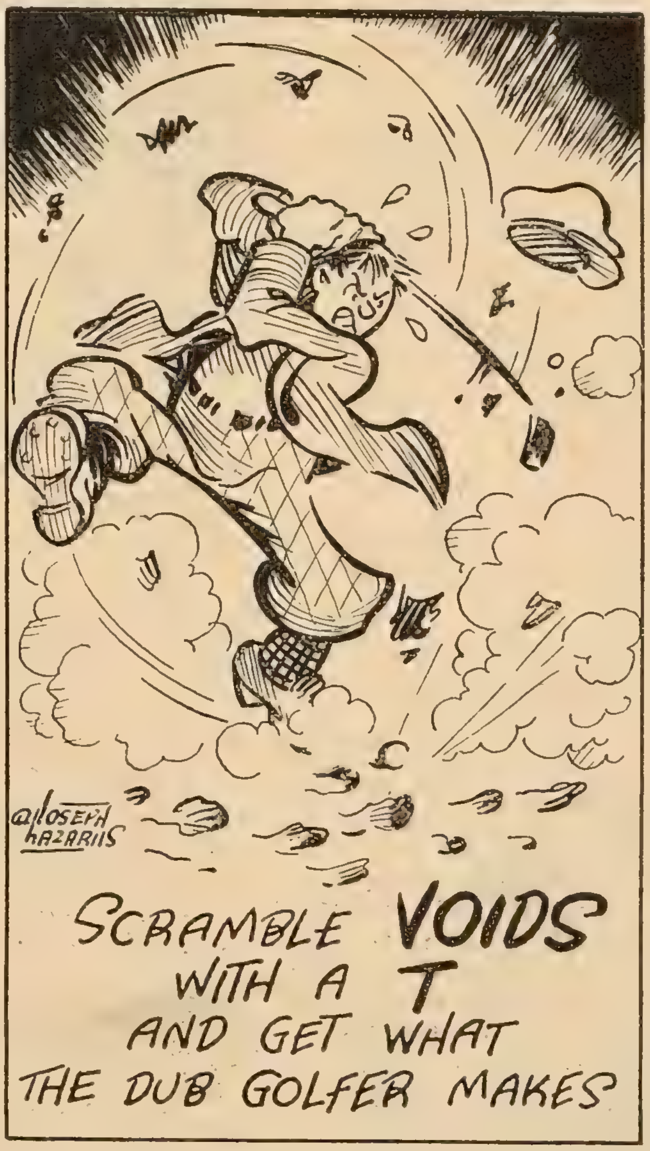
He dropped his eyes. He sensed he wasn't fooling me very much: he knew that I understood how much he loved horses and what riding and hunting meant to him. It wasn't economy that was the compelling force. He had things far more important than riding to take up his time now. He was needed in the affairs of the Empire.

At once he had been appointed one of the six councilors of state to take over the various duties of the King. Shortly afterward it was announced officially that in 1929 he would act as deputy for the King at all Courts and Investitures. This last had to do with public functions, but his real work was done behind closed doors.

For one thing, he emerged as the master salesman of Britain. For a number of years he had been deeply concerned with the rather old-fashioned and outdated methods of British salesmanship over the world. He had made several "Wake Up, England!" speeches.

Having been in every corner of the world, he knew the true conditions. With his own eyes he had seen the United States and a desperately serious Germany and a keen and ambitious Japan slowly replace Britain in the markets of the world. He was frankly and rightly worried.

SCRAMBLED WORDS


©JOSEPH LAZARUS
SCRAMBLE VOIDS WITH A T AND GET WHAT THE DUB GOLFER MAKES

The given word plus the given letter, when rearranged properly, will form a new word suggested by the cartoon.

THE ANSWER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 48

In a radio speech to the Incorporated Sales Managers Association, his rather high-pitched voice rang with sincerity as he said: "Here, in this Guildhall, my father a generation ago besought England to wake up! I appeal again to the leaders of British trade to *wake up* thoroughly—to consider fully—to act decisively!"

Time and again he called for better advertising, better displays, more personal knowledge of foreign-market conditions by the heads of firms themselves, better all-round salesmanship.

Toward the end of 1930 a delegation from the British Chamber of Commerce in Buenos Aires came to London and asked the Prince if he would serve as patron of the British Empire Trade Exhibition that they were to open in Buenos Aires. He readily accepted.

A few days later the committee decided that it was only right that the Prince should have the final say on who should formally open the exposition. A member went to him to request that he make the choice from a list of three names—a member of the royal family, a famous governor-general, and a great industrial leader.

For several minutes the Prince walked up and down his study in deep thought. Then he turned to his visitor:

"I want to ask a question, and I want a straight answer. Suppose I went over and opened your exposition myself—would it help the British workmen over here? Would it help trade and result in more employment?"

The visitor could hardly believe his ears. He stammered out that it would do an immeasurable amount of good.

"VERY well," the Prince concluded. "Go back and tell your committee if they approve I will gladly do so."

The representative hurried back to the committee. "Who is it to be?" the chairman eagerly questioned.

"The Prince himself!" the emissary shouted. The meeting broke up in a burst of cheering.

And the Prince made good. At the formal opening of the exposition three years ago last March he made a rousing speech, first in English and then in Spanish. For months before leaving England he had studied the official language of most of South America.

After his return from his "Buy England" journey, he was more interested in financial and industrial affairs than ever before. "He's the equal of any board chairman in the whole City [London's financial center]," a leader of British industry told me recently.

Ever since the war he had been deeply interested in the management of his own estates, the Duchy of Cornwall. Originally the duchy consisted of landed estates in Cornwall and Devon that belonged to the Duke of Cornwall—the only title and property that automatically goes at birth to the eldest son of the King. It traces back to 1337 and the Black Prince, and as Prince after Prince has held it the duchy has gradually been enlarged until today it is a highly complicated and diverse business enterprise. It has holdings in eight great counties in England, and large housing properties in the Kennington district of London, including the famous Oval, the grounds of the Surrey County Cricket Club.

The duchy raises, mines, manufactures, and sells such varied items as flowers, silver foxes, china clay, oysters, tin, coal, fuller's earth, cheese, lumber, pigs and cattle and farm produce of all kinds—and rents both farm lands and city houses. It is entirely the personal property of the Prince of Wales, but important matters are passed on by the Duchy Council, which meets regularly.

THIS council consists of nine members, with the Prince as chairman. The active management is in the hands of the secretary to the duchy. But the Prince eagerly follows every detail in the running of his 137,000 acres of land and city property, with its 120,000 farm tenants and town dwellers.

The Prince's total gross income from all his properties is $1,600,000 annually. It nets him $350,000 personal income each year.

The deepest personal interest the Prince has in his estates centers in his housing properties in Kennington, London, and his home farms some twenty miles from Plymouth, Cornwall. Until a few years ago his London holdings consisted largely of street after street of rather old-fashioned tenements. The Prince for a long time has insisted that these be torn down and modern flats at low rentals be erected. Under a strict understanding that this would be done, he has sold several blocks to the London County Council, which is now building modern dwellings for working-people.

In the council room of the Duchy of Cornwall's own office building, near Buckingham Palace, sits a thrilling doll's house. It is the exact model of Newquay House, built in the heart of the Prince's London holdings, containing ninety modern three-, four-, and five-room flats that rent for four to six dollars per week. It is his initial and practical contribution toward solving the desperate housing situation in English cities. Other buildings are to follow—always with the distinct provision that the rents shall be low.

At the personal request and insistence of the Prince, the exclusive Oval Cricket Grounds has for two winter seasons been turned into a clubhouse for unemployed young men. The Prince often drops in at the club.

At his farms around Stoke Climsland (totaling some 20,000 acres) the Prince has been working out important experiments. Under the personal charge of Canon Andrews, the unusually able and enthusiastic village parson, south slopes of unused hillsides have been reclaimed by unemployed men and planted in flowers that are sold at the Covent Garden market in London. Other jobless men have been put into pig and chicken and bee raising.

At two or three spots are vegetable gardens. It all originated directly from the Prince's belief that hundreds of thousands of England's unemployed can be put to work on unused land and saved from the disintegration of body and soul.

In February, 1932, the Prince for three days traveled up and down the distressed area along the Tyne River, bordering Newcastle, England. At the end of the third day he slipped away from the party with a single guide.

"I want to see exactly how the poorest of these unemployed live," he said bluntly. "We'll go alone."

The woman social worker led the Prince up a narrow alley and in at the rear entrance and up the darkened stairs of a reeking two-story tenement. The door into a two-room flat was open. A slatternly woman was seated at a grimy wooden table. Two children clad in little more than rags were drinking tea from broken cups and munching coarse bread. In the darkened room the woman did not recognize the Prince.

"Your husband is an unemployed man?" he asked in a kindly voice.

"He's only worked four months in six years, sir."

"How much unemployment insurance do you draw?"

"Twenty-five shillings [$6.30] a week, sir."

"How do you spend it?"

"Seven shillings goes for rent, and then there's two shillings for coal and one for death insurance and—"

"Doesn't leave much for food and clothing, does it?"

"We don't get new clothing at all, sir."

There were more questions, and then, with a friendly good-by, the Prince led the way down the rickety stairs and out into the open. He drew a deep breath of air.

"I didn't know that human beings lived like that," he said. "I wish I could do something to really help."

Two or three weeks before, a great gathering in Royal Albert Hall had been arranged by the National Council of Social Service. Shortly after the war the Council had been established by Captain L. F. Ellis to correlate the various groups of social service that were helping the unemployed and wounded and other veterans.

Following the 1931 financial crisis of England, Captain Ellis had decided that a general rally was necessary to stir up enthusiasm and had asked the Prince if he would speak. There was considerable opposition from high quarters on account of the excitable state of the country and the political implications involved, but the Prince took the bull by the horns by announcing that he would speak in his official capacity as patron.

That night of January 27 the great hall was packed. On the main floor were thousands of boy and girl Senior Scouts. At the rear of the platform were representatives of the whole youth movement of England, and in the galleries many of the great men and women in public life. Simultaneously four hundred other meetings were being held over the country.

IT was a tense moment. England was in a desperate way. There were some three million unemployed. Industries were closing. Everywhere was unrest and uncertainty.

Wild cheering broke out when the Prince stepped to the microphone. His voice throbbed with sincerity.

"I do not for one moment pretend to be able to offer any concrete solution of our difficulties," he solemnly pronounced to his millions of listeners. "I am thinking of each member of the unemployed population as a single, separate personality, beset by depression, laboring under a sense of frustration and futility—a blank wall in front of him which he can neither climb over nor scramble around. My appeal here is not to statesmen, nor even to philanthropists, but to all those who are in work, to play the part of neighbor and friend to the man out of work. . . . I believe there are groups of unemployed here and there, dead sick of prolonged idleness, who are themselves feeling out toward ways of giving their unhired labor in coöperative effort. It is up to us to back such attempts. Get together wherever this burden lies heaviest, face up to the most urgent local need, and see if the community on the spot cannot make its own self-directed contribution toward this vast problem. *So far as it is humanly possible, let us break it up into little pieces and refuse to be browbeaten into paralysis by its size.*"

It was a new testament of faith both for the Prince and for a despairing England. Instantaneous was the response. Everywhere jobless men took new heart.

"What can I do now?" he asked. "I'll do anything I can to help."

It was then suggested that he visit the depression districts along the Tyne River. During three days he tramped and rode from one industrial center to another. In some areas the industries had actually moved away and as many as eighty per cent of the population had been living on the meager dole for from four to seven years.

It was here that the eyes of the Prince were opened wide to the awful tragedy of this condition. Into the endeavor to "break it up into small bits" he now threw the whole great weight of his position and popularity.

In the Prince's own holding in the Kennington district of London he has given several buildings and stores to the Personal Service League. Here clothes and help are given out to the needy of the community.

ON one of his more recent visits to one of the centers, the Prince looked over a table of odds and ends, mostly things from a box sent from St. James's Palace.

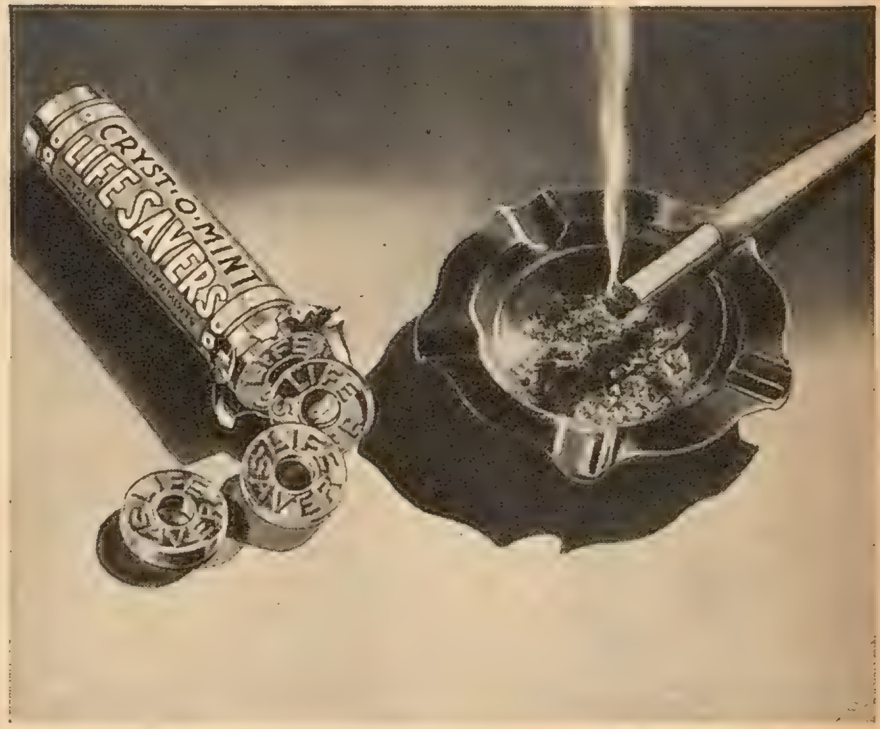
"That's funny," he said with a smile, picking up a scarf. "Here's one I knitted myself."

It was laid aside and later sold at auction.

Like many men in England, particularly those trained in the British Navy, the Prince learned as a boy to knit. Working up his own designs, he has made many beautiful things—all of which he has given away. Last year his mother greatly admired a petit-point chair cover at some charity bazaar. The Prince took note. Christmas morning among his gifts to her was a cover that he had made himself. In England, knitting by men as a pastime has the same significance as, say, amateur painting has here. The Prince's knitting is a small expression of his desire to do things, make things, and give things to people.

As a result of the tremendous personal assistance of

SMOKER RECONCILED TO OLD FLAME



You needn't change your brand. Just follow every cigarette with a minty, *mouth-cooling* Life Saver and you'll fall in love with the old brand all over again.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

the Prince, there have in the past two years been several thousand Unemployed Clubs of one kind and another established in Great Britain. A number of them are under his direct personal patronage.

Even in the darkest days on the American side of the Atlantic there was always a feeling that soon things would change for the better. In the distressed areas of England there was not even this straw to cling to. Men and women lived on simply because they could not die. Month after month, year after year, they marked off the tragic days. Spring was followed by summer and then came fall and the cold winter. It meant that there would be more coal to buy and their children would be in rags.

Slowly the Prince had been awakening to this intolerable condition. In the great coal strike of 1926, against all precedent he had sent a personal check to the Somerset Miners Distress Fund. Accompanying it was a letter signed by his comptroller but smacking of his own hand:

"His Royal Highness necessarily cannot take sides in any dispute, but we all owe a debt to the miners in the past, and every one must feel sympathy for the wives and children in these hours of distress. Besides, it would not be a satisfactory end to any dispute that one side should be forced to give in on account of the suffering of their dependents. His Royal Highness is confident that with good will on both sides there will be a happy issue."

Never in all history had an heir to a throne boldly aided the unpopular side of the under dogs.

Two years later, on the Christmas night of 1928, he broadcast an appeal in behalf of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the relief of distress in these same mining areas. His words burned with the intensity of his feeling. He had written them down on his own typewriter.

He followed this appeal by a visit to the closed mines. For two days he tramped through deep mud and snow, calling at house after house. "This is positively ghastly!" he muttered time and again. "It makes me sick at heart to see and know that there are such conditions."

Hardly a day goes by at present but that he undertakes some practical and helpful move toward assisting the unemployed, the poorly housed, or his own old war comrades. The war was hardly over when he began appealing to the public to find jobs for them. When the British Legion was formed, he proudly became its patron.

Soldier dinners and reunions have been a constant drain on his time. Outside his own Grenadier Guards Association, he takes the keenest pleasure in the meetings of the Welsh Guards, a regiment formed early in the war and of which he is colonel and unofficial patron.

At one meeting of Old Comrades of the Welsh Guards, held in Pontypridd, he heard one ex-private explain to another in the washroom how their club in a near-by town had failed because of a wrangle between the Communist members and old comrades who were now policemen.

The Prince laughed. "You lads start another club," he suggested. "This time get the Reds in first and the police afterward. And when you get going let me know and I'll come down and help you officially open up."

Two or three months later a letter from them came to St. James's Palace. He answered at once that he would be on hand. He was. There were free beer and plenty of singing, and as he left the Reds joined hands with police and sang Auld Lang Syne.

He sits in his study in York House and labors for the common men of England. At his back, covering almost the whole wall, is a great map of the world. To his left is a fireplace with shelves of books. Above the mantel is a portrait of his mother.

Long past are the days when the gayety and little indiscretions of a youth home from the wars brought worry and tears to this gracious lady. Never have there been such close ties between Buckingham Palace and this ancient house where the Bachelor Prince sits.

His simplicity and democracy are expressed in these quarters. Within the past year or two he has had them done over under his personal direction. Near the entrance door in the cobblestoned courtyard stands a London bobby. A butler admits you and shows you into a reception hall. On the left is a beautiful drawing-room. Three oil portraits give color to the somber walls; the center one is a Franz Hals that has been loaned the Prince. Upstairs is a narrow corridor lined with glass cases filled with presents and souvenirs gathered all over the world. On one side of the hall is a reception room and at the far end of this is a picture of the Prince in scarlet hunting coat mounted on one of his favorite horses.

To the right is the Prince's study. It is the color of old parchment. Next the tall windows is his flat-topped mahogany desk, with a red leather chair adorned with the letters E. P. embossed in gold. Across the room are bookshelves. I glanced at the titles: The complete works of Swift, Polo Past and Present, a history of London. There was little fiction but many volumes of history.

At one side a door led into the Prince's combined bed- and dressing-room. In the corner was a single bed with a deep maroon satin cover. On the wall above hung an oil painting of a smiling little fat Dutch girl.

It was the city apartment and workshop of a busy man.

No longer does he wear himself out attending minor functions and doing small jobs of public appearances. These are now delegated to his three younger brothers. New and more important duties constantly come to him. Ministers are glad to get his ideas on important matters. He is far closer to common England than they are.

Shortly after the war he said in his first speech in the Guildhall: "In those four years of the war I mixed with men. In those four years I found my manhood."

Today, sixteen years later, he might say: "In these years I have lost myself in the common heart of humanity. And by doing so I have found my own heart."

He is no longer uncertain or bewildered.

He has not only accepted his duty but created it.

He fulfills as no other Prince of Wales has ever done the pledge of the motto *Ich Dien*—"I serve."

He will always be the Bachelor Prince. I am positive that he will never marry. He will faithfully and diligently serve his time of Kingship. The throne will then pass on to his eldest brother, the Duke of York.

And when the Duke dies England will have another Good Queen Bess. The smiling little Princess Elizabeth is England's future Queen. That is, if no baby brother comes for her.

England's line of kings is safe. The Prince is secure in that knowledge.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—A list of persons who have died in a certain place or time.

2—Yes.

3—Strictly speaking, all literature of a secular—as opposed to a religious—nature; hence, uninspired.

4—Christ. See Mark 2:27.

5—Phlebotomy.

6—3,457,484 square miles.

7—From St. Bernard de Menthon who founded the hospice in the Alps where these dogs were first bred.

8—Sir Robert L. Borden.

9—"Peace be with you."

10—Dr. John McCrae, author of In Flanders Fields; and Dr. W. H. Drummond, author of poems in the French-Canadian dialect.

11—Utah. The Mormons were compelled to abandon polygamy and to grant women the suffrage.

12—In Westminster Abbey.

13—The inability to recognize the form and solidity of bodies.

14—Botanists say it is generally accepted as a wild flower, but it is properly classified as a weed if it encroaches upon cultivated ground.

15—An optical effect which causes distant objects to appear, usually upside down, in the air.

16—On April 26, 1819, at Baltimore, Maryland—Morning Star Lodge Number One.

17—November, 1899, to May, 1902.

18—The Latin word *libra*, a pound.

19—Pope, in his Essay on Man.

20—First observed in 1621. Since 1864, the last Thursday in November has been proclaimed annually by the President as the day of national thanksgiving. It is observed as a holiday in all states by proclamation of the governors.

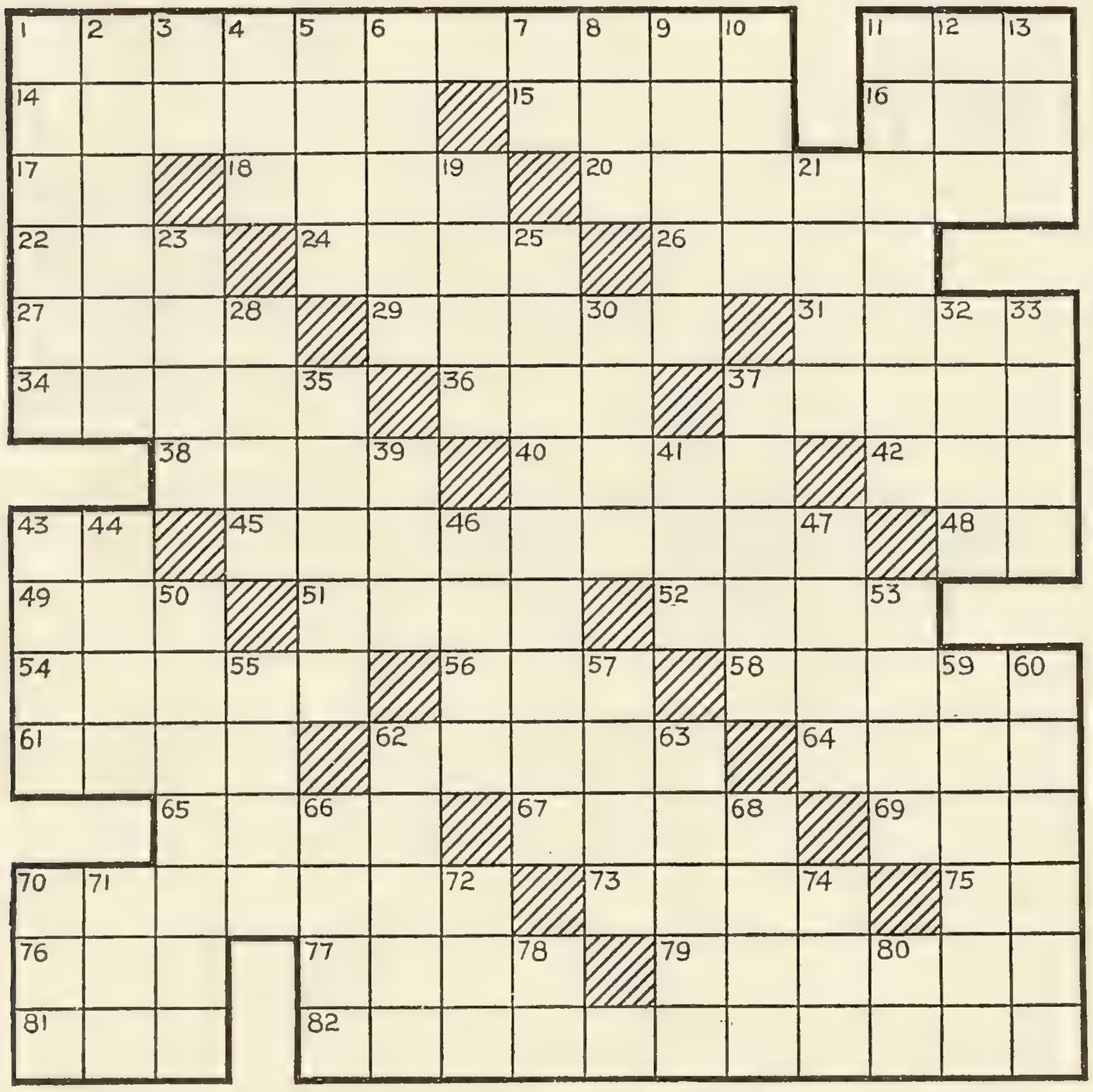
ANSWER TO THE SCRAMBLED WORD ON PAGE 46:

DIVOTS

Puzzle # 11 10/34

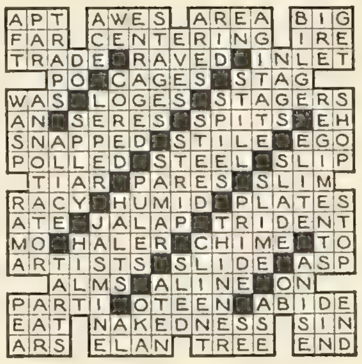
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 The Scotchman's wife wanting a pair of slippers for her birthday; her husband obliged with these (two words)
11 The cry that gets your nanny
14 A man among women
15 Cross-word molding
16 These make tracks around the country (abbr.)
17 Royal Palookas (abbr.)
18 Ocean flyers
20 The breath of old Italy (plural)
22 This gets turned down nightly but is made up in the morning
24 This loves to lie around and eat in fine clothes
26 Irish black diamond
27 The lovechild who wounded Nick the Greek and Athena Popolopolus
29 The ten best these come between 28 and 30 in a woman's life
31 A shot of ether or of sledgehammer will induce this
34 What wordy speakers constantly do to their notes
36 Woozy Mumbleheads Organization (abbr.)
37 Note slinger
38 The port the Scotchman landed at in America
40 Hamilton's thorn
42 He'll be a man before his mother
43 It might mean yes and it might mean no
45 A shirt stuffer
48 A word that Mussolini has yet to hear; this kind of man isn't wanted by Hitler
49 The kind of jokes frowned on by radio comedians
51 Sour-pussed
52 A flapper
54 A member of the Kelly family
56 A woman never tells this even when it tells on her
58 Snorts
61 Old Ladies Elbow-bending Organization (abbr.)



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Answer to last week's puzzle

62 Big tie-ups in the banks
64 A windy flapper
65 Female scrimmage
67 You love this in your country
69 Famous columnist (abbr.)
70 Shakes
73 Trim
75 Tin Nuts (abbr.)
76 To feel icky
77 Race starter
79 Here's a bird with a fowl mouth
81 A crusty thing that can be peachy too
82 Here's where the spectator will pay a big price for a knot hole (two words)

VERTICAL

1 A cut-up
2 You can make light of this
3 Animated Zooners Establishments (abbr.)
4 This is easy in Ireland
5 This is almost normal yet it is normal
6 Get in the hair of
7 Goddess minus an s
8 You'll never get a peep out of this until it's broken
9 He who hesitates is lost; but he who does this must look
10 All dried up
11 They'll never be slaves
12 This is never mixed up in a triangle; it goes around in the best circles
13 He gets a load on but doesn't like to go places
19 A kitchen mess
21 It's curtains for this
23 To remove Kelly
25 You know this from the ground up, but you'll probably make a hash of it
28 He's usually Balkan about something
30 An old rake
32 This never affects the tied; only the untied
33 A river in Spaghettiland
35 All set
37 Where all carved furniture comes from
39 Entirely Nude Organizations (abbr.)
41 Shortened rights
43 What to do to end a tie-up
44 His mother was a good old soul and his father was a this—so he made a good dancer
46 A little bridge in Paris
47 Sounds from rooters
50 To get knotted up
53 He was college-bred, having enjoyed a four-year this at Harvard
55 Water vessel
57 Where all good Irishmen would like to go
59 The kind of shape Flagpole Kelly keeps in
60 Angles
62 Lost in France
63 Parked the bones in the hay and knocked off the winks
66 Built like a toothpick
68 Club in the City of Our Lady of the Angels (abbr.)
70 The peril of the yellow journals
71 Three eyes
72 Tear-jerking
74 A couple of these and a la and the flowers will bloom in the spring
78 A note from Mussolini
80 A small room

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

The old fight!

Stop him! Try and do it! A herd of elephants can't stop you when digestion is good, when a flock of irritations aren't nagging at your nerves.

Beeman's is a simple way millions of folks have found to help keep digestion orderly. Pure, smooth, healthful — it is a pleasant aid to digestion.

Try Beeman's. Sample its delicious flavor — cool, invigorating, and fresh — for Beeman's new Triple Guard Pack seals out air, seals in every bit of its delicious goodness. Pick up a package today.

Chew

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

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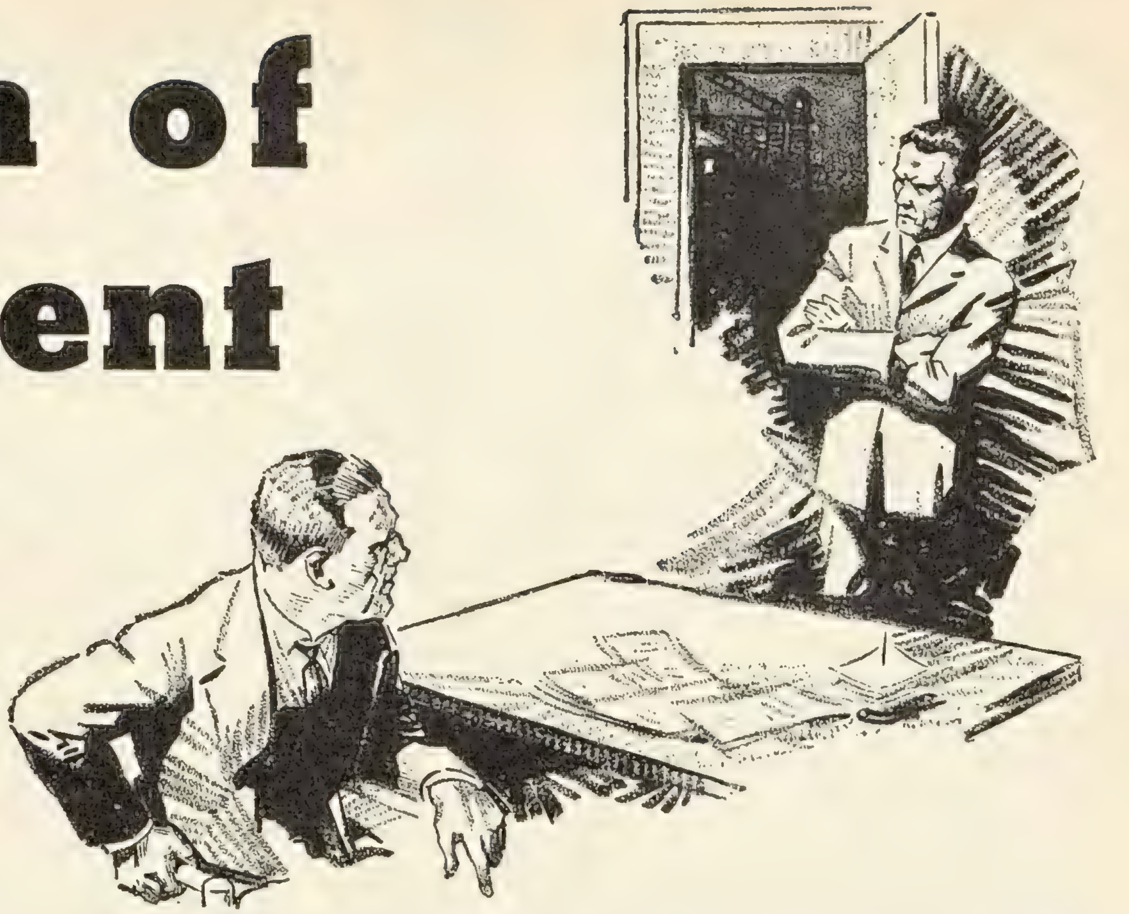
A Dash of Sentiment

A Short Short Story

by ROBERT ORMOND CASE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



AT seven in the evening—prematurely dark because of rain clouds massed blackly above the mountains—Raymond, the construction engineer, and Cosgriff, the bookkeeper, were alone in the tiny office on the slope just below the great irrigation dam.

It was a bad moment for both. They had been classmates at Tech fourteen years before. Raymond had gone up in the profession; Cosgriff down. This was the end.

" Sorry, Cosgriff," said the engineer. " I didn't know about this until I got the wire from headquarters tonight. The auditor found the shortage in the final check-up last week and made a confidential report. The bonding company sleuths are on their way up from Frisco."

" When will they get here? " Cosgriff tried to keep his voice steady.

" On the Limited at midnight. I'm supposed to hold you under guard meantime. I won't, of course, if you'll give me your word you won't make a run for it."

" I'll wait here," said Cosgriff.

The engineer nodded, moving toward the door.

" I'll be over at the dam. I'll come back at eleven thirty and we'll walk over the bridge to the spur to meet the Limited. I haven't told the boys. Nobody'll see us."

" Thanks," said Cosgriff.

Raymond stood outside for a moment, his flash light aimlessly probing the blackness. The thin pencil of light gleamed on the rugged slope. It pierced obliquely into the cañon below the dam, lighting a segment of the empty canal that paralleled the gorge of the roaring river. It shone vaguely on the railroad bridge that leaped both canal and river in a single graceful arch.

" When do you turn the water into the canal? " asked Cosgriff.

" At one. That'll give it eight hours in the lower works, ready for the inspectors tomorrow." The engineer glanced back. " Sorry about that too, old son. You won't get to see it."

When the engineer had gone, Cosgriff straightened slowly. The plan had leaped into his mind full-grown.

Cosgriff worked fast. At eleven, after more than three hours of furiously concentrated effort, the thing was done.

It had been easy to pick up the scattered entries that the auditor had ferreted out, and lump them into a single special account. This account, he would presently claim —and could maintain on the witness stand, if need be—had been authorized by Raymond and the proceeds handled by Raymond alone. He had been under Raymond's orders, he would point out. After all, they had been classmates at Tech. A dash of sentiment, in these cases, was always impressive.

But it would never get to the witness stand. Raymond's confession—a single typewritten page signed by the initialed hieroglyphic that any of his associates would identify—would clear everything up.

Cosgriff placed the confession in the desk drawer. He had been working late, as usual—so his story would go. He had found the confession just before the sleuths arrived. He would be reading it, amazed and thunderstruck, when they walked in.

Raymond came at eleven thirty.

" Ready, old son? "

" Let's go."

The engineer led the way along the slope. He did not flick the light to right or left. It bored straight ahead, picking out the trail leading to the railroad grade. All about the warm darkness pressed thick and impenetrable. They reached the right of way and moved forward between the steel rails.

They were on the bridge now, creeping outward into the blackness of space. The roar of the unseen river strengthened.

The engineer turned to look at Cosgriff.

" You know, old son, I got to thinking about you when I was over yonder on the dam tonight. Whatever reason you had for gouging the company, you're still entitled—"

" 'S all right," said Cosgriff thickly. He had scarcely heard the words. He placed a hand on Raymond's back, braced himself, and thrust with all his strength.

Raymond gasped as he reeled outward into the void.

Cosgriff had a wild impulse to run blindly. Instead, through darkness that seemed more profound than before, he crept cautiously back along the trail.

MIDNIGHT came and went. The Limited roared and twinkled on the bridge and rumbled on. A lantern followed presently, undulating across the sky. Cosgriff was seated at his desk, reading the confession with simulated horror, when two city men strode in.

They were lean, hard-featured, businesslike. They introduced themselves and listened to Cosgriff's story. One read the confession, nodding. The other, with a swift motion, clamped handcuffs on Cosgriff's wrists. They searched him, stood aside—and Raymond entered.

The engineer was dripping and disheveled. No softness or sympathy was in his face. It was bleak, hard-lined.

" We'll take him over to camp," he said to the officers. " Best keep him under guard until the morning train. The man's a snake. I was too easy with you, Cosgriff," he told the cringing, incredulous bookkeeper. " Too much sentiment, I guess. It's lucky there was eight feet of water in the canal when you pushed me over. I thought you were entitled to see it before you left, so I opened up the gates at eleven. I was going to flash the light on it from the bridge. You'll get to see it, at that. Take a look in the morning, on the way to the train."

THE END

$2,000
CASH PRIZE
GAME OF POSTAGE STAMPS

LIBERTY'S educational and remunerative game of Postage Stamps reaches the halfway mark with the reproduction of the fifth group at the bottom of this page. You still have time to enter if you are not now a competitor, and your chance to win a prize is still excellent even though your knowledge of stamps be extremely limited. The novice has equal opportunity with the expert collector in this contest. All you are required to do is to name the countries which issued the various stamps reproduced, and then jot down a brief note.

YOU STILL CAN ENTER

If you need any one of the first four groups of stamps to bring your entry up to date, mail a request to the contest address in Rule 5. Reprints of this contest material will be supplied without charge. Name the stamps when they arrive and your entry will be even with the field.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish photographs of a number of postage stamps issued by foreign countries. On each stamp the name of the country of issue will be blotted out, and the object of the game is to determine the countries by which the various stamps were issued.

2. Cash prizes as listed in the schedule on this page will be awarded to the 223 entries which most accurately identify the countries by which the stamps were issued, accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words telling " Which country of those represented in the contest I would rather visit, and why."

3. The most accurately identified set of stamps accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of interest, originality, plausibility, and neatness.

4. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

5. Write or type the name of the country of issue in the space beneath each stamp. Carefully executed tracings of the stamps are acceptable. Hold all of your identifications until you have the complete set of ten groups. Write or type your name and address plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them, together with your message, to Liberty Game of Postage Stamps, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is a needless expense and will have no influence upon your being awarded a prize.

7. All entries must be received not later than Wednesday, December 26, which is the closing date of this contest.

8. The Contest Board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding entries.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

THIS IS GROUP NO. 5

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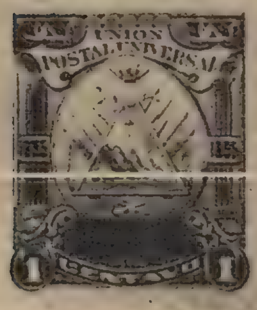

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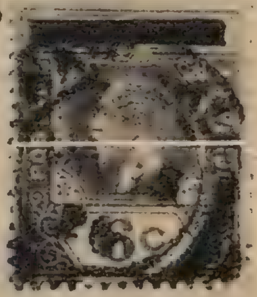

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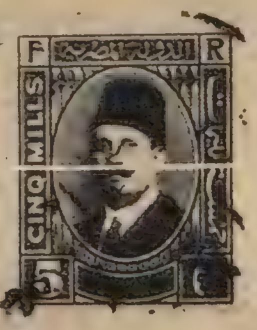

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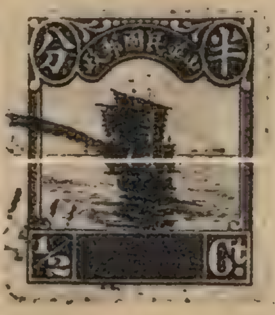

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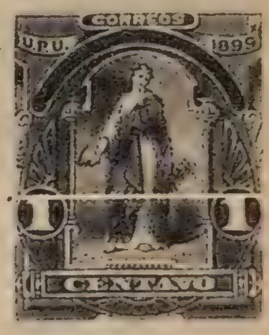

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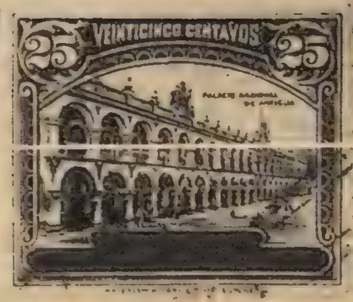

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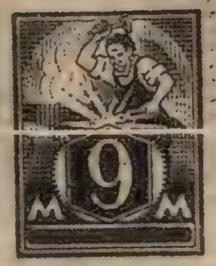

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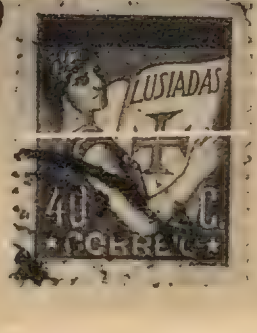

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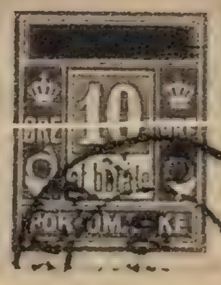

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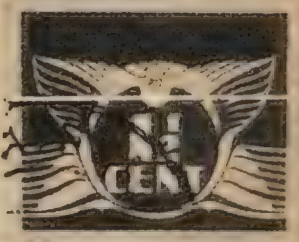


SET NO. 6 OF THIS EDUCATIONAL CONTEST WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Modern Lady

by
GRACE PERKINS

Can Love Destroy a Man? Two Hearts Now Seek the Answer in This Revealing Chronicle of a Strange, Storm-Swept Marriage

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

AT the pinnacle of her business triumphs, flame-tressed Jane McAm finds an unexpected barrier to happiness. That barrier is love—love for a man who holds to the traditional tenet that a woman's place is in the home.

As the great I McAm in the New York real estate field, Jane has won out against almost undefeatable odds. At seventeen, a frail, not pretty girl, her father Teddy was a lifer in prison, and she was the breadwinner of her family, which included Nell, a crippled mother, and three younger children, Marion, Dick, and Toby. Edgar Holloway, a New Rochelle real estate man, gave her a chance to sell a tract of sand, and her childhood sweetheart, Rudy West, helped her make the sale.

Hard work and bitter deprivation enabled Jane to build up a business of her own, and after the World War she was on the top of the real estate heap. She had amassed a fortune, obtained her father's release, restored her mother's health, and established Marion, Dick, and Toby in a life commensurate to her success. Yet she was still in love with Rudy, and he was infatuated by Nina Norris, an actress—an infatuation which Jane could not break.

Jane's love opportunity comes, however, when Nina marries another man, and Rudy, gassed in the war and with his health seriously impaired, returns from engineering work abroad and makes her his wife. Almost immediately Rudy demands that Jane sell out her vast business and make a home for him. They quarrel and separate, but an accident to Rudy reconciles them. But Jane's business still rankles in Rudy's mind. He threatens to return to the engineering field, but a baby's arrival withholds him.

To keep Rudy with her, Jane secretly gets him the offer of a job in the city. Then comes the great economic crash, which wipes out Rudy's own small fortune and all but wrecks Jane's.

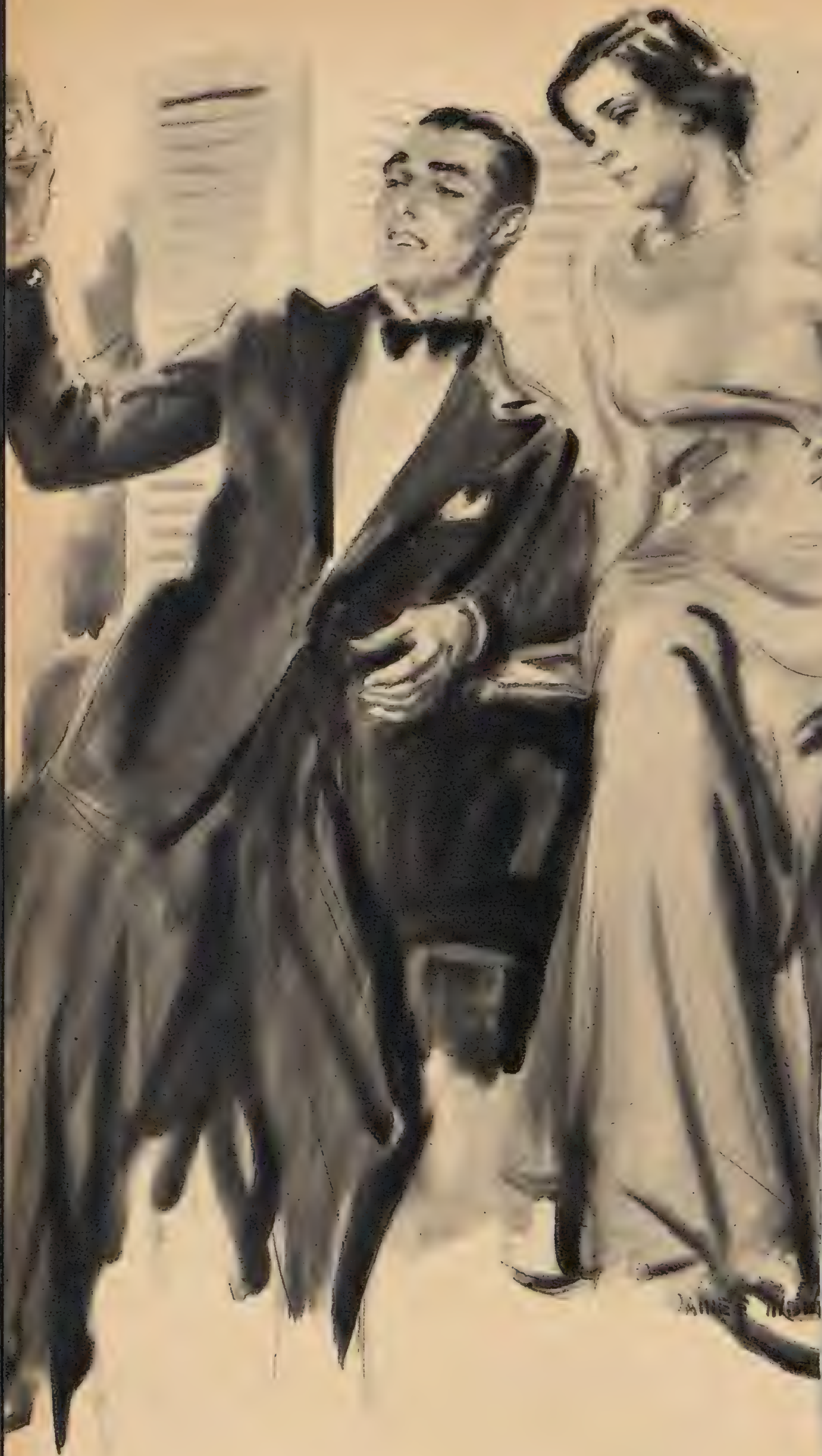
PART X—"THIS TIME HE WON'T COME BACK"

"CUT!" Jane said, and down through the office went a stiff shaving of salaries, drawing accounts, bonuses, and commissions.

"Cut!" she said to her family and went to each personally. Her first was Toby.

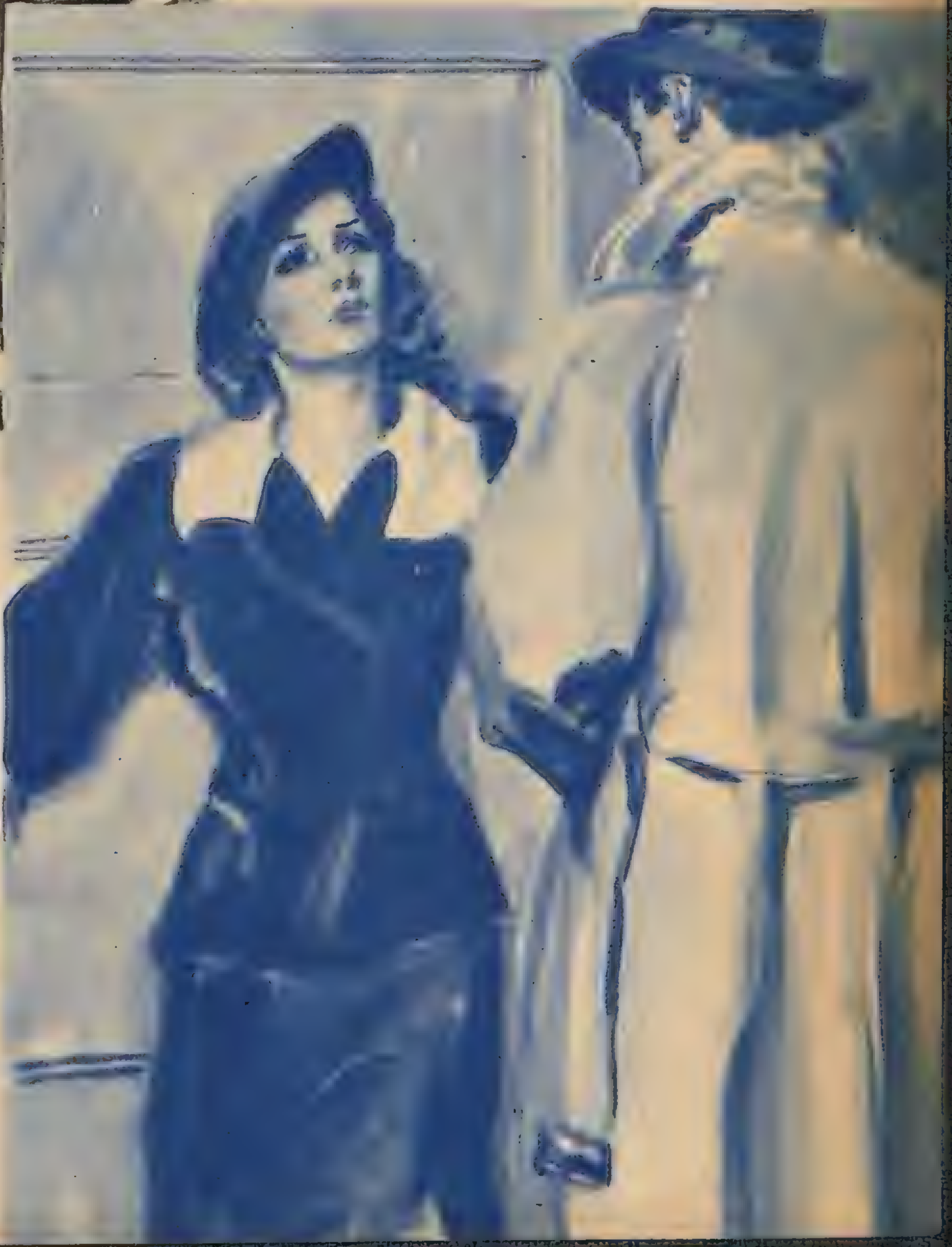
He sat at the piano, a scrupulously well groomed young man, pale-faced, nearsighted, somehow stamped with a dim distinction.

"My dear Jane," he laughed with soft triumph, "cut me in half? You needn't give me anything. I am quite self-supporting in a mild way. The only reason I've been taking your checks is because they would go to some



Something in his face like a wild heathenish goat man made him seem unreal.

"You will please get away from that door," he said dryly, "or you'll be mighty sorry."



ILLUSTRATIONS BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

one just as unqualified for your charity as myself."

"And just what do you mean by that?"

"I can show you—I keep excellent books—that your checks to me have kept a number of families going. Families who are trying to do something in the world—something unnecessary perhaps and out of your line, but something worth while. You've done a lot for art and music, Jane. I'll find me a little house out of town, or a little apartment somewhere. I've been wanting to do it—just inertia, I guess, that kept me from it."

"You hate me, Toby. Don't you?"

"No. Not hate. Hating and loving are similar emotions, they say. You're an obsession with me, Jane."

"How—an obsession?"

"If you weren't, don't you suppose I'd have married before now?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"No, you wouldn't. It's just as well."

"Toby, you're not letting a lot of this Freudian twaddle—"

"No," he shrugged. "I told you you wouldn't understand. I don't myself exactly. Only you've ruled out love for me. Passion, yes. Sex, O.K. Friendship—ah, there's something—a true art in life! But love? Marriage? Family? Children? Parents? Brothers and sisters? Ugh! There's something repulsive—something that ignoramuses have tinkered with and made a mess of—something horrible in any relationship that's too close."

She got to her feet and pulled on her taffeta jacket.

"What you need, Toby, is a dose of salts."

He laughed.

At the door she hesitated.

"Toby—where is Dick?"

"He doesn't want you to know."

"Well, tell him for me that Nell or Trudy won't have any spare pennies to send him— Unless he's ill—or in trouble?" Her questioning falter caused a smile to hover on Toby's lips.

"I'll tell him. He'll be crushed."

She sighed and drew on her gloves abstractedly.

"Toby, if you were in need, you'd call on me?"

"I hope not," he smiled. "And if I do, say no, will you? You might be interested in knowing that I've had a twenty-thousand-line poem accepted. Historical. You'll never wade through it, but they say it's good. I'm likely to cash in pretty."

"I'm glad," she sighed, and went away trying to be glad.

Her visits to the others were postponed for a while, leaving them to chafe over a high-handed fifty-per-cent cut. For Rudy's father claimed instant attention. A serious heart condition was growing steadily more alarming, and Abby was frightened to take care of him alone.

They brought him to West Wind. And slowly through the hot months they watched the gallant old man die.

When death at last claimed him, only Abby broke, a pitiful thing in her grief. To the others it meant release which none of them dared express. Yet the release was coated with a clammy loss that made the house something hollow.

"I'd like to go away," Rudy said restlessly one night. "I think we all need a change."

Jane regarded him gratefully.

"I want terribly to live in the city this winter," she said. "By the time I get home the baby is in bed and I've missed the best part of his day."

Rudy nodded.

"We shouldn't afford it."

"Oh, we'll find a way, Rudy. We've got to do something—to break the spell."

THEY found an apartment and moved into town. Whereupon there rose a heavy fog of unexpressed but definite criticism from Jane's family. They resented Abby's presence in Jane's house, resented it with mean little digs. Abby sensed this, and rousing herself from her mourning, talked seriously one night to her brother and his wife.

"I'm a natural-born home maker," she explained placidly. "I'd like to take a job as a housekeeper in a big hotel. I've heard of one that I'm sure I can land in Washington."

With genuine love they pleaded with her to stay with them, truthfully explaining that they had never had such peace or comfort in their home before she came. But it was Jane who closed the question:

"I think, Abby, frankly, it would be a rather mean thing to do to us—right now—to take a job like that. After all, people will say neither Rudy nor I—well, they'll say business must be pretty terrible." She shrugged and lit a cigarette with an apologetic smile. "I know it's silly, but you'd be surprised how much such gossip affects credit. Besides, you know, your father's reputation was nothing to sneeze at. It's not so funny to have his daughter as a menial in a hotel so soon after his death—even a glorified menial."

"Wait a while, Sis," Rudy concurred with finality.

So Abby waited a while in their home, and though she was mildly shocked at the people who came, their talk, their manners, their shabby affairs, she did relax and enjoy herself. She had a Madonna placidity that seemed to invite confidence, and Abby was the patient listener to many and the wise adviser of none.

The whole interminable winter was nerve-racking. More and more Rudy's work chafed and bored him and he ceased to drive himself to be interested. All the energy he should have given his work went into petty speculations on a market that wouldn't sit up and beg for the most winning of bait. He took up the old flair for flirtations, playing with them with a defiant if somewhat shamefaced insistence.

It was then that the presence of Abby became difficult for Jane. Dear and sweet as Abby was, it was difficult to quarrel with her around. A bit humiliating to have her watch the intimacies of failure and struggle and renewed resolutions. Added to this discomfort was the strange hold that Abby had on the baby. With him all day, showering her ample devotion upon him, the baby gave her the love and clinging affection that Jane craved.

TOWARD spring Nina Norris called Jane on the telephone. Just arrived in town, and just, one gathered, free of the amorous encumbrances of Sir Charles Hawley. And no matter how bad business was Jane just must rent her damn' theater or sell it or something, for if ever anything was a gift horse, that piece of property certainly was. And would Jane and Rudy come this afternoon for a cocktail?

For two hours they drank cocktails with a startlingly undepressed Nina. It seemed that they must stay to dinner, and that dinner developed into a gala affair. More and more people kept arriving, more and more phones rang, more and more drinks were served. Here were the high lights and tail lights of Broadway, here were singers, crooners, piano teams, and world-famous high-salaried clowns. Laughter, song, music. And full in the center of it was Rudy. A strange Rudy, fired by drink, stoked by the need to play. A handsome Rudy with danger in his eyes and a thrill in his voice.

Jane stared over at him. Something in his face that was like a wild heathenish goat man made him seem unreal. Unearthly. Abnormal. She blinked, wondering if the liquor had blurred her focus. It occurred to her that impressionistic artists saw like this—saw some meat and glaze, some lime and phosphorous, some bone and burn that in a streak clarified the hobgoblin, the half-soul, the pitiful ghoul.

With a rush of raw laughter, Rudy let himself be half pulled out of the room by some girl. Even after he was gone Jane stared at the doorway. For a few moments she had seen something that stunned. Her smile became more glassy, her cheeks paler, and her hair more flaming by contrast.

She saw him occasionally, and once for a few breezy steps he swung her into a dance. She tried to be glad he was having such a good time. She envied him his ability to douse himself with fun, lathering it gleefully and rubbing it in.

Around three she sought him out.

"I'm so tired," she told him. "I must go home."

"Aw, stick around," he pleaded. "In an hour or so we'll all have breakfast."

She bit her lip as he turned back to the piano. He was trying to remember some of Nina's songs.

Jane turned and found Marion beside her.

"Carter brought me," Marion giggled.

"Who's Carter?"

"Oh, a man I met with Rudy when the baby was born."

"Ah—the rich old man who's a friend of Richmond? I had no idea you were running around with him."

"Should I send you a daily report?"

Jane shrugged.

"I'm going home. Tell Rudy for me, will you?"

"I'll bring him home myself," Marion sniggered. "I've had enough practice."

In bed Jane closed her eyes wearily. There wasn't any way you could fix life that it wouldn't be tasteless. She thought of Rudy in his moments of yellowish discomfort, and thought of the mad gleam in his smooth lean face at the party. She thought of Abby sleeping in the room next to the baby, and of her son who paid so little attention to her. She thought of her business, of her office that was showing cracks in the ceiling and swellings in the paneling. She thought of Toby and wondered where he lived and why he wouldn't invite her even once to his place.

She rose and took some sleeping tablets.

At eight Cosima woke her. There was no Rudy.

There was no message from Rudy. Never had he stayed out all night before. The breakfast party could hardly have lasted this long.

Exasperated, she stepped into her tub. Damn' fool!

He phoned her at the office around ten.

"Don't talk to me," she snapped and hung up.

This time it was no ordinary quarrel. Rudy moved to a club, and the gesture so infuriated Jane that she decided she would see him in hell before she would make one move to speak to him or see him. The message was duly delivered to him, and his answering silence seemed significant.

For nearly six weeks they lived so, and then Jane moved back to West Wind with Abby and the baby. Between Abby and herself there were meals of unendurable silences and more unbearable small talk. It was Marion who was active.

"He's running around with Nina Norris," Marion repeated endlessly.

"I've heard as much. Let him run."

"You damn' fool, Jane! The whole town is talking."

"I've heard that too. Richmond called me up and said Rudy's job was being neglected."

MARION, straddling a chaise longue, watched her sister pace restlessly up and down the room.

"I'm sick of it," Jane told herself more than Marion. "Sick to death of it. Hell, if he doesn't care enough in nearly two months to call me, or see the baby— What have I been struggling for? What have I got?"

"If you'll stop wearing out your carpet, I'll tell you something." Marion's voice was arresting. "This time he won't come back to you. Because he's ashamed! He thinks you know about it."

"You mean Rudy—and Nina?"

Marion nodded and gulped.

"Jane, somebody's going to tell you some time. Rudy thinks you know. He thinks you've cut him cold. That you'll never take him back. So he isn't coming back for fear you'll slam the door in his face."

Jane began to tremble, a palsied uncontrollable shaking even after she had made her way to Rudy's fireplace chair and sat down.

"I don't believe it," Jane managed. "I just don't believe it."

"O.K." Marion patted her shoulder. "You'd be better off not believing it."

"It's Nina." Jane's voice was stronger. "She loves to scream a new romance from the housetops. It's just publicity. She's managed it."

"All right," Marion agreed, unbelieving. "But before she makes a rumor real, do something about it. Listen, kid. I know men. I mean what makes them tick. You may know how they make hay while the sun shines, but I know how they make monkeys of themselves in the dark. I have my troubles. You know what that little rat of an ex-husband did?"

"No."

"He went and got married again. God! And him late half the time with his checks as it is. Believe me, he won't be late again or I'll have the sheriff at his door."

"Oh, Marion—his business is rotten."

"Well, so is he! But let it go. I'll handle him. See if you can do as much with your man."

For hours after Marion left Jane gave in to the torture of thoughts. Then she went to the phone and called Rudy's club, thankful and resentful that he should be there to answer so promptly.

"You big cluck," she called huskily into the phone. "Come on home."

"Do you want me, Jane?"

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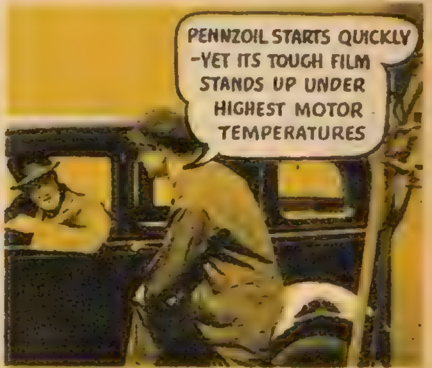
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"If I didn't would I call?" she asked and hung up before her voice broke.

He was in her room within two hours. His hands on her shoulders he seemed to compel her to eye him.

"I suppose you've heard things?"

"Yes. I've heard plenty."

"They aren't true. Before God. You've got to believe me."

"Even if I did, who else does? You've made our marriage a common thing—made me something to be laughed at, pitied."

"That's why I couldn't call you," he said tonelessly. "I wouldn't have blamed you in a way if you never wanted me back. It was shabby of me—inexcusable. But fundamentally innocent."

His hand was on her arm and she turned away petulantly. The lacy shawl collar of her tea gown caught on one of his sleeve buttons and tore.

With a nervous sweep she yanked it entirely off the gown, tossing it in the wastebasket.

"Well, is that all you've got to say?" she demanded.

"All."

She sat down, half turned from him.

"I don't believe in prolonging agonies." His voice was calm and a little tired. "This is the first time we've discussed anything after a quarrel. I think we've discussed it enough. I'm sorry the world is gossiping about me and Nina. Sorry that gossip hurts you. I was a fool. But I was not guilty. If I'm ever going to be untrue to you, I'll tell you so and leave you."

"You did leave me. For two months."

"Not because of that. I left because we quarreled. I stayed because I got involved. What I mean is—if you can ever get it through your head—that I play fair. I think adultery has its fine points. But if I ever go in for it, I'll let you know. I wouldn't cheat."

Her lips tightened at his impish smile.

"So I suppose that settles it?" She was sarcastic.

"It settles it as far as I'm concerned. You once said to me, Jane, that you couldn't change utterly and if I took you I'd have to take you with all your faults. I say the same to you now. Take it or leave it."

She heard him fussing with the decanter and wineglasses, and she closed her eyes as if in prayer. She opened them again as she heard him approach her.

"Will you drink with me?" he said with a wheedling tone. "I'm so glad to be home. Are you glad to have me?"

"Yes."

They sipped the wine, eying each other over the glasses. His knee nudged hers with insistent command, and she edged over obediently. He squeezed into the chair with her. Again they sipped thoughtfully.

"I've got something to tell you," he said with a self-conscious note. "I made a little money since I last saw you. A few stocks. First time in years I didn't get burned. I bought you something."

SHE watched him fumble in his inner coat pocket and was startled by a narrow velvet box. With one hand he sprang the catch and her eyes considered a thin delicate necklace of small pearls. She stared up into his eyes and began to laugh.

"Rudy, that's the gesture of a roué."

He frowned, his face such a mixture of disgust and disappointment that she leaned up and kissed him. Within a second his arms were around her more greedily possessive than she could remember.

"Don't be nasty, Jane," he was whispering to her. "I've had enough. So have you. Be good to me."

The bareness of check-book cupboards had brought not only the loss of social distractions but a carload of aggravations. When at last Jane had to close out the New York apartment and bring her mother and father to West Wind to live, the cross currents in the spacious old farmhouse were charged with sparks.

Long, long years ago Jane had once turned an admirer of her mother out of the house. Not once since had his name been mentioned. Yet now that Nell McAm, fragile but defiantly blonde, was in her home, Jane discovered to her horror that the same Duke Howard still figured largely in her mother's life. Nell had seen him only three times in all these years, but she had corresponded regularly and treasured beyond all reason the surprising number of gifts he had sent her.

"He loves me." Nell McAm's voice had a whimper in it as she was cornered one afternoon into confession. Her still pretty blue eyes went from Jane to Marion's face with a resentful blaze. "And I love him. He's been devoted to me all these years."

"Probably if you'd been together it wouldn't have lasted six months."

"That's unkind, Jane. Unreasonable."

Marion got to her feet.

"Mama's right. You don't know what you're talking about. She's tried to love papa—but she just can't. That does happen, you know."

"But it would kill papa now."

"I know. That's why I haven't done anything. I don't think Teddy has long to live," Nell McAm said softly, and Jane shuddered.

"THAT'S pretty raw," she said coldly. "And as long as we're speaking out, I'll say what I feel. As long as I could keep up the New York apartment and supply everything, you stuck. I know it isn't very pleasant for you to have to live here with us. I don't blame you for suddenly deciding that romance is worth anything."

And with an angry bang she left the room.

Marion did not live with them, preferring to cling to New York in a one-room hotel apartment and finding it wearing but possible to live within her alimony. For a while Marion's apartment was an island of relief for both Rudy and Jane. They left their dress clothes there, and were glad to stop by for a cocktail and a half hour's rest at the close of a long day. Besides, Marion was the natural exchange association with Nina, and Jane was very definitely determined to ally herself with her husband's rumored lady in order to drown out gossip. She was seen frequently lunching with Nina and Marion, and had them both to one or two large dinner parties at West Wind.

The end of the eternal summer left Rudy and Jane facing each other, harassed and beaten.

"Home isn't home," he said one night. "And I can't bear it. I get so that I hate to come into the place."

"Our hands are tied," she said wearily. "We can't afford anything else."

"Well, we've got to." He kicked a chair with a restless foot. "I thought of something. If we could get a place like Marion's. Even cheaper. Some place we could stay together overnight once in a while—and be alone."

She smiled.

"Oh, Rudy—let's do it!"

Like two culprits they went about their apartment renting in utter secrecy, determined that the family should not know, thus protecting themselves from criticism, envy, and interruptions. They found an out-of-the-way room, kitchenette, and bath for forty a month, and there they went with elaborate lies and excuses, feeling illegitimate in their stolen hours of intimacy.

But a third salary cut was Rudy's downfall. He took up his drinking, bent upon making up for lost time.

Jane curbed her exasperation even when he resented her trips home to see the baby. Often he didn't accompany her. She discovered that he phoned Marion several times and joined her in a few of her vague parties. And at this Jane rebelled. She wondered just how often he met Nina at Marion's or just how much it meant to him. She took the matter up with Marion, and for the first time the two sisters had a really bitter quarrel. A queer quarrel that became involved in so many things, with incriminations on both sides; going back into old-remembered scores.

Jane left Marion's apartment actively sick with indignation and headed for the room and bath and kitchen that she and Rudy called home. Inasmuch as it was only four in the afternoon, she felt she could safely cry it out, bathe, and be fairly quieted before Rudy arrived.

To her amazement she found him, as she opened the door with a shaking key, sprawled in an armchair. Instinctively she knew

(Continued on page fifty-eight)

"That was the *worst* headache...

... what a relief! A few minutes ago, I could have screamed when I thought of playing bridge tonight. Now, I feel fine! If I'd only known before that Bromo-Seltzer was as quick as that!"

"Lucky for us it is so quick. We've just time to make the party. Dad's used Bromo-Seltzer ever since I can remember. Calls it 'the old reliable.'"

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Overwork or fatigue headache.

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You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

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Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stomach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the *after-effects.*

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French's Bird Biscuit (a 10c value) is included in every package of French's Bird Seed. It *completes* the canary's diet.

French's Bird Gravel Aids Digestion

French's
BIRD SEED
AND BISCUIT

(Continued from page fifty-six)

something had happened, and her heart was shocked into momentary inaction.

"What is it?" she gasped.

From under his eyes he stared at her.

"I've just left the job you bribed somebody into giving me," he said thickly.

She sat down, too stunned to think of an answer.

"What's between you and Richmond, huh?" He roused himself.

"Nothing. I refloated a mortgage for him."

"And gave his brother a job at your office." His tone frightened her beyond thought. "I hope you got the best of the bargain."

"It wasn't a bargain," she denied. "You belong in that firm. Moffin wanted you. You were once happy there. Richmond was your enemy and I've long ago learned to placate enemies."

He was staring at her, his mouth grim and tight, his eyes accusing.

"You bargained with him behind my back," he repeated. "You made a monkey out of me. My wife bought me my job."

"IT wasn't like that!" she cried. "It was a fair deal I made. No different from many a gamble I've taken on mortgages. It just opened the door in case you wanted to enter. I didn't persuade you. You could have taken any job you pleased."

"Of the million that were offered to me!"

"You had the oil job. I didn't—I didn't interfere with your going."

"No—no. I wish to God I had gone. My heart would have been in that. You say I didn't buckle down to this job and if I had I could have taken Richmond's place. Maybe so. But I don't want Richmond's place. I don't want you ever meddling again. I'll not only thank you to let me run my own life, but from now on I'm going to see to it that you don't even influence how I think."

He turned, making for the tiny hall closet and reaching out his coat and hat.

"Rudy, you're not leaving me?"

He paused, his coat half on, and regarded her.

"I don't know," he said. "I think I am— I think I love you too much, Jane. I think my love for you is destroying me."

"Rudy, that's prattle."

He adjusted his coat, set his brown felt hat over his rumpled hair.

"Rudy!" her voice was hysterical as she ran to him, clutching his coat lapels tightly. "I won't let you go."

With a viciousness that seemed worse than a blow, he wrenched her hands away, freeing himself.

He opened the door and she sprang forward, shutting it again with the force of her body thrown against it.

"Where are you going?" she gasped. "You can't go! You're not yourself."

He drew back, drawing his brown gloves from his pocket as he did so.

"You will please get away from that door," he said dryly, "or you'll be mighty sorry."

She shifted over a fraction so that she was pressed against the wall less than an inch from the threshold.

"Thank you," he was elaborately polite.

"I think, Jane, I'm myself for the first time in years."

He paused.

"I'm a failure. A fancy bum. I have no job. No money. No home worth calling home. I don't even think I have any guts left. If I have I'll find a way to do something to set myself right with the world."

"Rudy, your problem is yourself and you'll have yourself wherever you go. Where do you think you're going?"

He shook his head blankly.

"I don't know. I'll probably just go to hell. I don't think it's in me any more to do anything else. But if I do go to hell I'm going high, wide, and handsome. I'll go all the way and not by inches, as I've been doing with you."

"I can't stop you?"

"You can't stop me."

"You'll come back? Rudy, you'll come back to me?"

He laughed.

Her eyes widened with fright and she half whispered:

"What are you laughing at?"

"At the way your mind works." His voice was sharp. "Can you stop me? Will I come back? Never once the only thing that would count. Never would you say, 'Let me go too. Take me to hell with you!' Never! Never!"

He was past her, and before she had found her voice the door slammed heavily after him.

Once again the storm has broken over the turbulent love life of Rudy and Jane. And material fortune has been swept away to make their woes more biting. What will happen now? What will be Jane's eventual reward for all her bitter struggling? Next week's installment brings the final climax and an end to this poignant novel of romance and business.

Answer to Perk-Ups on Page 26

1A—Maid
2A—Desert
3A—Guest
4A—Write
5A—Serial
6A—Meet
7A—Tee
8A—Mold
9A—Rôle

1B—Made
2B—Dessert
3B—Guessed
4B—Right
5B—Cereal
6B—Meat
7B—Tea
8B—Mould
9B—Roll

10A—Berries
11A—Need
12A—Leaks
13A—Dough
14A—Bread
15A—Beets
16A—Mousse
17A—Steak
18A—Deer
19A—Piece

10B—Buries
11B—Knead
12B—Leeks
13B—Doe
14B—Bred
15B—Beats
16B—Moose
17B—Stake
18B—Dear
19B—Peace

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SMILE when a woman talks to you—but do not listen." That's an old Oriental saying. I heard it the other day from Rose Quong, Chinese actress now in this country. Trained on the stage in England and Australia, Miss Quong is thoroughly familiar with the method of our Western drama, to which she adds the poetic philosophy of the East.

I asked her what, in her opinion, has been chiefly responsible for giving the Orient its reputation as a place of mystery.

"To you Westerners," she said, "the East is mysterious because you do not understand it. You can't understand the Oriental mixture of hard-boiled selfishness and highly cultured idealism. Our old Eastern proverbs give you the key to Oriental nature. In one breath we say, 'If your neighbor's house is on fire, throw water on your own roof.' And in the next breath we say, 'If you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily.'"

Kissing, says Miss Quong, has come to China through our American movies. Oriental lovers never osculated until Hollywood taught them how. A regular bootleg trade has sprung up in Japan now, since movie theaters there have been forbidden by law to show kissing scenes. On side streets and up dark alleys the Japs go to secret little film houses where illegal kiss pictures are shown.

ROSE QUONG

■ Twenty years old, red lips, eyes eager-bright—she was one of those girls with a natural growth of premature gray hair. For some reason they strike hot sparks of mischief among the boys of any town. It was so with this girl whom I remember.

In the same neighborhood, by uncommon circumstance, also lived a boy whose hair had turned gray prematurely. And he exerted a similar fascination over the other sex. Between the two of them they led many a playmate into adventures that were not suitable for the young.

As inevitably as smoke follows flame they fell in love with each other, got married, fought like demons, got divorced, could not keep apart, remarried, and are still united in stormy bliss.

What perplexes me is the reason why premature gray hair should bring with it such irresistible palpitations. I am told that the prematurely gray are so constituted more often than not. A law of compensation, perhaps.

■ Three new tricks are being done this autumn with initials. It is smart to wear a metal monogram on the broad strap of one shoe—your right foot. Or a silver monogram on the left lapel of your sports coat. Or your initials in marcasite on the crown of your felt hat.

■ From the South Sea Islands comes this Mae West story told to me by Paul Cravath, millionaire lawyer who watches over the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera. On a boat going to the islands recently, Mr. Cravath helped judge the costumes at a fancy-dress ball. The judges gave the prize to a girl, saying, "You get it for your realistic impersonation of Mae West."

"I'm not supposed to be Mae West," the girl said.

"Who are you supposed to be?" they asked her.

"Queen Mary," she declared.

■ No one feels sorry enough, I think, for *servants of divorce*. I mean family servants.

Such a case has just come to my notice. It involves a couple—chauffeur and cook—who worked for the same family through two generations. Their original employers are gone now. A few weeks ago the son who inherited the property — and the old servants with it—put everything up for sale when his wife departed for Reno.

How will the old cook and chauffeur end their days? I don't imagine they will be destitute of food or shelter, but they are losing all the bonds of home, in which they have invested years of duty and affection. To me their plight seems genuinely tragic.

■ Margaret Goldsmith's new book, Franz Anton Mesmer, tells the strange history of mesmerism. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

■ Now that rabbit is in season, try this French recipe.

Cut 2 rabbits into small joints, leaving in the bones. Use fireproof casserole. At bottom lay thin slices bacon, half a bay leaf, sprinkle of thyme, a few slices each of onion and carrot. Now a layer of rabbit, the pieces packed in closely. Salt and pepper. Repeat layers, omitting bacon, until dish is full. Have carrot and onion on top. Pour 3 good tablespoons brandy over all, cover with bacon slices, put lid on casserole, seal edges with paste of flour and water, bake slowly 3 hours. Cool, then chill. Serve cold with a green salad. The meat will be jellied, the flavor delicious, and your company will beg for more.

Vox

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

THERE WAS NO "GENERAL STRIKE"

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—During and since the recent labor trouble in San Francisco I have read dozens of editorials on the subject, and Bernarr Macfadden's Brutal, Murderous Strikes—Who Is to Blame? in September 1 Liberty, was no better nor no worse than the majority of them. In expressing that opinion I am aware, of course, that he and I look at the situation from opposing viewpoints, and also that he was not here during the time and the basis of his argument probably comes from more or less inaccurate reports which have been spread through the country.

As a matter of fact, there was no "general strike," as the newspapers termed it. At no time were more than half of the unions on strike, and many of those unions who did go out were the smaller ones. At no time was there any danger of starvation; medical attention was available at all times; the public had no fear of appearing on the streets at any time, either night or day.

The charge has been made that the general strike committee took over certain functions of the civil government. But that was an exaggeration. That committee did issue permits for certain striking union men to return to work, so as to inconvenience the general public as little as possible; but that hardly can be construed as taking over the functions of the city government. That committee also, as one of its first acts, asked that the city authorities close up all liquor stores for the duration of the trouble, because it was found that most of the violence attributed to union men was the result of drunken men, many of whom were not affiliated with any union at all. Could such a request be construed as usurpation of the powers of the civil government?

The impression has gone out, and Governor Merriam tried to convey it in his campaign for reëlection, that the presence of troops ended the "general strike." Actually, the troops caused the "general strike" rather than ended it.

"Employers, large and small, have the right to call upon the local police power, or even the army through government officials, to protect them from intimidation and other lawlessness," it is said. Certainly. But so have the employees—if we still have a democracy in this country. It so happens that the laws of the United States recognize the right of men to strike, and to organize into labor organizations. If the employers on the water front had lived up to those laws, there would have been no "general strike." But the troops were not brought into San Francisco to protect the workers from that kind of lawlessness.—*K. Owen.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. While $25 will be paid for letters of special value, it must be understood that all letters are submitted as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

OODLES OF SILENCE

HOUSTON, TEX.—Since reading former President Hoover's recent blurb I wish to indite the following couplet to him:

When you were in, you couldn't help;
Now you're out, please don't yelp.

The nation can stand oodles and oodles of Mr. Hoover's silence.—*W. B. K.*

NO PITY FOR THESE MAD DOGS

SARNIA, ONT.—Watch for These Mad Dogs! in September 15 Liberty certainly deserves praise. But it is too bad to refer to these gangsters as mad dogs. A dog is man's best friend, and a mad dog is one to be pitied. These men, however, deserve nothing in the way of pity or even help.—*W. E. Prentice.*

TOO MUCH JOHNSON

NEW YORK, N. Y.—May I express my delight that our President has at last rid himself of that Old-Man-of-the-Sea, General Johnson? It's the best news of the year, I think. Do you recall a play of long ago, in which William Gillette starred, entitled Too Much Johnson? I saw it several times, and think the business of the country today has had "too much Johnson."

I would like to see our President clean out the theorists from his administration and form a new kitchen cabinet to include among its members Bernard Baruch, William Randolph Hearst, and Bernarr Macfadden.

Roosevelt has done a big and difficult job with few mistakes. But I'm afraid this planned economy and social justice business will retard recovery and will have to be scrapped along with the NRA and AAA.—*Samuel H. Wandell, Scribe of the Council, Tammany Society.*

THE BUSINESS OF NOT RAISING HOGS

HICKORY, N. C.—A friend of mine in Kentucky has received a government check for $1,000 for not raising hogs. So now I contemplate getting a farm and going into the business of not raising hogs, since not raising hogs appeals to me very strongly. Of course, if I go into the business on a big scale I will need an assistant, and that is one point where I need advice. Will my assistant have to work under the code, or can I make him assistant manager and thereby gain exemption for him?

I would also like to have some expert advice on what kind of farm would be best suited to not raising hogs, what strain of hogs it would be best not to raise, and how best to keep an inventory of the hogs I do not raise. Do you think I could procure the necessary capital by issuing non-hog-raising bonds?

My friend who got the check for $1,000 got it for not raising 500 hogs. Now I figure that I might just as easily not raise 1,500 or even 2,000 hogs. So you see the possible profits are only limited by the number of hogs you do not raise. My friend who got the check for $1,000 for not raising hogs has been raising hogs for forty years and the most he ever made in one year was $400. Just think how much of his life he has wasted raising hogs when not raising them would have been so much more profitable.

Thanking you in advance for any information you may be able to give me, I am, sincerely—*A Non-Hog-Raiser.*

TORCH OF REASON

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Hardship and Suffering Develop Character—Sometimes? in October 6 Liberty was thoughtful and imbued with the love and feeling for suffering humanity. The terrible toll of despair, frustration, and want visited upon our country has blighted many lives, ambitions, and creative efforts.

However, God grant that America holds aloft the torch of reason and with supreme intelligence builds on the ruins of the old economy the new economy that will banish the shackles of debt, despair, and destruction, and give a greater fulfillment of life. We can still secure enough sorrow and suffering, if it is necessary, in the personal misfortunes of life to harden our characters.—*John G. Beaver.*

TURKEY ON LONG BREAD

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The political campaign between the two candidates Senator Huey P. Long and Mayor T. Semmes "Turkeyhead" Walmsley uncovered a most delicious delicacy: *Dinde sur le pain Long* to all good French people—"Turkey on Long bread" to you.—*Jerry Trosclair.*

SILK UNDIES—AND THE OLD HICKORY STICK

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Edna's letter about spanking, in October 13 Vox Pop, makes me want to shout all over all of your two pages. One night I came home after one o'clock, and found both of my parents waiting for me.

Well, to make a long story short, after listening to a lecture I had to lie over mother's lap and get a good blistering with a ruler.

Is that right? And can't Liberty run a campaign against spankings?

When a girl is big enough to wear silk undies her parents shouldn't be allowed to spank her. I will soon be sixteen.—*Bobs.*

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Edna is not the only girl who gets spanked. I am in the second year at high school and several girls in my class get the old-fash-

Pop

ioned remedy. In my case it is my daddy who does the spanking. He uses a hairbrush and doesn't even leave the silk undies for protection. But I never get it unless I deserve it, and I am thinking twice now before I do anything to invite it.—*Helen.*

DRUNK WITH WORDS

Hamilton, Ont.—After reading Mrs. A. F. S.'s Four-Star Letter, Pious Homesteaders Rocking, in September 29 Vox Pop, I asked myself: "What is it all about?" It was the discerning poet Pope who wrote:

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Has Vox Pop become a contest to show the extent of one's vocabulary? Perhaps Mrs. A. F. S. and the editor were both "inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity."—*Leslie H. Finden.*

"SWASHBUCKLING MADNESS"

Ottawa, Ont.—In his review of The Count of Monte Cristo (October 13 Liberty) Beverly Hills, while admitting that Robert Donat gives a commendable performance as Edmond Dantès, qualified it by saying that he (Donat) never catches "the swashbuckling madness nor the tense determination of revenge that John Gilbert got in the silent version."

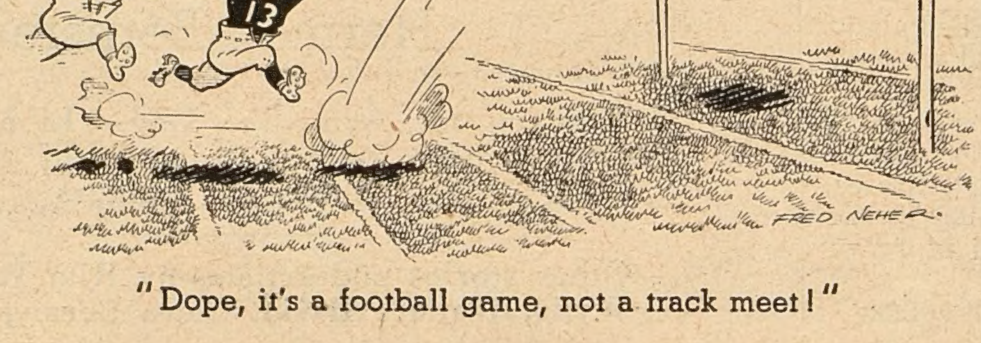
Any one familiar with Dumas's tale knows that Dantès was not addicted to "swashbuckling madness," nor was his "tense determination of revenge" so evident that it would stick out.

The critic exhibits further ignorance in Vital Statistics by saying that Donat, an English lad, cured a severe case of homesickness by driving miles to a small English restaurant outside Hollywood "very early one morning" and devouring three dishes of Yorkshire pudding. Yorkshire pudding is not eaten as a dish, but rather as a "buddy" to roast beef, and is scarcely a breakfast food, and three helpings of it at any time would probably mean the exchange of homesickness for "tummysickness."—*W. J. Turnbull.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—Not knowing the gender of Beverly Hills, I shall merely refer to him as "It." I think It's movie reviews are superb, and the Vital Statistics is an added attraction which almost surpasses the feature.

Incidentally, how's about giving us the lowdown on It sometime? Is Beverly a he or a she? —*Adeline Houston.*

Drawing by Fred Neher



"Dope, it's a football game, not a track meet!"

MIGHTY NEAR MISSED

Ness City, Kan.—For sixty years I have read more than my share of stories. But about fifteen years ago I quit reading them and mighty near missed the best story ever published. That was Pure and Unsullied, by Jerome Beatty, in September 29 Liberty.

One hundred million people in the United States should read this story. It will do more toward preventing crime than all of our laws.—*W. E. Ruff.*

WHEN THE GLANDS GET BUSY

Vancouver, B. C.—Are you a chip carrier? I confess I am. I pride myself on being broad-minded, yet my perfectly good-sized shoulder is just covered with tiny slivers, waiting—yes, even inviting—some one to knock one or more off. Then, when that is done, oh boy, don't the glands get busy? No cat facing his arch-enemy the dog reacts more rapidly than I.

Such petty things, too, aren't they—these pet peeves of ours? Yet out of this chip-carrying habit come our so-called crimes of passion. It is the basis for national hatreds that lead to war.—*Gerald Franklin.*

TO SUBSCRIBERS

When you move, it is important that you send us your new address at once, because magazines will not be remailed by the Post Office without payment of extra postage by you. Please ask your Post Office for form post card No. 22-B as well as form card No. 22. Both cards should be filled out completely by you to insure perfect service.

WHY NOT RENEW MARRIAGE LICENSES?

New York, N. Y.—We renew our dog licenses, our fishing licenses, and our automobile and other licenses yearly. Why not make the renewal of marriage licenses compulsory each year?

Each state should revise its marriage laws, under this plan, to provide for the compulsory renewal of all marriage licenses at the original fee.

In these days of financial crises, budget stringencies, and retrenchments, many municipal, county, and state governments are hard put to meet pay rolls and maintenance demands without a burden of added taxes upon the people. I believe my suggestion is worthy of consideration by people who are interested in the economic welfare of our country. —*Miss E. Snigg.*

MILLIONS FOR THE "OLD MUG"

Los Angeles, Calif.—According to the recent California primaries, a majority of voters in this state were for Upton Sinclair's EPIC plan to end poverty.

However, what do Sinclair and his supporters think of the article in September 22 Liberty, This Business of Cup Defense, wherein it was stated that between $50,000,000 and $75,000,000 have been spent in challenge and defense of the America's $500 "old mug"? Couldn't that money have been spent to better advantage?—*E. P. I. A.*

COCKEYED DEFENDER

Lansing, Mich.—When reading September 15 Vox Pop I was surprised at the criticisms of the Cockeyed Puzzles. Any one of average intelligence and education should be able to solve them.

I finished the last one in an hour and only referred to the dictionary twice, and I am no college professor either.—*A Puzzler.*

PEACEFUL CITIZEN GOES TO WAR FOR GARBO

Naperville, Ill.—Ordinarily I'm a peaceful citizen; but when I read a letter like Ida May's in September 22 Vox Pop, human nature prompts me to act.

If Ida May doesn't like Garbo, why yap about it? Garbo may be flat-footed, but I think there's something wrong with Ida May's brain to quibble about such a thing. It's childish! None of the stars are perfect. And as for Garbo having no more grace than a plank—well, that's such a ridiculous statement I won't even answer it. Garbo *is* grace! And as for her costumes, what did Ida May expect Christina to wear? To me, it's the modern clothes that look more like comic valentines—not the kind worn in Christina's time.—*Clifford Brier.*

DEATH INSTEAD OF LIBERTY

Shelby, N. C.—This week Liberty didn't come until Tuesday, and I called the Owl Shop and Sugar Bowl so many times asking if it had arrived that I was afraid to go in, fearing perhaps I'd get death instead of Liberty.—*Bryant W. Guthrie.*

MONEY INVENTORY

Hanover, Pa.—It is my belief that the cause of this nation's trouble is a money tie-up—a manipulation of our money sharks.

I, for one, would like to see an inventory of the moneys of the United States. A thing that has never been done, and a thing which should be done at regular intervals for the principle of good business.—*Harry M. Stokes.*

The Capture of Galatas

THE recent capture of Richard T. Galatas, one of the most wanted criminals in the United States, was directly due to the $1,000 Mad Dog reward offered by Liberty.

Galatas is charged with participation in the Union Station massacre at Kansas City on June 17, 1933, in which five men were killed.

In the September 15 issue of Liberty this year was published a page announcement offering rewards of $1,000 each to any reader of Liberty who identified and reported the fugitives pictured—John Hamilton, Homer Van Meter, Charles A. Floyd, Baby Face Nelson, and Galatas.

Before the magazine was off the press Van Meter was killed by a policeman. Meanwhile a reader of Liberty in New Orleans saw the picture of Galatas, memorized his features, and by a coincidence saw Galatas on the street within the next twenty-four hours. The name of this reader cannot be revealed. His identity is being protected by the United States District Attorney of New Orleans to whom he gave his information, by the government operatives who arrested Galatas, and by Liberty. This is because there is good ground to fear reprisals from the underworld. But the reward of $1,000 will be paid to the informant in full.

Naturally Liberty takes pride in this exploit. Moreover, the editors hope and believe that the three marauders still at large will also be turned in by alert readers anxious to do their part in the war against crime. This method of utilizing the vast circulation of a national magazine in the hunt for fugitives is not an experiment. Macfadden Publications have already demonstrated with what deadly accuracy the plan works.

Some years ago in True Detective Mysteries Magazine we started the first editorial man-hunt enterprise. It was a rogues' gallery called The Line-Up. Here we printed the photographs of escaped robbers, kidnapers, and murderers, and offered a cash reward to readers if they identified and reported the criminals to the police.

First was the picture of Fred Burke, wanted for the St. Valentine's Day massacre in a Chicago garage. Burke's picture appeared with the caption: IF YOU SEE THIS MAN, CALL A POLICEMAN AND WE WILL PAY YOU $100. Within a few days a reader recognized Burke, told the police, and he was caught.

Since then we have published about 300 pictures, and of the 300 we have captured seventy criminals.

If every newspaper in the country were to do this same thing no fugitive would be safe in the United States.

In the next issue of Liberty we hope to publish a detailed story of the capture of Galatas.

--FULTON OURSLER.

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by

W. J. Blackledge

CAN WE ABOLISH WAR?

by

Herman Bernstein

An inquiry for Armistice Day — Liberty presents the uncompromising replies of some of the world's most eminent thinkers

Other stories and articles by Rita Weiman, Philip Wylie, Wallace Irwin, Clara Beranger, and others

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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. . . where building health is a happy game!

THIS great health resort, founded by Bernarr Macfadden, invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. This resort at Dansville, N. Y., is patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. A beneficent, non-profit institution. ¶ In addition to being the ideal health resort, the management of Physical Culture Hotel have gone to great lengths to make it a delightful and charming spot at which to spend a few days or weeks in rest and recreation. ¶ If you are seeking the ideal vacation resort or are generally run-down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INCORPORATED

DANSVILLE NEW YORK

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

---------MAIL COUPON TODAY---------

Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L1110,
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

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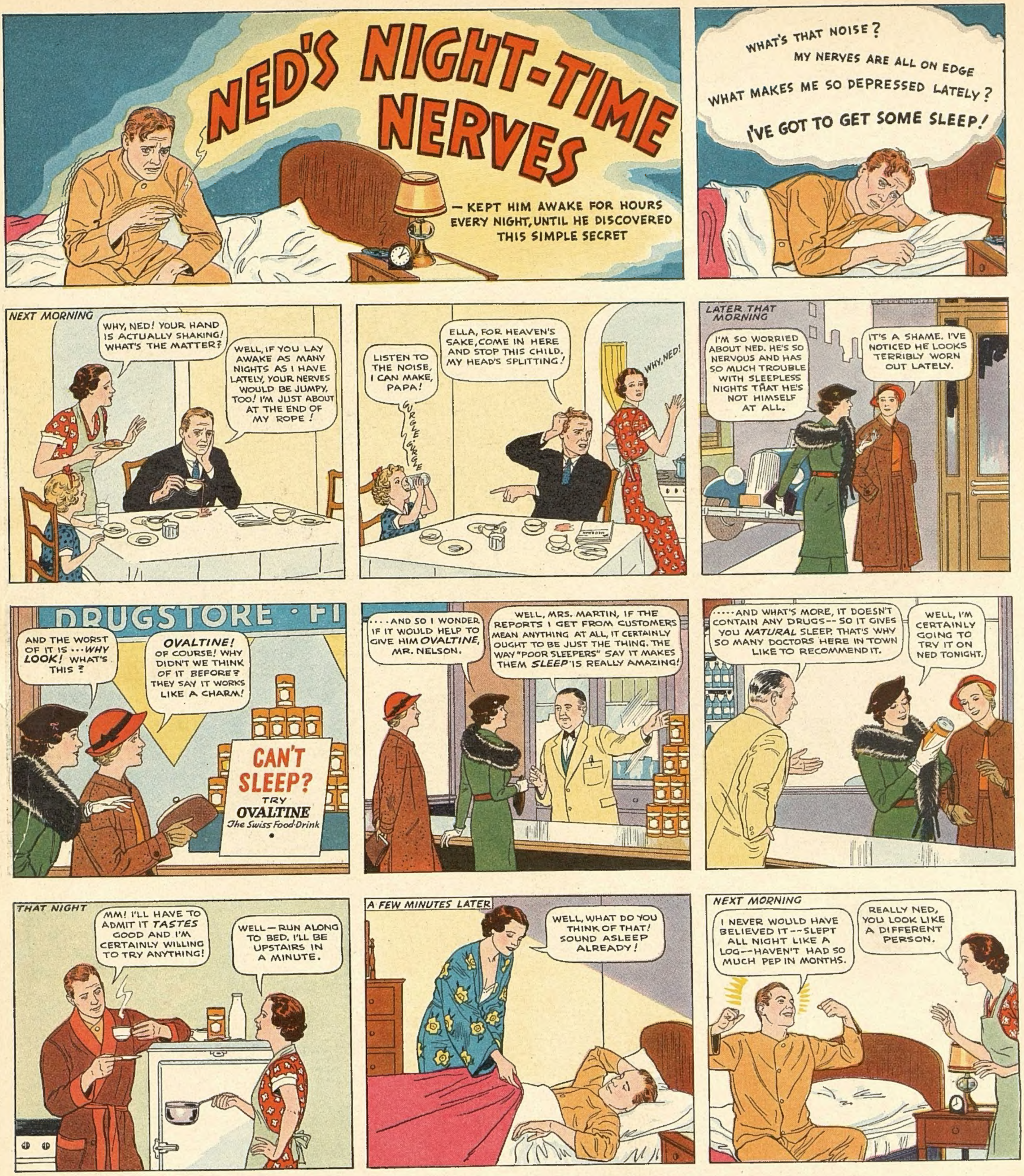
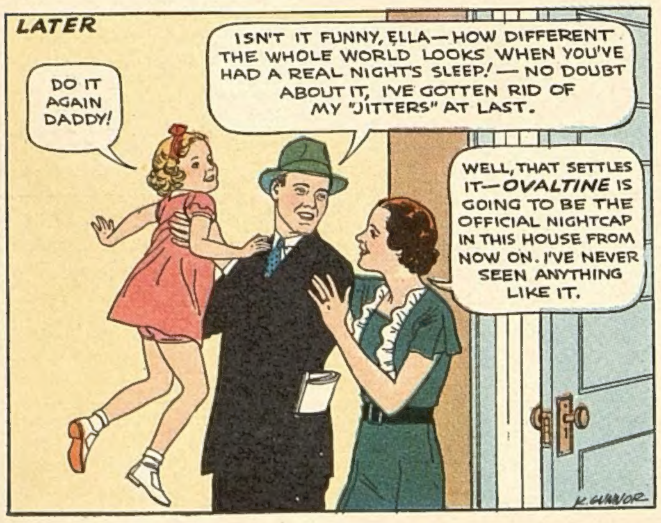

NED'S NIGHT-TIME NERVES
—KEPT HIM AWAKE FOR HOURS EVERY NIGHT, UNTIL HE DISCOVERED THIS SIMPLE SECRET
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? MY NERVES ARE ALL ON EDGE WHAT MAKES ME SO DEPRESSED LATELY? I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP!
NEXT MORNING
WHY, NED! YOUR HAND IS ACTUALLY SHAKING! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WELL, IF YOU LAY AWAKE AS MANY NIGHTS AS I HAVE LATELY, YOUR NERVES WOULD BE JUMPY, TOO! I'M JUST ABOUT AT THE END OF MY ROPE!
LISTEN TO THE NOISE, I CAN MAKE, PAPA!
GURGLE GURGLE
ELLA, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, COME IN HERE AND STOP THIS CHILD. MY HEAD'S SPLITTING!
WHY, NED!
LATER THAT MORNING
I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT NED. HE'S SO NERVOUS AND HAS SO MUCH TROUBLE WITH SLEEPLESS NIGHTS THAT HE'S NOT HIMSELF AT ALL.
IT'S A SHAME. I'VE NOTICED HE LOOKS TERRIBLY WORN OUT LATELY.
DRUGSTORE · FI
AND THE WORST OF IT IS ··· WHY LOOK! WHAT'S THIS?
OVALTINE! OF COURSE! WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF IT BEFORE? THEY SAY IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM!
CAN'T SLEEP? TRY OVALTINE The Swiss Food-Drink
····AND SO I WONDER IF IT WOULD HELP TO GIVE HIM OVALTINE, MR. NELSON.
WELL, MRS. MARTIN, IF THE REPORTS I GET FROM CUSTOMERS MEAN ANYTHING AT ALL, IT CERTAINLY OUGHT TO BE JUST THE THING. THE WAY "POOR SLEEPERS" SAY IT MAKES THEM SLEEP IS REALLY AMAZING!
·····AND WHAT'S MORE, IT DOESN'T CONTAIN ANY DRUGS-- SO IT GIVES YOU NATURAL SLEEP. THAT'S WHY SO MANY DOCTORS HERE IN TOWN LIKE TO RECOMMEND IT.
WELL, I'M CERTAINLY GOING TO TRY IT ON NED TONIGHT.
THAT NIGHT
MM! I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT IT TASTES GOOD AND I'M CERTAINLY WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING!
WELL—RUN ALONG TO BED. I'LL BE UPSTAIRS IN A MINUTE.
A FEW MINUTES LATER
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT! SOUND ASLEEP ALREADY!
NEXT MORNING
I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT--SLEPT ALL NIGHT LIKE A LOG--HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH PEP IN MONTHS.
REALLY NED, YOU LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON.


LATER
ISN'T IT FUNNY, ELLA—HOW DIFFERENT THE WHOLE WORLD LOOKS WHEN YOU'VE HAD A REAL NIGHT'S SLEEP!—NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, I'VE GOTTEN RID OF MY "JITTERS" AT LAST.
DO IT AGAIN DADDY!
WELL, THAT SETTLES IT—OVALTINE IS GOING TO BE THE OFFICIAL NIGHTCAP IN THIS HOUSE FROM NOW ON. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

WHEN YOU GO TO BED, DO YOUR NERVES STAY UP? ---THEN TAKE MY TIP-- TRY OVALTINE AND SEE HOW MUCH BETTER YOU SLEEP---HOW MUCH MORE PEP YOU HAVE NEXT DAY. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

OVALTINE is a delicious, pure food concentrate you take with hot milk just before going to bed. A scientific food creation that usually brings sound sleep quickly—and adds to your store of energy for the next day's work.

More than 20,000 physicians approve the use of Ovaltine. It is advised for restoring vitality when fatigued—and as a strengthening food for under-developed children and for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged. . . . Get a can of Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store today. Or mail the coupon for a trial supply.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY TEST

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 11-Li
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name..

Address ....

City.......................... State...........

(One package to a person)

OVALTINE

LOOK FOR NEW LOW PRICES
AT DRUG, GROCERY, DEPARTMENT STORES